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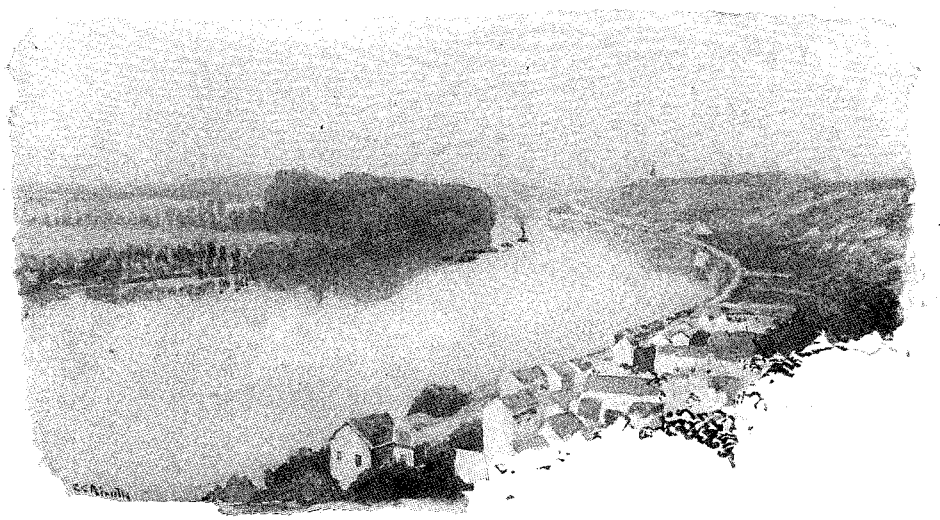

On a broad curve of the river.

DOWN THE SEINE IN A MOTOR-BOAT

By Ernest C. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT had all been arranged a week or two before. I was to spend Saturday night with my friend in his villa at La Frette, not far from Maisons Laffitte, and early Sunday morning we were to be up and off to Poissy, so as to arrive for the signal gun at nine o'clock.

As we looked from our window over a broad curve of the river, an ideal July morning greeted us—not too warm, a clear blue sky, and just enough of a breeze to temper the sun's rays. On reaching the river-bank, we found the *Narcisse* ready and waiting with George, the *mécanicien*, giving the final adjustment to his motor.

Many a happy day had I passed in this same boat, cruising up and down the river with my friend C—— and his sister, but neither he nor I had ever before attempted so long a voyage as this on which we were about to start.

Its programme, arranged by the Hélice Club (read Propeller Club) of France, was as follows: to start from the bridge at Poissy at nine on Sunday morning; reach Mantes at noon; there to remain for the races or go on at will, but all the boats were finally to meet on the following afternoon in the lock at Martot, the first above Rouen, so that all could dock at the landing-stage in Rouen at about the same time.

We were off in good season, and it was not long before we came in sight of the bridge at Poissy, with its long, low row of buttressed arches so agreeably topped by an old mill perched over the centre pier.

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Here we found a score of other boats, waiting, like ourselves, for the signal of departure. They represented all types of motor-boats: pleasure yachts, racers, cruisers, and launches. Our boat was a trim little craft in the smaller cruiser class with a broad, comfortable seat for three just forward of the motor.

As far as I know, she is the only motor-boat on the Seine—or on any of the French rivers, for that matter—that flies the American flag, and this badge of the stranger attracted universal attention, both from the people gathered in large numbers on the bridge and on the river-bank, from our fellow-yachtsmen, and especially from the committee, on board the *Korrigan*, which was acting as flagship of the squadron.

Instantly we were dubbed "le petit Américain!"

Promptly at nine o'clock the *Korrigan's* cannon gave the signal for departure and every boat fled off at top-speed through the arches of the bridge and on down the river. How the flags fluttered and snapped in the wind! How the smaller craft rocked and tumbled in the wake of their larger sisters! Though this was a cruise and not a race, who, under the circumstances, could refrain from a test of fleetness? The big boats, with powerful motors coughing and wheezing as they shot by, soon forged far ahead, but we in the smaller cruisers knew that we would meet them in the lock at Meulan. George put on our second speed and we were happy to find that we maintained our position well in the lead of the boats of our class—for our own sakes and for the sake of the flag we were flying.

The shores went swiftly by and, the excitement of the start once over, we settled down to the full enjoyment of the fresh morning air.

The banks of the Seine at this point remain distinctly suburban in character, for though Poissy is some distance from Paris by the river, the railway has cut off so many of the loops that Poissy has been brought well into the environs. Villa gardens border both shores, shaded by heavy foliage and decorated along the water's edge by many a rustic arbor, boat-house, and landing-stage at which launches, rowboats, and yachts lie moored.

This pleasant Sunday morning these gardens were alive with men and women in light summer clothes lounging in easy-chairs sipping their matinal *café au lait*, or preparing for a day of idleness upon the river.

Various and many are the types one sees; strange and wonderful is their raiment! To my mind, surely, the most amusing is the fisherman. The Parisian disciple of Izaak Walton is a true philosopher. Fishing with him is a pastime, not a sport. He rents, by the year, the right to plant two poles at a certain spot in the river, and to these he ties his broad, steady punt. Shaded by an awning, comfortably reclining in an ample wicker chair with two or three rods fastened conveniently near at hand, he lolls by the hour and, when not dozing, watches the bobs with lack-lustre eyes. When, at very rare intervals, he *sees* a "bite," he seizes his rod with just as much alacrity as is commensurate with the languor of a hot midsummer day. His better half, in a twin lounging chair, usually, if not always, accompanies him, apoplectic in her tight stays and fanning herself violently as she reads the latest novel.

Along the stretch to Triel, whose buttressed church spire, backed by rolling hills, now comes in sight, the river is gay with life. Bathers disport themselves in quiet pools along the shore or dive from spring-boards in front of tiny bathing-houses; yachts, whose tall white sails gleam like wings, take one in fancy to the shores of Lake Geneva; light racing shells go skimming by like dragon-flies upon the water; and our own little squadron itself adds much to the gayety of the scene.

At one point, in fact, we note several autos speeding along the bank, our motor-boats upon the river and a balloon serenely sailing high above the hill-tops—man's latest conquests of the three elements!

An island divides the river and two large disks, one red, one white, indicate the channel; the white, of course, for the clear road, the red put there by the Touring Club of France for danger and shallow water.

Presently we lose the first of our competitors, for one of the boats drops out *en panne*, much to the disgust of its occupants. Our chauffeur takes the opportunity to moralize on the evils of speeding, for the little craft had obviously been overtaxing her motor to keep her place in the lead.

Now the long bridge of Meulan comes into sight; to its right a fine château, with

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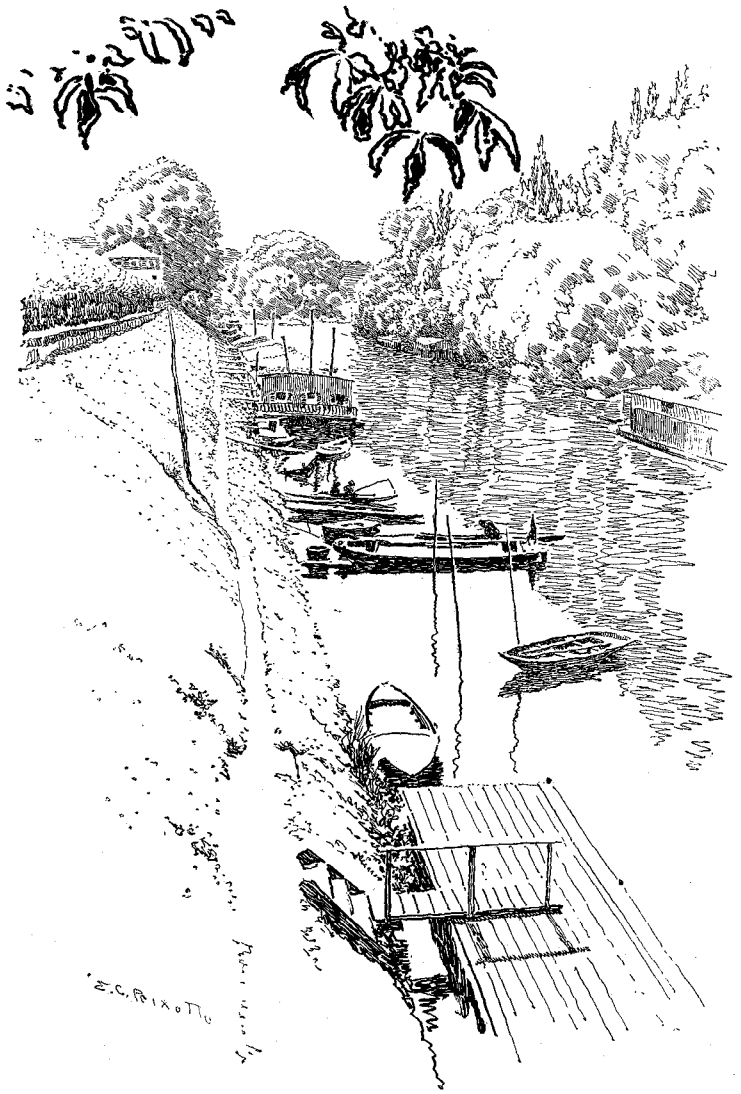

A quiet part of the river at Poissy.

curtains of stately trees and a vista of lawns and parterres beyond.

Here we came to the first lock and found the fastest boats awaiting us there, so that practically all of us went into the big lock at once. This was our first opportunity for mutual inspection and criticism. Almost everyone clambered up on to the top of the huge stone quays; then walked about comparing the various craft: the big white *Ondine*, with her crew of twelve, and her single male passenger on the promenade deck; the *Korrigan*, with its commodious cabin in which the committee was housed; the *Nautilus*, a new type of skid of which great things were expected in the races at Mantes. The *Voltigeur*, we all considered, embodied the best combination of comfort and speed, carrying in a hull only twelve metres long a 45 h. p. motor, besides having accommodation for ten passengers. She fully justified our previsions, for she carried off the cup at Mantes, and the three first prizes of her class at Havre in the Grand Semaine Maritime.

When the flood-gates opened, there was a rush of departure. The big racers went on ahead, while we pleasure craft kept well

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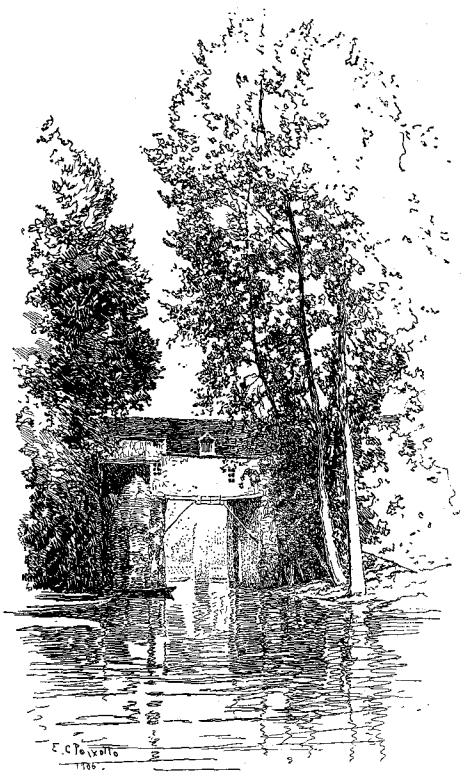
together at a uniform rate of about sixteen or eighteen kilometres an hour.

The river now changed notably in character. Villas became few and far between, and in their place willows and cottonwoods, poplars and beeches, bordered the water's edge. Signs of life became fewer and fewer. The French countryman is certainly not an amphibious animal. Even on this summer day, the only person we saw for quite a long time was a postman taking his Sunday swim, recognizable only by his official hat that he wore to ward off the sun's glances!

The next long bend in the river disclosed the beautiful, lace-like spires of Mantes cathedral, peeping above the horizon. We ate up the intervening distance in no time and soon had landed and were discussing an excellent and much-needed luncheon under the arbor at the Grand Cerf—an arbor such as Dagnan painted behind his Madonna in white—densely shaded by an arch of hornbeam through which a myriad of tiny flecks of sunlight filtered.



An old mill on the bridge at Poissy.

After lunch we sauntered down to the river again, passing and admiring the great cathedral on our way.

The terraced shores of the Seine now presented a most animated appearance. Masts of flags, bits of bunting, and a brass band imparted a festive aspect, while a cheerful throng watched the town authorities, the delegates of the Yacht Club of France, and kindred societies, under whose auspices the races were to be disputed, assemble in the grand stand, covered with the traditional red and white official awning.

There were to be four races, the first over a ninety-kilometre course for a challenge cup. The others were for boats of different categories—the usual thing—so we stayed only for the first race, for, as we had seen more inspiring events both in the north and south of France, and as this was a pleasure cruise and not a racing contest, we decided to go on and enjoy the beautiful afternoon on the river, joining the remainder of the fleet next morning at Les Andelys, where we intended to spend the night.

As we left Mantes we enjoyed another and final view of the cathedral spires, and of the Tower of St. Maclou, until a bend of the river effectually screened them from sight. Then to the left we noted a beautiful, deep park, then an open glade in which stood a stately château of the characteristic architecture of Henry II's time, high-pitched roofs, and pink brick walls faced with creamy stone—Rosny, Sully's birthplace, and a favorite residence of the unfortunate Duchesse de Berri.

At Rolleboise we passed the boat that marked the race-course end, and on the shore, from a platform decked with the tricolor, the village authorities in attendance waved us greeting as we passed. We spied upon a villa near the church a huge American flag floating proudly on a pole. What did it mean? And who lived there? Questions, both of them, that none of us could answer.

As our boat cut its swift track through the water the country underwent a further transformation. Now the rounded hillsides were patched by Norman thrift into crazy-quilts of rye and wheat and hay. Secluded villages spread their pink roofs in the sunshine. The river divided into several arms,

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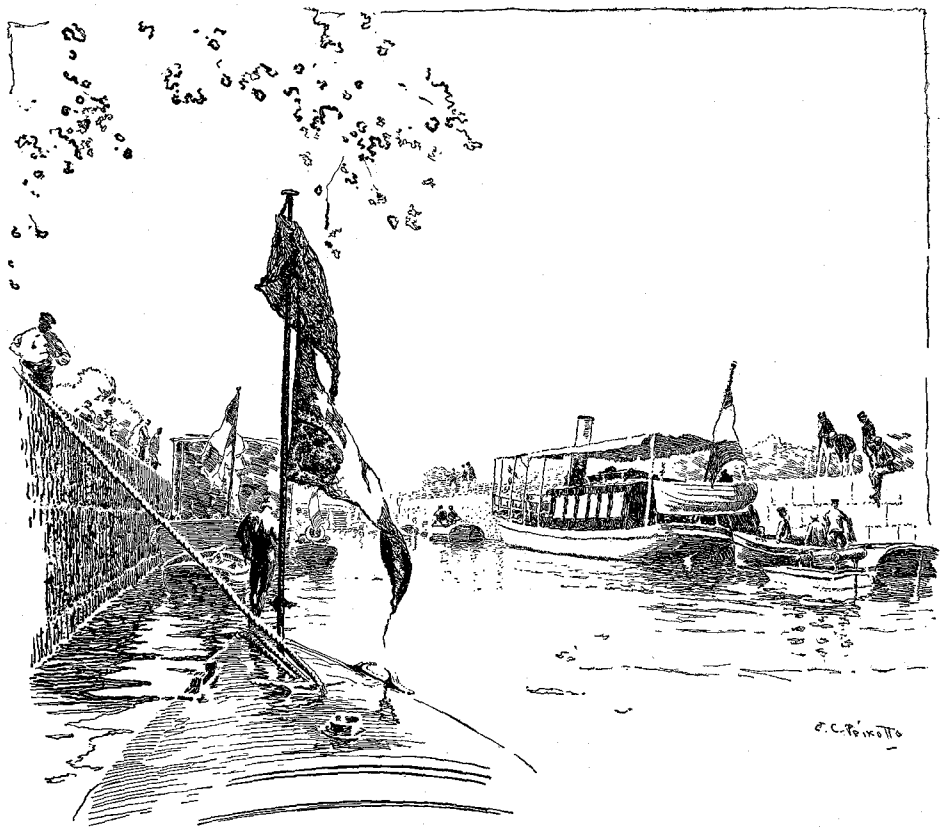

In the lock at Meulan.

surrounding numerous islands, whose pollard willows stood amid tall reeds and rushes, punctuated here and there with groups of poplars, soaring aloft like lofty church spires.

Here began one of the prettiest portions of the journey.

The river describes a great horseshoe around a long hill that the railroad line traverses through a tunnel, and this whole loop, owing to its isolation from modern means of travel, retains that quaint provincial air so dear to artists and lovers of the olden time. So it has always had its colony of notables. At Vetheuil, the De Goncourts lived, and Claude Monet in his younger days; Paul and Victor Margueritte live there still, if I mistake not, and many a studio is dotted about the town. Zola dwelt at Bennecourt, with Monet as his neighbor, and pictured him, to their utter estrangement, as Claude in "L'Œuvre."

I have known this country for years past, for in my student days I spent several summers in Giverny, just over the hills, and then, as well as since, have explored every nook of this pretty bit of countryside in all forms of conveyance — bicycle, motor-car, and as a pedestrian.

Roche Guyon, at the end of the horseshoe, is one of the most attractive spots hereabouts. It has a fine old church, quaint old Gothic houses a-plenty, besides dwellings cut in the chalk cliffs. Here, too, is the great feudal castle of the La Roche Guyons and the La Rochefoucaulds, dominated by the ruins of a still older castle perched high upon the crags, commanding the river when this was the outpost of the French king's possessions in the days of the Conqueror.

Moisson, where Lebaudy builds his airships; Haute Isle, with its strange church built in the chalk cliffs; Mericourt, Bonnières glide by, and we come to the lock at Port Villez, a particularly slow and badly managed one, by the way. The bridge at Vernon lies just beyond, with, beside it, the ruins of an earlier bridge topped with a

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picturesque old crumbling house and a big twelfth-century chatelet—a donjon with four round towers, capped *en poivrière*.

Then succeeds a long quiet stretch of water, so we decided to have dinner. And it was a good dinner, too, I assure you, for George combines two apparently incompatible virtues, being an excellent cook as well as a good chauffeur. A little folding table was placed in front of our broad seat, and from lockers along the sides all sorts of dainty things appeared: table linen, crockery, glassware, and no end of appetizing eatables.

The sun was now setting, and we enjoyed its last rays and the glow in the sky and on the water. Then the long twilight settled down. The river grew wide and lonely, dotted with numerous islands and shoals grown with rushes. A single heron lazily rose and, flapping its heavy wings, sailed into a dark clump of trees. Old Norman farms, walled in secure against the mediæval marauder and looting man-at-arms—more dangerous far than any modern robber—slept in the still evening air with but a single light blinking in a window. Enfolding hills hemmed in the river, first on one side, then on the other, forcing it into those endless bends that render it so attractive.

But as darkness gathered fast, it became more and more difficult to find the channel even with the aid of our good Touring Club map. Presently, sure enough, our propeller caught and stirred up sand astern, loosened itself, then caught again. We all moved forward as far as possible so as to lighten the stern, but even then the grating continued. We waited anxiously for deeper water, the prospect of spending the night in an open boat in the middle of the river being, to say the least, none too pleasant. After ten minutes or more, however, we cleared the sand-banks and sped along again in the gathering gloom.

The hills became higher and closer to the river-bank, their silhouettes darker and more forbidding, until suddenly we spied a great and sombre mass against the sky, which even in the dim twilight we recognized as old Château Gaillard, Richard Cœur de Lion's "Saucy Castle," once the main outpost of his Norman territory.

We had reached our objective point for the night. We hailed the pontoon whence floated the flag of the Touring Club. After repeated calls, a man appeared with a lantern and we tied up next to the *Korrigan*, which we found had passed us on opposite sides of an island. What was our dismay to learn that its committee (whom we found still sitting over their after-dinner coffee in the shady court) had pre-empted every available room at the little Hotel Bellevue!

The proprietor, however, was an old friend of ours, and soon reassured us by saying that he could easily find us nice clean rooms in the village. So I slept that night in a peasant's bed, with a virgin and several saints to watch over me and a collection of relations—most of them males in soldier clothes—to look down from over the mantel.

The Andelys are among the most interesting spots along the Seine. There are two towns: Le Petit Andelys on the river-bank, dominated by bald chalk cliffs, on the highest of which is perched the massive ruin of the Château Gaillard, and the Grand Andelys, a short mile inland.

In the morning, we walked up to the latter town and breakfasted at the ancient inn, the Grand Cerf—an old coaching inn of the early fifteenth century, still retaining all its characteristics: its court shut in by stables and carriage-houses, its well with wrought-iron pump, its quaint spiral staircases and carved oak panelling, its *tambour* door of rich late-Gothic design, and best of all, its immense François I chimneypiece, with spit and all accessories in place. Then, after admiring the spacious church across the street and a number of picturesque old houses in the town, we walked back to the river, and by eleven o'clock were off again.

The *Korrigan* had left some time before us, and from time to time other boats hove into sight.

At noon we enjoyed the good luncheon that the landlord of the Bellevue had put up for us. We enjoyed, too, the ever-varying landscape: first, bare chalk cliffs of fantastic shape, like ghostly ruins of prehistoric dwellings or towers and castles; then the river widening through broad and open fields, sheltered by rich, fat hill-slopes with screens of trees along the water's edge, where peasants stood and nodded greetings or stared blankly at us as we passed. Here and there an old stone manor house appeared, or farms with steep half-timbered gables.

At Amfreville we found the most up-to-date lock along the river. It is run by elec-

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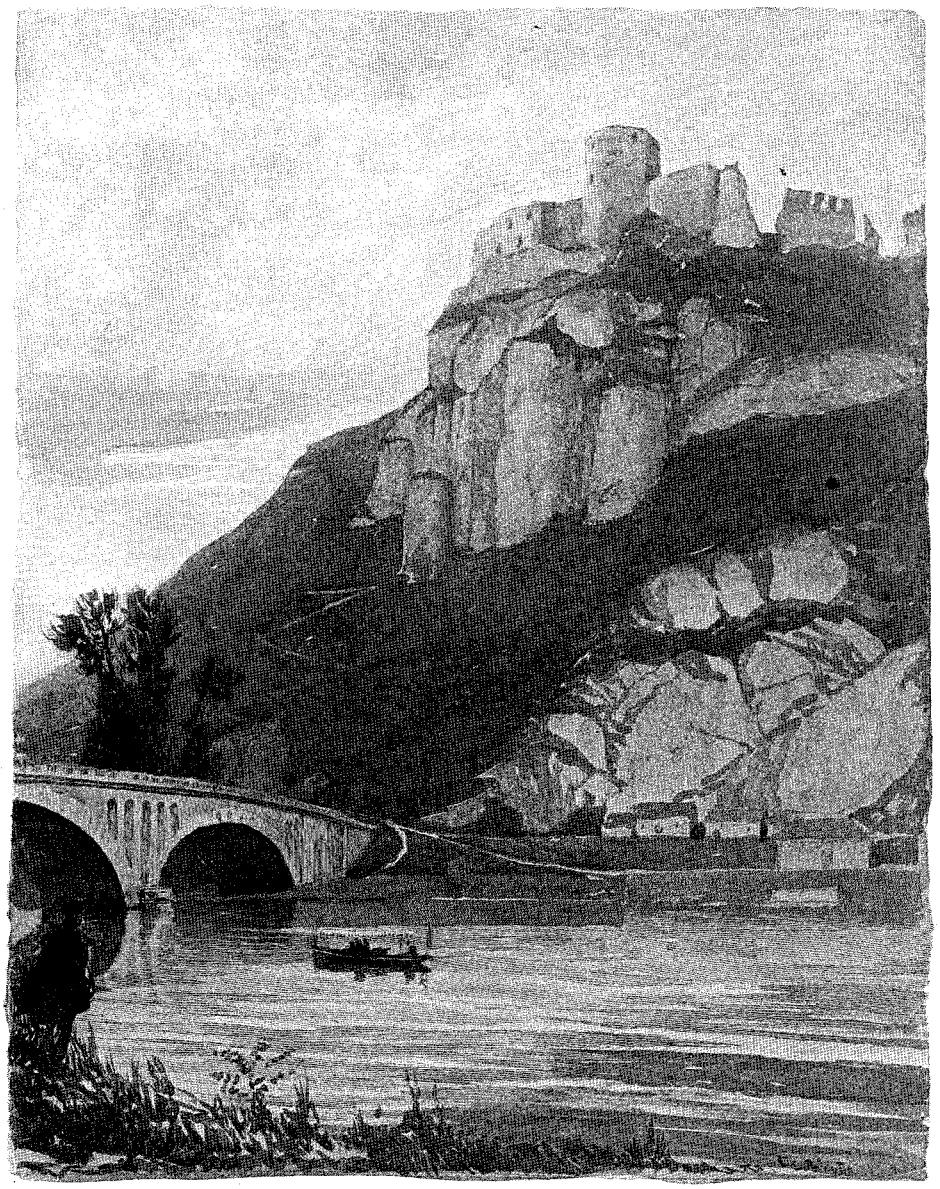

Château Gaillard.

Richard Cœur de Lion's "Saucy Castle."—Page 262.

tricity, generated by the falls of the barrage. The sluices open and shut as if by magic, with only one man to control them, and he simply presses a button—a wonderful labor-saving device, avoiding all the usual lengthy processes of twisting the double set of screws.

By two o'clock we reached Pont de l'Arche, where we landed to meet some friends who were summering there. It is a very quaint old Norman town of tumble-down houses and hilly, twisting streets, and its church is peculiar in many ways and of very interesting design. Its south length is treated as the façade and the chapel windows have been topped with pinnacles which are connected with each other and with the flying buttresses by a flamboyant

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screen of richest Gothic tracery. We also noted some rare old painted windows.

Then, down by the water again, we found the *Korrigan's* committee and had a friendly glass of wine at the hotel, where many an artist has left his souvenir on the panels of the dining-room and café.

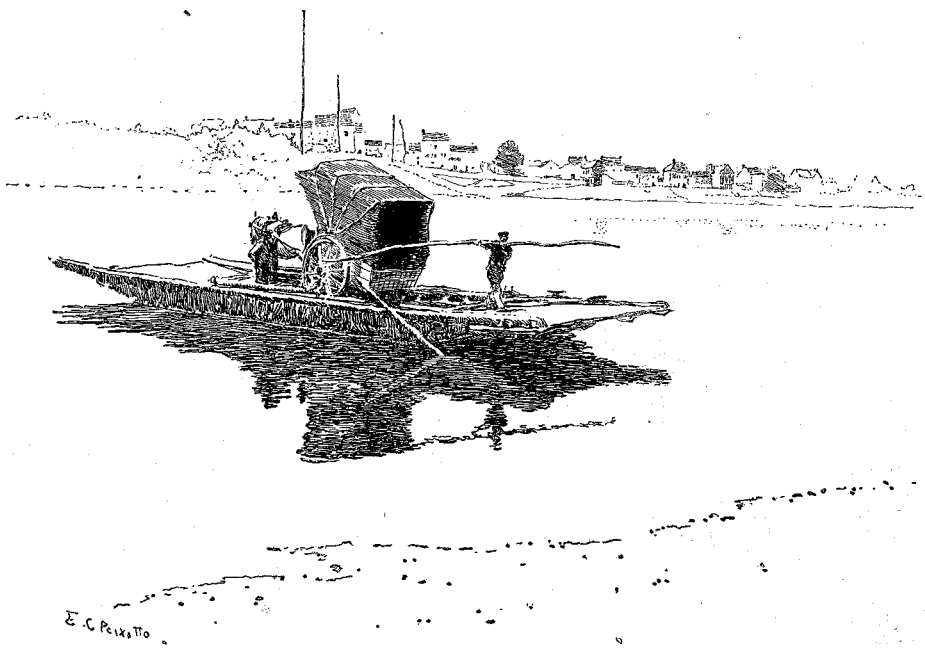
As I have before stated, rendezvous for all the boats had been set for four o'clock in the lock at Martot, about six kilometres beyond Pont de l'Arche, so that all could proceed together to Rouen. In good season we set off with the *Korrigan* and soon joined the remainder of the fleet. All waited in the lock until four o'clock, and then the flood-gate was closed and we looked about us to find that quite a number of the smaller craft were missing, laid up *en panne*, but still we made a goodly showing.

Here, again, as the flood-gates opened there was a scramble for departure and again a mad rush for exit and a burst of speed for place in line. This was the most determined race of the whole cruise, for no one wanted to arrive in Rouen at the tail-end of the line.

Despite our fleetness (for George was urging the motor to its full capacity), we took time to note the salient features of the landscape: a grand old monastry, built according to a vow by Philippe Augustus, I think, now in ruins, with its mullioned windows open to the sky; then Elbeuf, an important manufacturing centre, spreading its smoky factory chimneys along a broad stone quay. After darting under its big bridge, the river broadened again around wooded islands cut dark against pearly distances.

Fleecy clouds sped by overhead and added to the sense of motion. Islet after islet, town after town—Oissel, Tourville, St. Étienne, Belbeuf—we passed, and still kept on. Because of numerous shoals, the channel here is very hard to find, so, following the *Korrigan's* lead (and this was one of the reasons for our all being together), in a long procession in Indian file we threaded passage after passage between rows of tall poplars and banks of willows until, on a distant hill, I caught sight of a faint blue spire, slender and lace-like—Notre Dame de Bons Secours—and I knew that the next bend of the river would disclose the towers of Rouen.

And there, to be sure, between files of tall poplars, standing like grenadiers on parade among the low dense willows, we soon had glimpses of blue distances, of spires and hills.



The ferry at Vetheuil.

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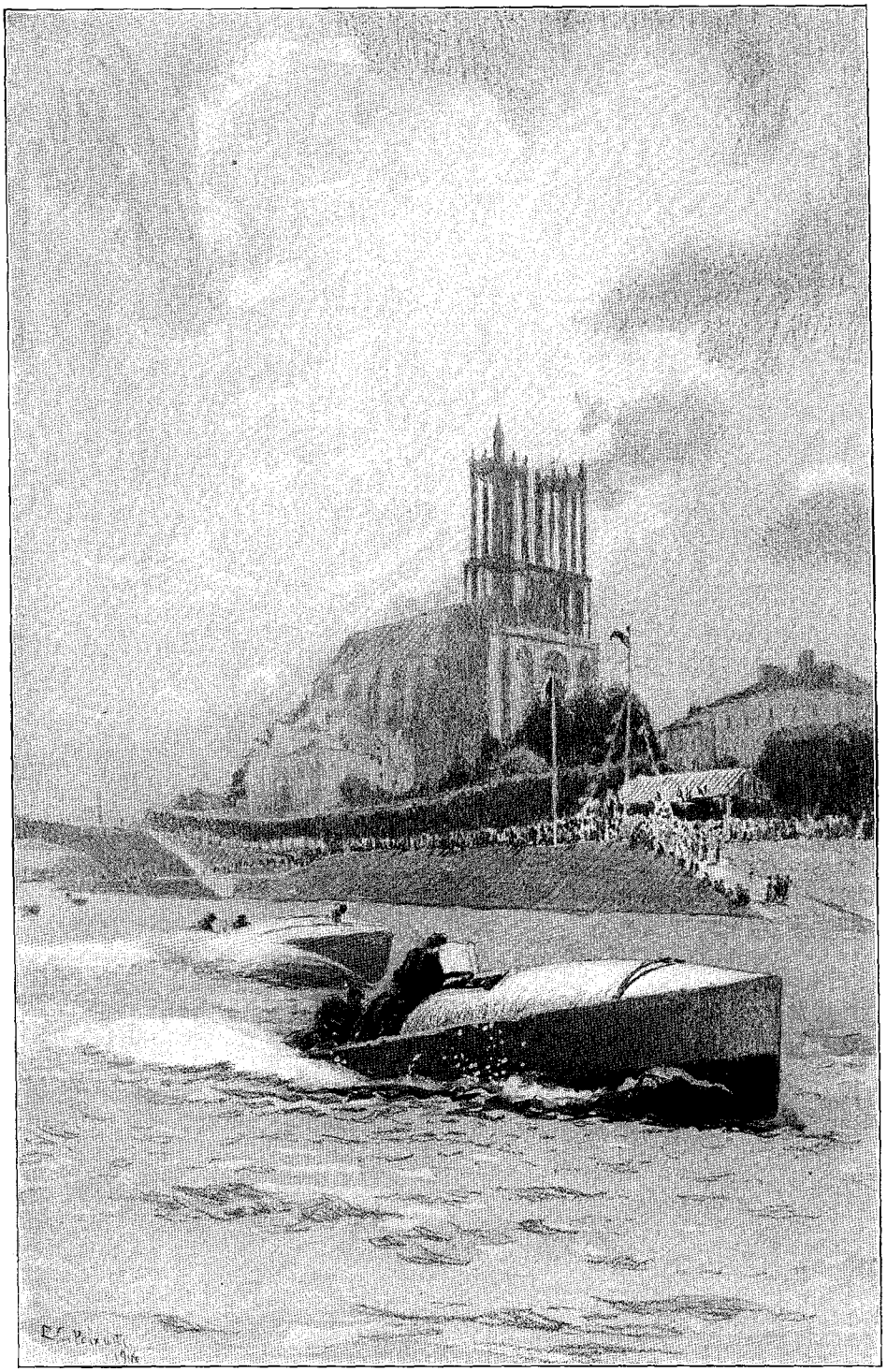

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Racing on the Seine.

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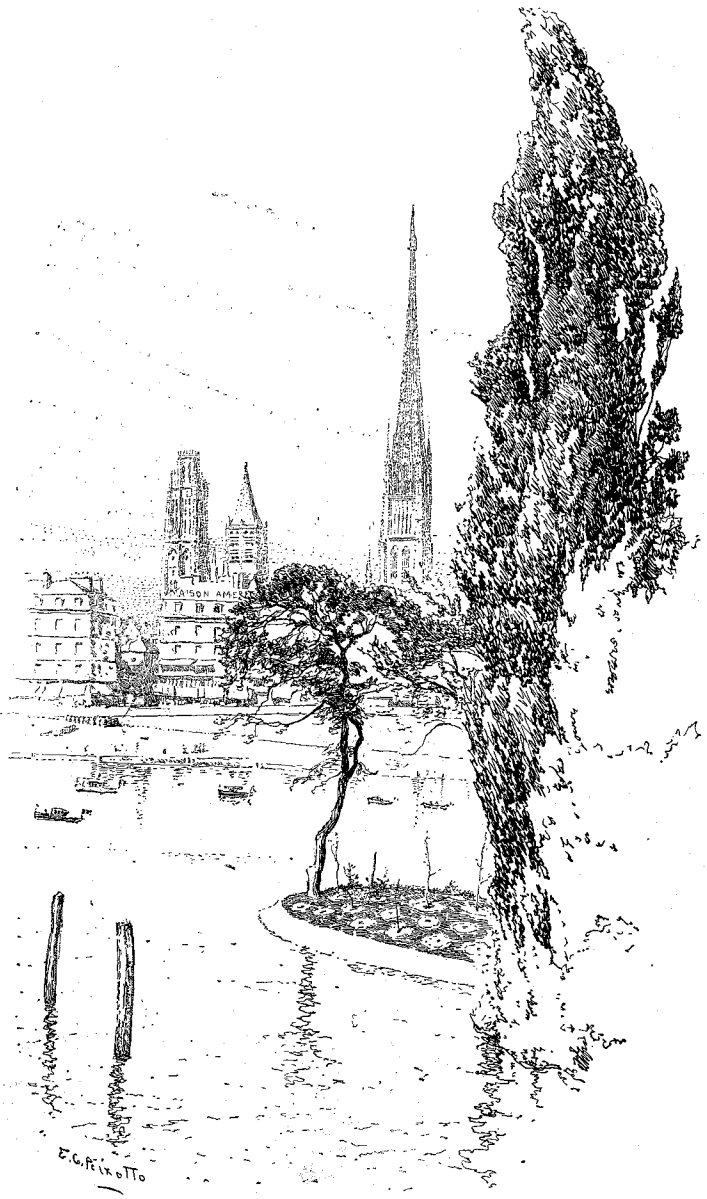

Rouen Cathedral from the Faubourg of St. Sever.

The river grew more animated. We passed blustering tugs towing long lines of barges, and canal boats lay moored in the shade along the banks. Later the factories of Sotteville appeared upon the left, then we darted under the railway bridge and past the Faubourg of St. Sever, and in a few moments were circling round, waiting for our opportunity to tie up at the pontoon of the Touring Club, where the committee was assembled. On the Pont Boieldieu and along the Quai de Paris a crowd of people watched the tactics of our little fleet as it landed.

A porter from the hotel took charge of our luggage, and in half an hour, after a summary brush-up, we were seated at dinner on the *estrade* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre with all our fellow-yachtsmen of the cruise.

Rouen is the fitting climax of this Seine

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voyage. It is a fitting climax, for that matter, to any voyage, for few towns on the Continent have preserved so many of their monuments and are so replete with interesting historic souvenirs—all of which is duly set forth in the guide-book.

The Seine beyond Rouen does not present the intimate charm of its upper course. It becomes a great river, with hills on one side and meadows on the other, describing long loops around these hilly promontories which dovetail into each other and force the river to meander in and out between them.

Between Rouen and Caudebec there is but one spot of real interest—the grand old Abbaye de Jumiéges, a Benedictine abbey, which has counted among its abbots some of the most illustrious prelates of France. Caudebec itself presents great natural possibilities and is a veritable mine to the lover of the picturesque. But after this point the river broadens to such an extent that objects on the flat banks are scarcely distinguishable from a small boat.

Certainly the real pleasure cruise lies in the portion above Rouen and the charm of the voyage (as we found on the return trip) is heightened by the presence of a number of excellent hotels scattered along the river-bank and affiliated with the Yacht Club of France, which vouches for their good behavior just as the Automobile Club vouches for its affiliated hotels along the great highways.

For the benefit of those who wish to know, I would say that it is possible to hire motor-boats at Maisons Laffitte.

The Seine is by no means the only French river worth navigating.

We all remember Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," and I shall never forget another trip I took to supplement this one—the cruise up the Oise, leaving the Seine at Conflans. This river, while different in character from the Seine, is quite as interesting and has as its objective point and climax Compiègne, with its palace and forest and the grand old château of Pierrefonds.

Wooded islands cut dark against pearly distances.

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From a painting by Lucien Simon.

Evening in a Studio.

—See "The Field of Art," page 383.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I—(Continued)

VI

BEFORE daylight that same morning Amherst, dressing by the gas-flame above his cheap wash-stand, strove to bring some order into his angry thoughts.

It humbled him to feel his purpose tossing rudderless on unruly waves of emotion, yet strive as he would he could not regain a hold on its course. The events of the last twenty-four hours had been too rapid and unexpected for him to preserve his usual clear feeling of mastery; and he had, besides, to reckon with the first complete surprise of his senses. His way of life had excluded him from all contact with the subtler feminine influences, and the primitive side of the relation left his imagination untouched. He was therefore the more assailable by those refined forms of the ancient spell that lurk in delicacy of feeling interpreted by loveliness of face. By his own choice he had cut himself off from all possibility of such exquisite communion; had accepted complete abstinence for that part of his nature which might have offered a refuge from the stern prose of his daily task. But his personal indifference to his surroundings—deliberately encouraged as a defiance to the attractions of the life he had renounced—proved no defence against this unforeseen appeal; rather, the meanness of his surroundings combined with his inherited refinement of taste to deepen the effect of Bessy's charm.

As he reviewed the incidents of the past hours, a reaction of self-derision came to his aid. What was this exquisite opportunity from which he had cut himself off? What, to reduce the question to a personal issue, had Mrs. Westmore said or done that, on the part of a plain woman, would have quickened his pulses by the least fraction of a second? Why, it was only the old story of the length of Cleopatra's nose! Because her eyes were a heavenly vehicle for sympathy, because her voice was pitched to thrill the tender chords, he had been deluded into thinking that she understood and responded to his appeal. And her own emotions had been wrought upon by means as cheap: it was only the obvious, theatrical side of the incident that had affected her. If Dillon's wife had been old and ugly, would she have been clasped to her employer's bosom? A more expert knowledge of the sex would have told Amherst that such facile sympathy is likely to be followed by as prompt a reaction of indifference. Luckily Mrs. Westmore's course had served as a corrective for his lack of experience; she had even, as it appeared, been at some pains to hasten the process of disillusionment. This timely discipline left him blushing at his own insincerity; for he now saw that he had risked his future not because of his pure zeal for the welfare of the mill-hands, but because Mrs. Westmore's look was like sunshine on his frozen senses, and because he was resolved, at any cost, to arrest her attention, to associate himself with her by the only means his situation offered.

Well, he deserved to fail with such an end in view; and the futility of his scheme was matched by the vanity of his purpose. In the cold light of disenchantment it seemed as though he had tried to build an impregnable fortress out of nursery blocks. How could he have foreseen anything but failure for so preposterous an attempt? His breach of discipline would of course be reported at once to Mr. Gaines and to Truscomb; and the Superintendent, already jealous of his popularity with the hands, which was a tacit criticism of his own methods, would promptly seize the pretext to be rid of him. Amherst was aware that only his technical efficiency, and his knack of getting the maximum of work out of the operatives, had secured him from Truscomb's animosity.

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From the outset there had been small sympathy between the two; but the scarcity of competent and hard-working assistants had made Truscomb endure him for what he was worth to the mills. Now, however, his own folly had put the match to the Superintendent's smouldering dislike, and he saw himself, in consequence, discharged and black-listed, and perhaps roaming for months in the vain quest of a job. He knew the efficiency of that far-reaching system of defamation whereby the employers of labour pursue and punish the subordinate who incurs their displeasure. In the case of a mere operative this secret persecution often worked complete ruin; and even to a man of Amherst's worth it opened the dispiriting prospect of a long struggle for rehabilitation.

Deep down, he suffered most at the thought that his blow for the operatives had failed; but on the surface it was the manner of his failure that exasperated him. For it seemed to prove him unfit for the very work to which he was drawn: that yearning to help the world forward that, in some natures, sets the measure to which the personal adventure must always keep step. Amherst had hitherto felt himself secured by his insight and self-control from the emotional errors besetting the way of the enthusiast; and behold, he had stumbled into the first sentimental trap in his path, and tricked his eyes with a Christmas-chromo vision of lovely woman dispensing coals and blankets! Luckily, though such wounds to his self-confidence cut deep, he could apply to them the antiseptic of an unfailing humour; and before he had finished dressing, the picture of his wide schemes of social reform contracting to a blue-eyed philanthropy of cheques and groceries, had provoked a robust reaction of laughter. Perhaps the laughter came too soon, and rang too loud, to be true to the core; but at any rate it healed the edges of his hurt, and gave him a sound surface of composure.

But he could not laugh away the thought of the trials to which his intemperance had probably exposed his mother; and when, at the breakfast-table, from which Duplain had already departed, she broke into praise of their radiant visitor, it was like a burning irritant on his wound.

"What a face, John! Of course I don't often see people of that kind now—" the words, falling from her too simply to be reproachful, wrung him, for that, all the more—"but I'm sure that kind of soft loveliness is rare everywhere; like a sweet summer morning with the mist on it. The Gaines girls, now, are my idea of the modern type; very handsome, of course, but you see just *how* handsome the first minute. I like a story that keeps one wondering till the end. It was very kind of Maria Ansell," Mrs. Amherst wandered happily on, "to come and hunt me out yesterday, and I enjoyed our quiet talk about old times. But what I liked best was seeing Mrs. Westmore—and, oh, John, if she came to live here, what a benediction to the mills!"

Amherst was silent, moved most of all by the unimpaired simplicity of heart with which his mother could take up past relations, and open her meagre life to the high visitations of grace and fashion, without a tinge of self-consciousness or vulgar apology. "I shall never be as genuine as that," he thought, remembering how he had wished to have Mrs. Westmore know that he was of her own class. How mixed our passions are, and how elastic must be the word that would cover any one of them! Amherst's, at that moment, were all stained with the deep wound to his self-love.

The discolouration he carried in his eye made the mill-village seem more than commonly cheerless and ugly as he walked over to the office after breakfast. Beyond the grim roof-line of the factories a dazzle of rays sent upward from banked white clouds the promise of another brilliant day; and he reflected that Mrs. Westmore would soon be speeding homeward to the joy of a gallop over the plains.

Far different was the task that awaited him—yet it gave him a pang to think that he might be performing it for the last time. In spite of Mr. Tredegar's assurances, he was sure that the report of his conduct must by this time have reached the President, and been transmitted to Truscomb; the latter was better that morning, and the next day he would doubtless call his rebellious manager to account. Amherst, meanwhile, took up his routine with a dull heart. Even should his offense be condoned, his occupation presented, in itself, little future to a man without money or powerful connections. Money! He had spurned the thought of it in choosing his work, yet he now saw that,

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without its aid, he was powerless to accomplish the object to which his personal desires had been sacrificed. His love of his craft had gradually been merged in the larger love for his fellow-workers, and in the resulting desire to lift and widen their lot. He had once fancied that this end might be attained by an internal revolution in the management of the Westmore mills; that he might succeed in creating an industrial object-lesson conspicuous enough to point the way to wiser law-making and juster relations between the classes. But the last hours' experiences had shown him how vain it was to assault single-handed the impregnable barrier between money and labour, and how his own dash at the breach had only thrust him farther back into the obscure ranks of the strugglers. It was, after all, only through politics that he could return successfully to the attack; and financial independence was the needful preliminary to a political career. If he had stuck to the law he might, by this time, have been nearer his goal; but then the goal might not have mattered, since it was only by living among the workers that he had learned to care for their fate. And rather than have forfeited that poignant yet mighty vision of the onward groping of the mass, rather than have missed the widening of his own nature that had come through sharing their hopes and pains, he would still have turned from the easier way, have chosen the deeper initiation rather than the readier attainment.

But this philosophic view of the situation was a mere thread of light on the farthest verge of his sky: much nearer were the heavy clouds of immediate anxiety, amid which his own folly, and his mother's possible suffering from it, loomed darkest; and these considerations made him resolve that, if his insubordination were overlooked, he would swallow the affront of a pardon, and persevere for the present in the mechanical performance of his duties. He had just brought himself to this leaden state of acquiescence when one of the clerks in the outer office thrust his head in to say: "A lady asking for you——" and starting up, Amherst beheld Bessy Westmore.

She entered alone, with an air of high self-possession in marked contrast to her timidity and indecision on the previous day. Amherst thought she looked taller, more majestic; so readily may the upward slant of a soft chin, the firmer line of yielding brows, add a cubit to the outward woman. Her aspect was so commanding that he fancied she had come to express her disapproval of his conduct, to rebuke him for lack of respect to Mr. Tredegar; but a moment later it became clear, even to his inexperienced perceptions, that it was not to himself that her challenge was directed.

She advanced quickly toward the seat he had moved forward, but in her absorption forgot to seat herself, and stood with her clasped hands resting on the back of the chair.

"I have come back to talk to you," she began, in her sweet voice with its occasional quick lift of appeal. "I knew that, in Mr. Truscomb's absence, it would be hard for you to leave the mills, and there are one or two things I want you to explain to me before I leave—some of the things, for instance, that you spoke to Mr. Tredegar about last night."

Amherst's feeling of constraint returned. "I'm afraid I expressed myself badly; I may have annoyed him——" he began.

She smiled this away, as though irrelevant to the main issue. "Perhaps you don't quite understand each other—but I am sure you can make it clear to me." She sank into the chair, resting one arm on the edge of the desk behind which he had resumed his place. "That is the reason why I came alone," she continued. "I never can understand when a lot of people are trying to tell me a thing all at once. And I don't suppose I care as much as a man would—a lawyer especially—about the forms that ought to be observed. All I want is to find out what is wrong and how to remedy it."

Her blue eyes met Amherst's in a look that flowed like warmth about his heart. How should he have doubted that her feelings were as exquisite as her means of expressing them? The iron bands of distrust were loosened from his spirit, and he blushed for his cheap scepticism of the morning. In a woman so evidently nurtured in dependence, whose views had been formed, and her actions directed, by the most conventional influences, the mere fact of coming alone to Westmore, in open defiance of her advisers, bespoke a persistence of purpose that put his doubts of her to shame.

"It will make a great difference to the

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people here if you interest yourself in them," he rejoined. "I tried to explain to Mr. Tredegar that I had no wish to criticise the business management of the mills—even if there had been any excuse for my doing so—but that I was sure the condition of the operatives could be very much improved, without permanent harm to the business, by any one who felt a personal sympathy for them; and in the end I believe such sympathy produces better work, and so benefits the employer materially."

She listened with her gentle look of trust, as though committing to him, with the good faith of a child, her ignorance, her credulity, her little rudimentary convictions and her little tentative aspirations, relying on him not to abuse or misdirect them in the boundless supremacy of his masculine understanding.

"That is just what I want you to explain to me," she said. "But first I should like to know more about the poor man who was hurt. I meant to see his wife yesterday, but Mr. Gaines told me she would be at work till six, and it would have been difficult to go after that. I *did* go to the hospital; but the man was sleeping—is Dillon his name?—and the matron told us he was much better. Dr. Disbrow came in the evening and said the same thing—told us it was all a false report about his having been so badly hurt, and that Mr. Truscomb was very much annoyed when he heard of your having said, before the operatives, that Dillon would lose his arm."

Amherst smiled. "Ah—Mr. Truscomb heard that? Well, he's right to be annoyed: I ought not to have said it when I did. But unfortunately I am not the only one to be punished. The operative who tied on the black cloth was dismissed this morning."

Mrs. Westmore flamed up in an instant. "Dismissed for that? Oh, how unjust—how cruel!"

"You must look at both sides of the case," said Amherst, finding it much easier to remain temperate in the glow he had kindled than if he had had to force his own heat into frozen veins. "Of course any act of insubordination must be reprimanded—but I think a reprimand would have been enough."

It gave him an undeniable throb of pleasure to find that she was not to be checked by such arguments. "But he shall be put back—I won't have any one discharged for such a reason! You must find him for me at once—you must tell him——"

Once more Amherst gently restrained her. "If you'll forgive my saying so, I think it is better to let him go, and take his chance of getting work elsewhere. If he were taken back he might be made to suffer. As things are organized here, the hands are very much at the mercy of the overseers, and the overseer in that room would be likely to make it uncomfortable for a hand who had so openly defied him."

With a heavy sigh she bent her puzzled brows on him. "How complicated it is! I wonder if I shall ever understand it all. *You* don't think Dillon's accident was his own fault, then?"

"Certainly not; there are too many looms in that room. I pointed out the fact to Mr. Truscomb when the new machines were set up three years ago. An operative may be ever so expert with his fingers, and yet not learn to measure his ordinary movements quite as accurately as if he were an automaton; and that is what a man must do to be safe in the loom-room."

She sighed again. "The more you tell me, the more difficult it all seems. Why is the loom-room so overcrowded?"

"To make it pay better," Amherst returned bluntly; and the colour flushed her sensitive skin.

He thought she was about to punish him for his plain-speaking; but she went on after a pause: "What you say is dreadful. Each thing seems to lead back to another—and I feel so ignorant of it all." She hesitated again, and then said, turning her bluest glance upon him: "I am going to be quite frank with you, Mr. Amherst. Mr. Tredegar repeated to me what you said to him last night, and I think he was annoyed that you were unwilling to give any proof of the charges you made."

"Charges?—Ah," Amherst exclaimed, with a start of recollection, "he means my refusing to say who told me that Dr. Disbrow was not telling the truth about Dillon?"

"Yes. He said that was a very grave accusation to make, and that no one should have made it without being able to give proof."

"That is quite true, theoretically. But in this case it would be easy for you or Mr. Tredegar to find out whether I was right."

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"But Mr. Tredegar said you refused to say who told you."

"I was bound to, as it happened. But I am not bound to prevent your trying to get the same information."

"Ah——" she murmured understandingly; and, a sudden thought striking him, he went on, with a quick glance at the clock: "If you really wish to judge for yourself, why not go to the hospital now? I shall be free in five minutes, and could go with you if you wish it."

Amherst had remembered the nurse's cry of recognition when she saw Mrs. Westmore's face under the street-lamp; and it immediately occurred to him that, if the two women had really known each other, Mrs. Westmore would have no difficulty in obtaining the information she wanted; while, even if they met as strangers, the dark-eyed girl's perspicacity might still be trusted to come to their aid. It remained only to be seen how Mrs. Westmore would take his suggestion; but some instinct was already telling him that the high-handed method was the one she really preferred.

"To the hospital—now? I should like it of all things," she exclaimed, rising with what seemed an almost childish zest in the adventure. "Of course that is the best way of finding out. I ought to have insisted on seeing Dillon yesterday—but I begin to think the matron didn't want me to."

Amherst left this inference to work itself out in her mind, contenting himself, as they drove back to Hanaford, with answering her questions about Dillon's family, the ages of his children, and his wife's health. Her enquiries, he noticed, did not extend from the particular to the general; her curiosity, as yet, was too purely personal and emotional to lead to any larger consideration of the question. But this larger view might grow out of the investigation of Dillon's case; and meanwhile Amherst's own purposes were momentarily lost in the sweet confusion of feeling her near him—of seeing the exquisite grain of her skin, the way her lashes grew out of a dusky line on the edge of the white lids, the way her hair, stealing in spirals of light from brow to ear, wavered off into a fruity down on the edge of the cheek.

At the hospital they were protestingly admitted by Mrs. Ogan, though the official "visitors' hour" was not till the afternoon; and beside the sufferer's bed, Amherst saw again that sudden flowering of compassion which seemed the secret key to his companion's beauty: as though her lips had been formed for consolation and her hands for tender offices. It was clear enough that Dillon, still sunk in a torpor broken by feverish tossings, was making no perceptible progress toward recovery; and Mrs. Ogan was reduced to murmuring some technical explanation about the state of the wound, while Bessy hung above him with reassuring murmurs as to his wife's fate, and promises that the children should be cared for.

Amherst had noticed, on entering, that a new nurse—a gaping young woman instantly lost in the study of Mrs. Westmore's toilet—had replaced the dark-eyed attendant of the day before; and supposing that the latter was temporarily off duty, he asked Mrs. Ogan if she might be seen.

The matron's face was a picture of genteel perplexity. "The other nurse? Our regular surgical nurse, Miss Golden, is ill—Miss Hibbs, here, is replacing her for the present." She indicated the gaping damsel; then, as Amherst persisted: "Ah," she wondered negligently, "do you mean the young lady you saw here yesterday? Certainly—I had forgotten: Miss Brent was merely a—er—temporary substitute. I believe she was recommended to Dr. Disbrow by one of his patients; but we found her quite unsuitable—in fact, unfitted—and the doctor discharged her this morning."

Mrs. Westmore had drawn near, and while the matron delivered her explanation, with an uneasy sorting and shifting of words, a swift signal of intelligence passed between her hearers. "You see?" Amherst's eyes exclaimed; "I see—they have sent her away because she told you," Bessy's flashed back indignantly, and his answering look did not deny her inference.

"Do you know where she has gone?" Amherst enquired; but Mrs. Ogan, permitting her brows a faint lift of surprise, replied that she had no idea of Miss Brent's movements, beyond having heard that she was to leave Hanaford immediately.

In the carriage Bessy exclaimed: "It was the nurse, of course—if we could only find her! Brent—did Mrs. Ogan say her name was Brent?"

"Do you know the name?"

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"Yes—at least—but it couldn't, of course, be the girl I knew——"

"Miss Brent saw you last night, as you were arriving, and thought she recognized you. She said you and she had been at some school or convent together."

"The Sacred Heart? Then it *is* Justine Brent! I heard they had lost their money—I haven't seen her for years. But how strange that she should be a hospital nurse! And why is she at Hanaford, I wonder?"

"She was here only on a visit; she didn't tell me where she lived. She said she heard that a surgical nurse was wanted at the hospital, and volunteered her services; I'm afraid she got small thanks for them."

"Do you really think they sent her away for talking to you? How do you suppose they found out?"

"I waited for her last night when she left the hospital, and I suppose Mrs. Ogan or one of the doctors saw us. It was thoughtless of me," Amherst exclaimed with compunction.

"I wish I had seen her—poor Justine! We were the greatest friends at the convent. She was the ring-leader in all our mischief—I never saw any one so quick and clever. I suppose her fun is all gone now."

For a moment Mrs. Westmore's mind continued to linger among her memories; then she reverted to the question of the Dillons, and of what might best be done for them if Miss Brent's fears should be realized.

As the carriage neared her door she turned to her companion with extended hand. "Thank you so much, Mr. Amherst. I am glad you suggested that Mr. Truscomb should find some work for Dillon about the office. But I must talk to you about this again—can you come in this evening?"

VII

AMHERST could never afterward regain a detailed impression of the weeks that followed. They lived in his memory chiefly as exponents of the unforeseen, nothing he had looked for having come to pass in the way or at the time expected; while the whole movement of life was like the noonday flow of a river, in which the separate ripples of brightness are all merged in one blinding glitter. His recurring conferences with Mrs. Westmore formed, as it were, the small surprising kernel of fact about which sensations gathered and grew with the swift ripening of a magician's fruit. That she should remain on at Hanaford to look into the condition of the mills did not, in itself, seem surprising to Amherst; for his short phase of doubt had been succeeded by an abundant inflow of faith in her intentions. It satisfied his inner craving for harmony that her face and spirit should, after all, so corroborate and complete each other; that it needed no moral sophistry to adjust her acts to her appearance, her words to the promise of her smile. But her immediate confidence in him, her resolve to support him in his avowed insubordination, to ignore, with the royal license of her sex, all that was irregular and inexpedient in asking his guidance while the whole official strength of the company darkened the background with a gathering storm of disapproval—this sense of being the glove flung by her hand in the face of convention, quickened astonishingly the flow of Amherst's sensations. It was as though a mountain-climber, braced to the strain of a hard ascent, should suddenly see the way break into roses, and level itself in a path for his feet.

On his second visit he found the two ladies together, and Mrs. Ansell's smile of approval seemed to cast a social sanction on the episode, to classify it as comfortably usual and unimportant. He could see that her friend's manner placed Bessy at her ease, helping her to put her own questions, and to reflect upon his suggestions, with less bewilderment and more self-confidence. Mrs. Ansell had the faculty of restoring to her the belief in her reasoning powers that her father could dissolve in a monosyllable.

The talk, on this occasion, had turned mainly on the future of the Dillon family, on the best means of compensating for the accident, and, incidentally, on the care of the young children of the mill-colony. Though Amherst did not believe in the extremer forms of industrial paternalism, he was yet of opinion that, where married women were employed, the employer should care for their children. He had been gradually, and somewhat reluctantly, brought to this conviction by the many instances of unavoidable neglect and suffering among

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the children of the women-workers at Westmore; and Mrs. Westmore took up the scheme with all the ardour of her young motherliness, quivering at the thought of hungry or ailing children while her Cicely, leaning a silken head against her, lifted puzzled eyes to her face.

On the larger problems of the case it was less easy to fix Bessy's attention; but Amherst was far from being one of the extreme theorists who reject temporary remedies lest they defer the day of general renewal, and since he looked upon every gain in the material condition of the mill-hands as a step in their moral growth, he was quite willing to hold back his fundamental plans while he discussed the establishment of a nursery, and of a night-school for the boys in the mills.

The third time he called, he found Mr. Langhope and Mr. Halford Gaines of the company. The President of the Westmore mills was a trim middle-sized man, whose high pink varnish of good living would have turned to purple could he have known Mr. Langhope's opinion of his jewelled shirt-front and the padded shoulders of his evening-coat. Happily he had no inkling of these views, and was fortified in his command of the situation by an unimpaired confidence in his own appearance; while Mr. Langhope, discreetly withdrawn behind a veil of cigar-smoke, let his silence play like a fine criticism over the various phases of the discussion.

It was a surprise to Amherst to find himself in Mr. Gaines's presence. The President, secluded in his high office, seldom visited the mills, and when there showed no consciousness of any presence lower than Truscomb's; and Amherst's first thought was that, in the Superintendent's enforced absence, he was to be called to account by the head of the firm. But he was affably welcomed by Mr. Gaines, who made it clear that his ostensible purpose in coming was to hear Amherst's views as to the proposed night schools and nursery. These were pointedly alluded to as Mrs. Westmore's projects, and the young man was made to feel that he was merely called in as a temporary adviser in Truscomb's absence. This was, in fact, the position Amherst preferred to take, and he scrupulously restricted himself to the answering of questions, letting Mrs. Westmore unfold his plans as though they had been her own. "It is much better," he reflected, "that they should all think so, and she too, for Truscomb will be on his legs again in a day or two, and then my hours will be numbered."

Meanwhile he was surprised to find Mr. Gaines oddly amenable to the proposed innovations, which he appeared to regard as new fashions in mill-management, to be adopted for the same cogent reasons as a new cut in coat-tails.

"Of course we want to be up-to-date—there's no reason why the Westmore mills shouldn't do as well by their people as any mills in the country," he affirmed, in the tone of the entertainer accustomed to say: "I want the thing done handsomely." But he seemed even less conscious than Mrs. Westmore that each particular wrong could be traced back to a radical vice in the system. He appeared to think that every murmur of assent to her proposals passed the sponge, once for all, over the difficulty propounded: as though a problem in algebra should be solved by wiping it off the blackboard.

"My dear Bessy, we all owe you a debt of gratitude for coming here, and bringing, so to speak, a fresh eye to bear on the subject. If I've been, perhaps, a little too exclusively absorbed in making the mills profitable, my friend Langhope will, I believe, not be the first to—er—cast a stone at me." Mr. Gaines, who was the soul of delicacy, stumbled a little over the awkward associations connected with this figure, but, picking himself up, hastened on to affirm: "And in that respect, I think we can challenge comparison with any industry in the state; but I am the first to admit that there may be another side, a side that it takes a woman—a mother—to see. For instance," he interpolated jocosely, "I flatter myself that I know how to order a good dinner; but I always leave the flowers to my wife. And if you'll permit me to say so," he went on, encouraged by the felicity of his image, "I believe it will produce a most pleasing effect—not only on the operatives themselves, but on the whole of Hanaford—on our own set of people especially—to have you come here and interest yourself in the—er—philanthropic side of the work."

Bessy coloured a little. She blushed easily, and was perhaps not over-discriminating as to the quality of praise received; but

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under her ripple of pleasure a stronger feeling stirred, and she said hastily: "I am afraid I never should have thought of these things if Mr. Amherst had not pointed them out to me."

Mr. Gaines met this blandly. "Very gratifying to Mr. Amherst to have you put it in that way; and I am sure we all appreciate his valuable hints. Truscomb himself could not have been more helpful, though his larger experience will no doubt be useful later on, in developing and—er—modifying your plans."

It was difficult to reconcile this large view of the moral issue with the existence of abuses which made the management of the Westmore mills as unpleasantly notorious in one section of the community as it was agreeably notable in another. But Amherst was impartial enough to see that Mr. Gaines was unconscious of the incongruities of the situation. He left the reconciling of incompatibles to Truscomb with the simple faith of the believer committing a like task to his Maker: it was in the Superintendent's mind that the dark processes of adjustment took place. Mr. Gaines cultivated the convenient and popular idea that by ignoring wrongs one is not so much condoning as actually denying their existence; and in pursuance of this belief, he devoutly abstained from studying the conditions at Westmore.

A farther surprise awaited Amherst when Truscomb reappeared in the office. The Superintendent was always a man of few words; and for the first days his intercourse with his manager was restricted to asking questions and issuing orders. Soon afterward, it became known that Dillon's arm was to be amputated, and that afternoon Truscomb was summoned to a conference with Mrs. Westmore. When he returned he sent for Amherst; and the young man felt sure that his hour had come.

He was at dinner when the summons reached him, and he knew from the tightening of his mother's lips that she too interpreted it in the same way. He was glad that Duplain's presence kept her from speaking her fears; and he thanked her inwardly for the smile with which she watched him go.

That evening, when he returned, the smile was still at its post; but it dropped away wearily as he said, with his hands on her shoulders: "Don't worry, mother; I don't know exactly what's happening, but we're not blacklisted yet."

Mrs. Amherst had immediately taken up her work, letting her nervous tension find its usual escape through her finger-tips. Her needles flagged as she lifted her eyes to his.

"Something *is* happening, then?" she murmured.

"Oh, a number of things, evidently—but though I'm in the heart of them, I can't yet make out how they are going to affect me."

His mother's glance twinkled in time with the renewed flash of her needles. "There's always a safe place in the heart of a storm," she said shrewdly; and Amherst rejoined with a laugh: "Well, if it's Truscomb's heart, I don't know that it's particularly safe for me."

"Tell me just what he said, John," she begged, making no attempt to carry the pleasantry farther, though its possibilities still seemed to flicker about her lip; and Amherst proceeded to recount his talk with the Superintendent.

Truscomb, it appeared, had made no allusion to Dillon; his avowed purpose in summoning his assistant had been to discuss with the latter the question of the proposed nursery and schools. Mrs. Westmore, at Amherst's suggestion, had presented these projects as her own; but the question of an available site having come up, she had mentioned to Truscomb his assistant's proposal that the company should buy for the purpose the notorious Eldorado. The road-house in question had always been one of the most destructive influences in the mill-colony, and Amherst had made one or two indirect attempts to have the building converted to other uses; but the determined opposition he encountered gave colour to the popular report that the Superintendent took a high toll from the landlord.

It therefore at once occurred to Amherst to suggest the purchase of the property to Mrs. Westmore; and he was not surprised to find that Truscomb's opposition to the scheme centred in the choice of the building. But even at this point the Superintendent betrayed no open resistance; he seemed tacitly to admit Amherst's right to discuss the proposed plans, and even to be consulted concerning the choice of a site. He was ready with a dozen good reasons

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against the purchase of the road-house; but here also he proceeded with a discretion unexampled in his dealings with his subordinates. He acknowledged the harm done by the dance-hall, but objected that he could not conscientiously advise the company to pay the extortionate price at which it was held, and reminded Amherst that, if that particular source of offense were removed, others would inevitably spring up to replace it; marshalling the usual temporizing arguments of tolerance and expediency, with no marked change from his usual tone, till, just as the interview was ending, he asked, with a sudden drop into conciliation, if the assistant manager had anything to complain of in the treatment he received.

This came as such a surprise to Amherst that before he had collected himself he found Truscomb ambiguously but unmistakeably offering him—with the practised indirection of the man accustomed to cover his share in such transactions—a substantial "consideration" for dropping the matter of the road-house. It was incredible, yet it had really happened: the all-powerful Truscomb, who held Westmore in the hollow of his hand, had stooped to bribing his assistant because he was afraid to deal with him in a more summary manner. Amherst's leap of anger at the offer was curbed by the instant perception of its cause. He had no time to search for a reason; he could only rally himself to meet the unintelligible with a composure as abysmal as Truscomb's; and his voice still rang with the wonder of the incident as he retailed it to his mother.

"Think of what it means, mother, for a young woman like Mrs. Westmore, without any experience or any habit of authority, to come here, and at the first glimpse of injustice, to be so revolted that she finds the courage and cleverness to put her little hand to the machine and reverse the engines—for it's nothing less that she's done! Oh, I know there'll be a reaction—the pendulum's sure to swing back: but you'll see it won't swing *as far*. Of course I shall go in the end—but Truscomb may go too: Jove, if I could pull him down on me, like what's-his-name and the pillars of the temple!"

He had risen and was measuring the little sitting-room with his long strides, his head flung back and his eyes dark with the inward look his mother had not always cared to see there. But now her own glance seemed to have caught a ray from his, and the knitting flowed from her hands like the thread of fate, as she sat silent, letting him exhale his hopes and his wonder, and murmuring only, when he dropped again to the chair at her side: "You won't go, Johnny—you won't go."

Mrs. Westmore lingered on for over two weeks, and during that time Amherst was able, in various directions, to develop her interest in the mill-workers. His own schemes involved a complete readjustment of the relation between the company and the hands: the suppression of the obsolete company "store" and tenements, which had so long sapped the thrift and ambition of the workers; the transformation of the Hopewood grounds into a park and athletic field, and the division of its remaining acres into building lots for the mill-hands; the establishing of a library, a dispensary and emergency hospital, and various other centres of humanizing influence; but he refrained from letting her see that his present suggestion was only a part of this larger plan, lest her growing sympathy should be checked. He had in his mother an example of the mind accessible only to concrete impressions: the mind which could die for the particular instance, yet remain serenely indifferent to its causes. To Mrs. Amherst, her son's work had been interesting simply because it *was* his work: remove his presence from Westmore, and the whole industrial problem became to her as non-existent as star-dust to the naked eye. And in Bessy Westmore he divined a nature of the same quality—divined, but no longer criticized it. Was not that concentration on the personal issue just the compensating grace of her sex? Did it not offer a warm tint of human inconsistency to eyes chilled by contemplating life in the mass? It pleased Amherst for the moment to class himself with the impersonal student of social problems, though in truth his interest in them had its source in an imagination as open as Bessy's to the pathos of the personal appeal. But if he had the same sensitiveness, how inferior were his means of expressing it! Again and again, during their talks, he had the feeling which had come to him when she bent over Dillon's bed—that her exquisite lines were, in some mystical sense, the visible flowering

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of her nature, that they had taken shape in response to the inward motions of the heart.

To a young man ruled by high enthusiasms there can be no more dazzling adventure than to work this miracle in the tender creature who yields her mind to his—to see, as it were, the blossoming of the spiritual seed in forms of heightened loveliness, the bluer beam of the eye, the richer curve of the lip, all the physical currents of life quickening under the breath of a kindled thought. It did not occur to him that any other emotion had effected the change he perceived. Bessy Westmore had in full measure that gift of unconscious hypocrisy which enables a woman to make the man in whom she is interested believe that she enters into all his thoughts. She had—more than this—the gift of self-deception, supreme happiness of the unreflecting nature, whereby she was able to believe herself solely engrossed in the subjects they discussed, to regard him as the mere spokesman of important ideas, thus saving their intercourse from present constraint, and from the awkward contemplation of future contingencies. So, in obedience to the ancient sorcery of life, these two groped for and found each other in regions seemingly so remote from the accredited domain of romance that it would have been as a great surprise to them to learn whither they had strayed as to see the arid streets of Westmore suddenly bursting into leaf.

With Mrs. Westmore's departure Amherst, for the first time, became aware of a certain flatness in his life. His daily task seemed tedious and purposeless, and he was galled by Truscomb's studied forbearance, under which he suspected a quickly accumulating store of animosity. He almost longed for some collision which should release the Superintendent's pent-up resentment; yet he dreaded increasingly any accident that might make his stay at Westmore impossible.

It was on Sundays, when he was freed from his weekly task, that he was most at the mercy of these opposing feelings. They drove him forth on long solitary walks beyond the town, walks ending most often in the deserted grounds of Hopewood, beautiful now in the ruined gold of October. As he sat under the beech-limbs above the river, watching its brown current sweep the willow-roots of the banks, he thought how this same current, within its next short reach, passed from wooded seclusion to the noise and pollution of the mills. So his own life seemed to have passed once more from the tranced flow of the last weeks into its old channel of unillumined labour. But other thoughts came to him too: the vision of converting that melancholy pleasure-ground into an outlet for the cramped lives of the mill-workers; and he pictured the weed-grown lawns and paths thronged with holiday-makers, and the slopes nearer the factories dotted with houses and gardens.

An unexpected event revived these hopes. A few days before Christmas it became known to Hanaford that Mrs. Westmore was returning for the holidays. Cicely was drooping in town air, and Bessy had persuaded Mr. Langhope that the bracing cold of Hanaford would be better for the child than the milder atmosphere of Long Island. They reappeared, and brought with them a breath of holiday cheerfulness such as Westmore had never known. It had always been the rule at the mills to let the operatives take their pleasure as they saw fit, and the Eldorado and the Hanaford saloons throve on this policy. But Mrs. Westmore arrived full of festal projects. There was to be a giant Christmas tree for the mill-children, a supper on the same scale for the operatives, and a bout of skating and coasting at Hopewood for the older lads—the "band" and "bobbin" boys in whom Amherst had always felt a special interest. The Gaines ladies, resolved to show themselves at home in the latest philanthropic fashions, overwhelmingly seconded Bessy's endeavours, and for a week Westmore basked under a sudden heat-wave of beneficence.

The time had passed when Amherst might have made light of such efforts. With Bessy Westmore smiling up, holly-laden, from the foot of the ladder on which she kept him perched, how could he question the efficacy of hanging the opening-room with Christmas wreaths, or the ultimate benefit of gorging the operatives with turkey and sheathing their offspring in red mittens? It was just like the end of a story-book with a pretty moral, and Amherst was in the mood to be as much taken by the tinsel as the youngest mill-baby held up to gape at the tree.

At the New Year, when Mrs. Westmore left, the negotiations for the purchase of the Eldorado were well-advanced, and it was

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understood that on their completion she was to return for the opening of the night-school and nursery. Suddenly, however, it became known that the proprietor of the road-house had decided not to sell. Amherst heard of the decision from Duplain, and at once foresaw the inevitable result —that Mrs. Westmore's plan would be given up owing to the ostensible difficulty of finding another site. Mr. Gaines and Truscomb had both discountenanced the erection of a special building for what was, after all, only a tentative enterprise. Among the purchasable houses in Westmore no other was suited to the purpose, and they had, therefore, a good excuse for advising Bessy to defer her experiment.

Almost at the same time, however, another piece of news changed the aspect of affairs. A scandalous occurrence at the Eldorado, witnesses to which were unexpectedly forthcoming, put it in Amherst's power to threaten the landlord with exposure unless he should at once accept the company's offer and withdraw from Westmore. Amherst had no long time to consider the best means of putting this threat into effect. He knew it was not only idle to appeal to Truscomb, but essential to keep the facts from him till the deed was done; yet how obtain the authority to act without his knowledge? The seemingly insuperable difficulties of the situation whetted his craving for a struggle. He thought first of writing to Mrs. Westmore; but now that the spell of her presence was withdrawn he felt how hard it would be to make her understand the need of prompt and secret action; and besides, was it likely that, at such short notice, she could command the needful funds? Prudence opposed the attempt, and on reflection he decided to appeal to Mr. Gaines, hoping that the flagrancy of the case would rouse the President from his usual attitude of indifference.

Mr. Gaines was roused to the extent of showing a profound resentment against the cause of his disturbance. He relieved his sense of responsibility by some didactic remarks on the vicious tendencies of the working-classes, and concluded with the reflection that the more you did for them the less thanks you got. But when Amherst showed an unwillingness to let the matter rest on this time-honoured aphorism, the President retrenched himself behind ambiguities, suggestions that they should await Mrs. Westmore's return, and general considerations of a pessimistic nature, tapering off into a gloomy view of the weather.

"By God, I'll write to her!" Amherst exclaimed, as the Gaines portals closed on him; and all the way back to Westmore he was busy marshalling his arguments and entreaties.

He wrote the letter that night, but did not post it. Some unavowed distrust of her restrained him—a distrust not of her heart but of her intelligence. He felt that the whole future of Westmore was at stake, and decided to await the development of the next twenty-four hours. The letter was still in his pocket when, after dinner, he was summoned to the office by Truscomb.

That evening, when he returned home, he entered the little sitting-room without speaking. His mother sat there alone, in her usual place—how many nights he had seen the lamplight slant at that particular angle across her fresh cheek and the fine wrinkles about her eyes! He was going to add another wrinkle to the number now—soon they would creep down and encroach upon the smoothness of the cheek.

She looked up and saw that his glance was turned to the crowded bookshelves behind her.

"There must be over five hundred of them," he said as their eyes met.

'Books? Yes—with your father's. Why —were you thinking. . . ?" She started up suddenly and crossed over to him.

"Too many for wanderers," he continued, drawing her beseeching hands to his breast; then, as she clung to him, weeping and trembling a little: "It had to be, mother," he said, kissing her penitently where the fine wrinkles died into the cheek.

VIII

AMHERST'S dismissal was not to take effect for a month; and in the interval he addressed himself steadily to his task.

He went through the routine of the work numbly; but his intercourse with the hands tugged at deep fibres of feelings. He had always shared, as far as his duties allowed, in the cares and interests of their few free hours: the hours when the automatic appendages of

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the giant machine became men and women again, with desires and passions of their own. Under Amherst's influence the mixed elements of the mill-community had begun to crystallize into social groups: his books had served as an improvised lending-library, he had organized a club, a rudimentary orchestra, and various other means of binding together the better spirits of the community. With the older men, the attractions of the Eldorado, and kindred inducements, often worked against him; but among the younger hands, and especially the boys, he had gained a personal ascendency that it was bitter to relinquish.

It was the severing of this tie that cost him most pain in the final days at Westmore; and after he had done what he could to console his mother, and to put himself in the way of getting work elsewhere, he tried to see what might be saved out of the ruins of the little polity he had built up. He hoped his influence might at least persist in the form of an awakened instinct of fellowship; and he gave every spare hour to strengthening the links he had tried to form. The boys, at any rate, would be honestly sorry to have him go: not, indeed, from the profounder reasons that affected him, but because he had not only stood persistently between the overseers and themselves, but had recognized their right to fun after work-hours as well as their right to protection while they worked.

In the glow of Mrs. Westmore's Christmas visitation an athletic club had been formed, and leave obtained to use the Hopewood grounds for Saturday afternoon sports; and thither Amherst continued to conduct the boys after the mills closed at the week-end. His last Saturday had now come: a shining afternoon of late February, with a red sunset bending above frozen river and slopes of unruffled snow. For an hour or more he had led the usual sports, coasting down the steep descent from the house to the edge of the woods, and skating and playing hockey on the rough river-ice which eager hands kept clear after every snow-storm. He always felt the contagion of these sports: the glow of movement, the tumult of young voices, the sting of the winter air, roused all the boyhood in his blood, and made him one with the lads whose games he shared. But today he had to force himself through his part in the performance.

To the very last, as he now saw, he had hoped for a sign in the heavens: not the reversal of his own sentence—for, merely on disciplinary grounds, he perceived that to be impossible—but something pointing to a change in the management of the mills, some proof that Mrs. Westmore's intervention had betokened more than a passing impulse of compassion. Surely she would not accept without question the abandonment of her favourite scheme; and if she came back to put the question, the answer would lay bare the whole situation. . . . So Amherst's hopes had persuaded him; but the day before he had heard that she was to sail for Europe. The report, first announced in the papers, had been confirmed by his mother, who brought back from a visit to Hanaford the news that Mrs. Westmore was leaving at once for an indefinite period, and that the Hanaford house was to be closed. Irony would have been the readiest caustic for the wound thus inflicted; but Amherst, for that very reason, disdained it. He would not taint his disappointment with facile mockery, but would leave it among the unspoiled sadnesses of life. . . .

He flung himself into the boys' sports with undiminished energy, meaning that their last Saturday with him should be their merriest; but he went through his part mechanically, and was glad when the sun began to dip toward the rim of the woods.

He was standing on the ice, where the river widened just below the house, when a jingle of bells broke on the still air, and he saw a sleigh driven rapidly up the avenue. Amherst watched it in surprise. Who, at that hour, could be invading the winter solitude of Hopewood? The sleigh halted near the closed house, and a muffled figure, alighting alone from it, began to move down the snowy slope toward the skaters.

In an instant he had torn off his skates and was bounding up the bank. He would have known the figure anywhere—known that lovely poise of the head, the mixture of hesitancy and swiftness in the light tread which even the snow could not impede. Half-way up the slope to the house they met, and Mrs. Westmore held out her hand. Face and lips, as she stood above him, glowed with her swift passage through the evening air, and in the blaze of the sunset she seemed saturated with heavenly fires.

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"I drove out to find you—they told me you were here—I arrived this morning, quite suddenly . . ."

She broke off, as though the encounter had checked her ardour instead of kindling it; but he drew no discouragement from her tone.

"I hoped you would come before I left—I knew you would!" he exclaimed; and as their eyes met her face clouded anxiously.

"I didn't know you were leaving Westmore till yesterday—the day before—I got a letter . . ." Again she wavered, perceptibly trusting her difficulty to him, in that sweet way he had been trying to forget; and he answered, with recovered energy: "The great thing is that you should be here."

She shook her head at his optimism. "What can I do if you go away?"

"You can give me a chance, before I go, to tell you a little about some of the loose ends I am leaving."

"But why are you leaving them? I don't understand. Is it inevitable?"

"Inevitable," he returned, with an odd glow of satisfaction in the word; and as her eyes besought him, he added, smiling: "I've been dismissed, you see; and from the Superintendent's standpoint I think I deserved it. But the best part of my work needn't go with me—and that is what I should like to speak to you about. As assistant manager I can easily be replaced—have been, I understand, already; but among these boys here I should like to think that a little of me stayed—and it will, if you'll let me tell you what I've been doing."

She glanced away from him at the busy throng on the ice and at the other black cluster above the coasting-slide.

"How they're enjoying it!" she murmured. "What a pity it was never done before! And who will keep it up when you're gone?"

"You," he answered, meeting her eyes again; and as she coloured a little under his look he went on quickly: "Will you come over and look at the coasting? The time is almost up. One more slide and they'll be packing off to supper."

She made a gesture of assent, and they walked in silence over the white lawn, criss-crossed with tramplings of happy feet, to the ridge whence the coasters started on their run. Amherst's object in turning the talk had been to gain a moment's respite. He could not bear to waste his perfect hour in futile explanations: he wanted to keep it undisturbed by any thought of the future. And the same feeling seemed to possess his companion, for she did not speak again till they reached the knoll where the coasters were gathered.

A sled packed with boys was just poised on the brink: with a last shout it was off, dipping down the steep incline with the long curved flight of a swallow, flashing across the wide meadow at the base of the hill, and tossed upward again by its own gathering impetus, till it vanished in the dark rim of wood on the opposite height. The lads waiting on the knoll sang out for joy, and Bessy clapped her hands and joined in their cry.

"What fun! I wish I'd brought Cicely! I've not coasted for years," she laughed out, as the second detachment of boys heaped themselves on another sled and shot down after their mates. Amherst looked at her with a smile. He saw that every other feeling had vanished in the exhilaration of watching the flight of the sleds. She had forgotten why she had come—forgotten her distress at his dismissal—forgotten everything but the allurement of the long white slope, and the tingle of keen air in her veins.

"Shall we go down? Should you like it?" he asked, feeling no resentment under the heightened glow of his pulses.

"Oh, do take me—I shall love it!" Her eyes shone like a child's—she might have been a lovelier embodiment of the shouting boyhood about them.

The first band of coasters, tugging their sled at their heels, had by this time already covered a third of the homeward stretch; but Amherst was too impatient to await them. Plunging down to the meadow he caught up the sled-rope, and raced back with the pack of rejoicing youth in his wake. The sharp climb up the slope seemed to fill his lungs with flame: his whole body burned with a strange intensity of life. As he reached the top, a distant bell rang across the fields from Westmore, and the boys began to gather up their coats and mufflers.

"Be off with you—I'll look after the sleds," Amherst called to them as they dispersed; then he turned for a moment to see that the skaters below were also heeding the summons.

A cold pallor lay on the river-banks and on the low meadow beneath the knoll; but

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the woodland opposite stood black against rolling scarlet vapours that ravelled off in sheer light toward a sky hung with an icy moon.

Amherst drew up the sled and held it in position while Bessy, seating herself, tucked her furs close with little mirthful exclamations; then he placed himself in front.

"Ready?" he cried over his shoulder, and "Ready!" she called back.

Their little craft quivered under them, hanging an instant over the long stretch of whiteness below; the level sun dazzled their eyes, and the first plunge seemed to dash them down into darkness. Amherst heard a cry of glee behind him; then all sounds were lost in the whistle of air humming by like the flight of a million arrows. They had dropped below the sunset and were tearing through the clear nether twilight of the descent; then, with a bound, the sled met the level, and shot away across the meadow toward the opposite height. It seemed to Amherst as though his body had been left behind, and only the spirit in him rode the wild blue currents of galloping air; but as the sled's rush began to slacken with the strain of the final ascent he was recalled to himself by the contact of the breathing warmth at his back. Bessy had put out a hand to steady herself, and as she leaned forward, gripping his arm, a flying end of her furs swept his face. There was a delicious pang in being thus caught back to life; and as the sled stopped, and he sprang to his feet, he still glowed with the joy of the sensation. Bessy too was under the spell. In the dusk of the beech-grove where they had landed, he could barely distinguish her features; but her eyes shone on him, and he heard her quick breathing as he stooped to help her to her feet.

"Oh, how beautiful—it's the only thing better than a good gallop!"

She leaned against a tree-bole, panting a little, and loosening her furs.

"What a pity it's too dark to begin again!" she sighed, looking about her through the dim brown weaving of leafless boughs.

"It's not so dark in the open—we might have one more," he proposed; but she shook her head, seized by a new whim.

"It's so still and delicious in here—did you hear the snow fall when that squirrel jumped across to the pine?" She tilted her head, narrowing her lids as she peered upward. "There he is! One gets used to the light. . . . Look! See his little eyes shining down at us!"

As Amherst looked where she pointed, the squirrel leapt to another tree, and they stole on after him through the hushed wood, guided by his grey flashes in the dimness. Here and there, in a break of the snow, they trod on a bed of wet leaves that gave out a breath of hidden life, or a hemlock twig dashed its spicy scent into their faces. As they grew used to the twilight, their eyes began to distinguish countless delicate gradations of tint: cold mottlings of grey-black boles against the snow, wet russets of drifted beech-leaves, a distant network of mauve twigs melting into the woodland haze. And in the silence just such fine gradations of sound became audible: the soft drop of loosened snow-lumps, a stir of startled wings, the creak of a dead branch, somewhere far off in darkness.

They walked on, still in silence, as though they had entered the glade of an enchanted forest, and were powerless to turn back or to break the hush with a word. They made no pretense of following the squirrel any longer; he had flashed away to a high tree-top, whence his ironical chatter pattered down on their unheeding ears. Amherst's sensations were not of that highest order of happiness where mind and heart mingle their elements in the strong draught of life: it was a languid fume that stole through him from the cup at his lips. But after the sense of defeat and failure which the last weeks had brought, the reaction was too exquisite to be closely analyzed. All he asked of the moment was its immediate sweetness. . . .

They had reached the brink of a rocky glen where a little brook still sent its thread of sound through mufflings of ice and huddled branches. Bessy stood still a moment, bending her head to the sweet cold tinkle; then she moved away and said slowly: "We must go back."

As they turned to retrace their steps, a yellow line of light through the tree-trunks showed them that they had not after all, gone very deep into the wood. A few minutes' walk would restore them to the lingering daylight, and on the farther side of the meadow stood the sleigh which was to carry Bessy back to Hanaford. A sudden sense of the evanescence of the moment roused

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Amherst from his absorption. Before the next change in the fading light he would be back again among the ugly realities of life. Did she too hate to return to them? Or why else did she walk so slowly—why did she seem as much afraid as himself to break the silence that held them in its magic circle?

A dead pine-branch caught in the edge of her skirt, and she stood still with a little exclamation while Amherst bent down to release her. As she turned to help him he looked up with a smile.

"The wood doesn't want to let you go," he said.

She made no reply, and he added, rising: "But you'll come back to it—you'll come back often, I hope."

He could not see her face in the dimness, but her voice trembled a little as she answered: "I will do what you tell me—but I shall be alone—against all the others: they don't understand."

The simplicity, the helplessness, of the avowal, appealed to him not as a weakness but as a grace. He understood what she was really saying: "How can you desert me? How can you put this great responsibility on me, and then leave me to bear it alone?" and in the light of her unuttered appeal his action seemed almost like cruelty. Why had he opened her eyes to wrongs she had no strength to redress without his aid?

He could only answer, as he walked beside her toward the edge of the wood: "You will not be alone—in time you will make the others understand; in time they will be with you."

"Ah, you don't believe that!" she exclaimed, pausing suddenly, and speaking with an intensity of reproach that amazed him.

"I hope it, at any rate," he rejoined, pausing also. "And I'm sure that if you will come here oftener—if you'll really live among your people——"

"How can you say that, when you're deserting them?" she broke in, with a feminine audacity of inconsequence that fairly dashed the words from his lips.

"Deserting them? Don't you understand——?"

"I understand that you've made Mr. Gaines and Truscomb angry—yes; but if I should insist on your staying——"

Amherst felt the blood rush to his forehead. "No—no, it's not possible," he exclaimed, with a vehemence addressed more to himself than to her.

"Then what will happen at the mills?"

"Oh, some one else will be found—the new ideas are stirring everywhere. And if you'll only come back here, and help my successor——"

"Do you think they are likely to choose any one else with your ideas?" she interposed with unexpected acuteness; and after a short silence he answered: "Not immediately, perhaps; but in time—in time there will be improvements."

"As if the poor people could wait! Oh, it's cruel, cruel of you to go!"

Her voice broke into a note of entreaty that trembled through his inmost fibres.

"You don't understand. It's impossible in the present state of things that I should do any good by staying."

"Then you refuse? Even if I were to insist on their asking you to stay, you would still refuse?" she persisted.

"Yes—I should still refuse."

She made no answer, but moved a few steps nearer to the edge of the wood. The meadow was just below them now, and the sleigh in plain sight on the height beyond. Their steps made no sound on the sodden drifts underfoot, and in the silence he thought he heard a quick catch in her breathing. It was enough to make the brimming moment overflow. He stood still before her and bent his head to hers. "Bessy!" he said, with sudden vehemence. She did not speak or move; but in the quickened state of his perceptions he became aware that she was silently weeping. The gathering darkness under the trees enveloped them. It absorbed her outline into the shadowy background of the wood, from which her face emerged in a faint spot of pallor; and the same obscurity seemed to envelop his faculties, merging the hard facts of life in a blur of feeling in which the distinctest impression was the sweet sense of her tears.

"Bessy!" he exclaimed again; and as he drew a step nearer he felt her yield to his arm, and bury her soft sobs against it.

(To be continued.)

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TO A CHILD

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

WHEN that dark labyrinth I needs must thread,
The citadel of dreams, of phantom strife,
Abhorrèd tenement of Death-in-Life,
Peopled with changeful shapes of doubt and dread,
Shapes that the day disowns made manifest—
I know one anguish crowning all the rest,
When, looking down, I see your golden head—
Why, 'twas but now I saw you safe to rest,
The hearth-light flickering on your little bed;
Yet, lo! white-robed, with pattering bare feet
Behold you here, close following at my side,
And all the terrors of the darkling street,
Or sheer abyss, or foe malign and fleet,
A million million times are multiplied.

With strengthless limbs and lips that move in vain,
I strive for safety now as ne'er before,
Seek the false shelter, hold the haspless door
In impotent intolerable pain,
Until this tyranny be past once more.

To the dark labyrinth I perforce must thread
Oh, come not thou, Dear Heart; those murky ways
Are desolate indeed, and most forlorn,
And all unfit for little feet to tread.
To my sharp sorrow spare this sharpest thorn,
The while my prison is that weary maze.

If thou must wander in the fields of sleep,
Go roam the happy meadows, gold and white,
Where young lambs play and daisies take the light;
Come not among the souls that shudder and weep.
So I, enfranchised from the sorest stress,
Shall go my way not all uncomforted,
Alone, and thankful for my loneliness;
No more afraid of dungeon or of deep,
Or melancholy dwellings of the dead.

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The sperrits no longer ha'nt the burying-ground.—Page 286.

THE LAST GHOST IN HARMONY

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

FROM his perch on the blacksmith's anvil He spoke between the puffs of his post-prandial pipe. The fire in the forge was out and the day was going, slowly, through the open door of the shop and the narrow windows, westward to the mountains. In the advancing shadow, on the pile of broken wheels, on the work-bench, on keg and barrel, They sat puffing their post-prandial pipes and listening.

For a partner in business I want a truthful man, but for a companion give me one with imagination. To my mind imagination is the spice of life. There is nothing so uninteresting as a fact, for when you know it that is the end of it. When life becomes nothing but facts it won't be worth living; yet in a few years the race will have no imagination left. It is being educated out. Look at the children. When I was young the bogey man was as real to me as pa and nearly as much to be feared of, but just yesterday I was lectured for merely mentioning him to my neffy. So with ghosts. We was taught to believe in ghosts the same as we was in Adam or Noar. Nowadays nobody believes in them. It is unscientific, and if you are superstitious you are considered ignorant and laughed at. Ghosts are the product of the imagination, but if I imagine I see one he is as real to me as if he actually exists, isn't he? Therefore he does exist. That's logic. You fellows have become scientific and admits only what you see and feel, and don't depend on your imagination

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for anything. Such being the case, I myself admit that the sperrits no longer ha'nt the burying-ground or play around your houses. I admit it because the same condition exact existed in Harmony when I was there, and because of what was told me by Robert J. Dinkle about two years after he died, and because of what occurred between me and him and the Rev. Mr. Spiegelnail.

Harmony was a highly intellectual town. About the last man there with any imagination or interesting ideas, excepting me, of course, was Robert J. Dinkle. Yet he had an awful reputation, and when he died it was generally stated privately that the last landmark of ignorance and superstition had been providentially removed. You know he had always been seeing things, but we set it down to his fondness for hard cider or his natural prepensity for joshing. With him gone there was no one left to report the doings of the sperrit-world. In fact, so widespread was the light of reason, as the Rev. Mr. Spiegelnail called it, that the burying-ground became a popular place for moonlight strolls. Even I walked through it frequent on my way home from Miss Wheedle's, with whom I was keeping company, and it never occurred to me to go any faster there, or to look back over my shoulder, for I didn't believe in such foolishness. But to the most intellectual there comes times of doubt about things they know nothing of nor understand. Such a time come to me, when the wind was more mournfuller than usual in the trees, and the clouds scudded along overhead, casting peculiar shadders. My imagination got the best of my intellect. I hurried. I looked back over my shoulder. I shivered, kind of. Natural I see nothing in the burying-ground, yet at the end of town I was still uneasy-like, though half laughing at myself. It was so quiet; not a light burned anywhere, and the square seemed lonelier than the cemetary, and the store was so deserted, so ghostly in the moonlight, that I just couldn't keep from peering around at it.

Then, from the empty porch, from the empty bench—empty, I swear, for I could see plain, so clear was the night—from absolute nothing come as pleasant a voice as ever I hear.

"Hello!" it says.

My blood turned icy-like and the chills waved up and down all through me. I couldn't move.

The voice come again, so natural, so familiar, that I warmed some, and rubbed my eyes and stared.

There, setting on the bench, in his favorite place, was the late Robert J. Dinkle, gleaming in the moonlight, the front door showing right through him.

"I must appear pretty distinct," he says in a proud-like way. "Can't you see me very plain?"

See him plain! I should think so. Even the patches on his coat was visible, and only for the building behind him, he never looked more natural, and hearing him so pleasant, set me thinking. This, says I, is the sperrit of the late Robert J. Dinkle. In life he never did me any harm and in his present misty condition is likely to do less; if he is looking for trouble I'm not afraid of a bit of fog. Such being the case, I says, I shall address him as soon as I am able.

But Robert got tired waiting, and spoke again in an anxious tone, a little louder, and ruther complaining, "Don't I show up good?" says he.

"I never see you looking better," I answered, for my voice had came back, and the chills were quieter, and I was fairly ca'm and dared even to move a little nearer.

A bright smile showed on his pale face. "It is a relief to be seen at last," he cried, most cheerful. "For years I've been trying to do a little ha'nting around here, and no one would notice me. I used to think mebbe my material was too delicate and gauzy, but I've concided that, after all, the stuff is not to blame."

He heaved a sigh so natural that I forgot all about his being a ghost. Indeed, taken all in all, I see that he had improved, was solemner, had a sweeter expression and wasn't likely to give in to his old pre-pensity for joshing.

"Set down and we will talk it over," he went on most winning. "Really, I can't do any harm, but please be a little afraid and then I will show up distincter. I must be getting dim now."

"You are," says I, for though I was on the porch edging nearer him most bold, I could hardly see him.

Without any warning he gave an awful groan that brought the chills waving back most violent. I jumped and stared, and as I stared he stood out plainer and solider in the moonlight.

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"Hello!" it says.—Page 286.

"That's better," he said with a jolly chuckle; "now you do believe in me, don't you? Well, set there nervous-like, on the edge of the bench and don't be too ca'm-like, or I'll disappear."

The ghost's orders were followed explicit. But with him setting there so natural and pleasant it was hard to be frightened and more than once I forgot. He, seeing me peering like my eyesight was bad, would give a groan that made my blood curdle. Up he would flare again, gleaming in the moonlight full and strong.

"Harmony's getting too scientific, too intellectual," he said, speaking very melancholic. "What can't be explained by arithmetic or gography is put down as impossible. Even the preachers encourage such idees and talk about Adam and Eve being allegories. As a result, the graveyard has become the slowest place in town. You simply can't ha'nt anything around here. A man hears a groan in his room and he gets up and closes the shutters tighter, or throws a shoe at a rat, or swears at the wind in the chimney. A few sperrits were hanging around when I was first dead, but they were complaining very bad about the hard times. There used to be plenty of good society in the burying-ground, they said, but one by one they had to quit. All the old Berrys had left. Mr. Whoople retired when he was taken for a white mule. Mrs. Morris A. Klump, who once oppyrated 'round the deserted house beyond the mill had gave up in disgust just a week before my ar-

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rival. I tried to encourage the few remaining, explained how the sperritualists were working down the valley and would strike town any time, but they had lost all hope—kept fading away till only me was left. If things don't turn for the better soon I must go, too. It's awful discouraging. And lonely! Why, folks ramble around the graves like even I wasn't there. Just last night my boy Ossy came strolling along with the lady he is keeping company with, and where do you s'pose they set down to rest, and look at the moon and talk about the silliest sub-jecks? Right on my head-stone! I stood in front of them and did the ghostliest things till I was clean tired out and discouraged. They just would not pay the least attention."

The poor old ghost almost broke down and cried. Never in life had I known him so much affected, and it went right to my heart to see him wiping his eyes with his handkercher and snuffling.

"Mebbe you don't make enough noise when you ha'nt," says I most sympathetic.

"I do all the regular acts," says he, a bit het up by my remark. "We always were kind of limited. I float around and groan, and talk foolish, and sometimes I pull off bed-clothes or reveal the hiding-place of buried treasure. But what good does it do in a town so intellectual as Harmony?"

I have seen many folks who were down on their luck, but never one who so appealed to me as the late Robert J. Dinkle. It was the way he spoke, the way he looked, his general patheticness, his very helplessness and deservingness. In life I had known him well, and as he was now I liked him better. So I did want to do something for him. We sat studying for a long time, him smoking very violent, blowing clouds of fog outen his pipe, me thinking up some way to help him. And idees allus comes to them who sets and waits.

"The trouble is partly as you say, Robert," I allowed after a bit, "and again partly because you can't make enough noise to awaken the slumbering imagination of intellectual Harmony. With a little natural help from me though, you might stir things up in this town."

You never saw a gladder smile or a more gratefuller look than that poor sperrit gave me.

"Ah," he says, "with your help I could do wonders. Now who'll we begin on?"

"The Rev. Mr. Spiegelnail," says I, "has about all the imagination left in Harmony—of course excepting me."

Robert's face fell visible. "I have tried him repeated and often," he says, kind of argumentative-like. "All the sign he made was to complain that his wife talked in her sleep."

I wasn't going to argue—not me. I was all for action, and lost no time in starting. Robert J., he followed me like a dog, up through town to our house, where I went in, leaving him outside so as not to disturb mother. There I got me a hammer and nails with the heavy lead sinker offen my fish-net, and it wasn't long before the finest tick-tack you ever saw was working against the Spiegelnails' parlor window, with me in a lilac-bush operating the string that kept the weight a-swinging. Before the house was an open spot where the moon shone full and clear, where Robert J. walked up and down, about two feet off the ground, waving his arms slow-like and making the melancholiest groans. Now I have been to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" frequent, but in all my life I never see such acting. Yet what was the consequences? Up went the window above, and the Rev. Mr. Spiegelnail showed out plain in the moonlight.

"Who is there?" he called very stern. You had otter see Robert then. It was like tonic to him. He rose up higher and began to beat his arms most violent and to gurgle tremendous. But the preacher never budged.

"You boys otter be ashamed of yourselves," he says in a severe voice.

"Louder, louder," I calls to Robert J., in answering which he began the most awful contortions.

"You can hear me perfectly plain," says the dominie, now kind of sad-like. "It fills my old heart with sorrow to see that yous all have gone so far astray."

Hearing that, so calm, so distinct, so defiant, made Robert J. stop short and stare. To remind him I gave the weight an extra thump, and it was so loud as to bring forth Mrs. Spiegelnail, her head showing plain as she peered out over the preacher's shoulder. The poor discouraged ghost took heart, striking his tragicest attitude, one which he told me afterwards was his pride and had been got out of a book. But what was the result?

"Does you hear anyone in the bushes,

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"They just would not pay the least attention."—Page 288.

dear?" inquires Mr. Spiegelnail, cocking his ears and listening.

"It must be Ossy Dinkle and them bad friends of his," says she, in her sour tone.

Poor Robert! Hearing that, he about gave up hope.

"Don't I show up good?" he asks in an anxious voice.

"I can see you distinct," says I, very sharp. "You never looked better."

Down went the window—so sudden, so unexpected that I did not know what to make of it. Robert J. thought he did, and over me he came floating, most delighted.

"I must have worked," he said, laughing like he'd die, a-doubling up and holding his sides to keep from splitting. "At last I have showed up distinct; at last I am of some use in the world. You don't realize what a pleasure it is to know that you are fulfilling your mission and living up to your reputation."

Poor old ghost! He was for talking it all over then and there and settled down on a soft bunch of lilacs, and fell to smoking fog and chattering. It did me good to see him so happy and I was inclined to puff up a bit at my own success in the ha'nting line. But it was not for long. The rattle of keys warned us. The front door flew open and out bounded the Rev. Mr. Spiegelnail, clearing the steps with a jump, and flying over the lawn. All thought of the late Robert J. Dinkle left me then, for I had only a few feet start of my pastor. You see I shouldn't a-hurried so only I sung bass in the choir and I doubt if I could have convinced him that I was working in the interests of Science and Truth. Fleeing was instinct. Gates didn't matter. They were took on the wing, and down the street I went with the preacher's hot breath on my neck. But I beat him. He tired after the first spurt and was soon left behind, so I could double back home to bed.

Robert, he was for giving up entirely.

"I simply won't work," says he to me, when I met him on the store porch that next night. "A hundred years ago such a bit of ha'nting would have caused the town to be abandoned; to-day it is attributed to natural causes."

"Because," says I, "we left behind such evidences of material manifestations as strings and weights on the parlor window."

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"S'pose we work right in the house?" says he, brightening up. "You can hide in the closet and groan while I act.

Now did you ever hear anything innocenter than that? Yet he meant it so well I did not even laugh.

"I'm too fond of my pastor," I says, "to let him catch me in his closet. A far better spot for our work is the short cut he takes home from church after Wednesday evening meeting. We won't be so loud, but more dignified, melancholier, and tragic. You overacted last night, Robert," I says. "Next time pace up and down like you were deep in thought and sigh gentle. Then if he should see you it would be nice to take his arm and walk home with him."

I think I had the right idea of ha'nting, and had I been able to keep up Robert J. Dinkle's sperrits and to train him regular I could have aroused the slumbering imagination of Harmony, and brought life to the burying-ground. But he was too easy discouraged. He lacked perseverance. For if ever Mr. Spiegelnail was on the point of seeing things it was that night as he stepped out of the woods. He had walked slow and meditating till he come opposite where I was. Now I didn't howl or groan or say anything particular. What I did was to make a noise that wasn't animal, neither was it human, nor was it regulation ghostly. As I had stated to the late Robert J. Dinkle, what was needed for ha'nting was something new and original. And it certainly ketched Mr. Spiegelnail's attention. I see him stop. I see his lantern shake. It appeared like he was going to dive into the bushes for me, but he changed his mind. On he went, quicker, kind as if he wasn't afraid, yet was, on to the open, where the moon brought out Robert beautiful as he paced slowly up and down, his head bowed like he was studying. Still the preacher never saw him, stepped right through him, in fact. I give the dreadful sound again. That stopped him. He turned, raised the lantern before him, put his hand to his ear, and seemed to be looking intense and listening. Hardly ten feet away stood Robert, all a-trembling with excitement, but the light that showed through him was as steady as a rock, as the dominie watched and listened, so quiet and ca'm. He lowered the lantern, rubbed his hands across his eyes, stepped forward and looked again. The ghost was perfect. As I have stated, he was excited and his sigh shook a little, but he was full of dignity and sadity. He shouldn't have lost heart so soon. I was sure then that he almost showed up plain to the preacher and he would have grown on Mr. Spiegelnail had he kept on ha'nting him instead of giving in because that one night the pastor walked on to the house fairly cool. He did walk quicker, I know, and he did peer over his shoulder twicet and I did hear the kitchen door bang in a relieved way. But when we consider the stuff that ghosts are made of we hadn't otter expect them to be heroes. They are too foggy and gauzy to have much perseverence—judging at least from Robert J.

"I simply can't work any more," says he, when I came up to him, as he sat there in the path, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, his eyes studying the ground most mournful.

"But Robert——" I began, thinking to cheer him up.

He didn't hear; he wouldn't listen—just faded away.

Had he only held out there is no telling what he might have done in his line. Often, since then, have I thought of him and figgered on his tremendous possibilities. That he had possibilities I am sure. Had I only realized it that last night we went out ha'nting, he never would have got away from me. But the realization came too late. It came in church the very next Sunday, with the usual announcements after the long prayer, as Mr. Spiegelnail was leaning over the pulpit eying the congregation through big smoked glasses.

Says he in a voice that was full of sadness: "I regret to announce that for the first time in twenty years union services will be held in this town next Sabbath." Setting in the choir, reading my music marks, I heard the preacher's words and started, for I saw at once that something unusual was happening, or had happened, or was about to happen. "Unfortunately," said Mr. Spiegelnail, continuing, "I shall have to turn my pulpit over to Brother Spiker of the Baptist Church, for my failing eyesight renders it necessary that I go at once to Philadelphia, to consult an oculist. Some of my dear brethren may think this an unusual step, but I should not desert them without cause. They may think, perhaps,

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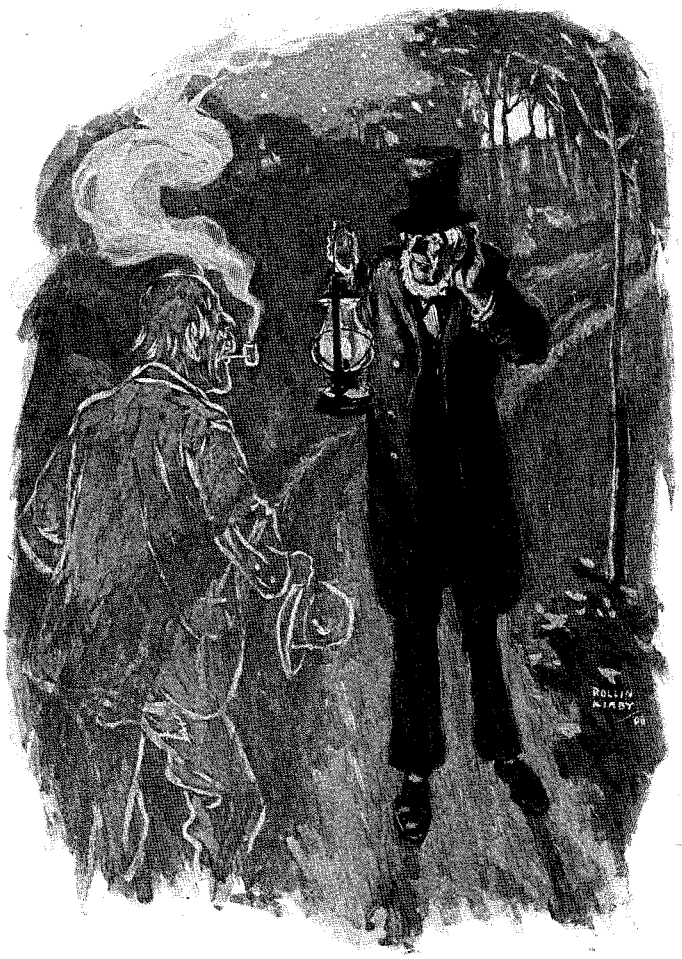

Seemed to be looking intense and listening.—Page 290.

that I am making much ado about nothing and could be treated just as well in Harrisburg. To such let me explain that I am suffering from a stigmatism. It is not so much that I cannot see, but that I sees things which I know are not there—a defect in sight which I feel needs the most expert attention. Sunday-school at half-past nine; divine service at eleven. I take for my text 'And the old men shall see visions'."

How I did wish the late Robert J. Dinkle could have been in church that morning. It would have so gladdened his heart to hear that he had partly worked, for if he worked partly, then surely, in time, he would have worked complete. For me, I was just wild with excitement, and was so busy thinking of him and how glad he would be, that I didn't hear the sermon at all, and in planning new ways of ha'nting I forgot to sing in the last anthem. You see, I figgered lively times ahead for Harmony, a general return to the good old times when folks had imagination and had something more in their heads than facts. I had only to get Robert again, and with him working it would not be long till all the old Berrys and Mrs. Klump showed up distinct and plain. But I wasn't well posted in the weak characters of shades, for I thought, of course, I could find my sperrit friend easy when night came. Yet I didn't. I set on the store porch shivering till the moon was high up over the ridge. He just wouldn't come. I called for him soft-like and got no answer. Down to the burying-ground I went and set

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on his headstone. It was the quietest place you ever see. The clouds was scudding overhead; the wind was sighing among the leaves; and through the trees the moon was gleaming so clear and distinct you could almost read the monnyments. It was just a night when things should have been lively there—a perfect night for ha'nting. I called for Robert. I listened. He never answered. I heard only a bull-frog a-bellering in the pond, a whip-poor-will whistling in the grove, and a dog howling at the moon.

SOME LETTERS OF E. L. GODKIN

Edited by Rollo Ogden

WITH a large number of the first men of his time Mr. Godkin was brought into personal contact. Of them his matured judgment was, as a rule, singularly penetrating. Personal criticism has more pitfalls than any other form; and that Mr. Godkin escaped them so successfully as he did is proof of his sagacity. Inevitably, his earliest readings of men were often tentative, and subject to later correction. His first impressions of Mr. Blaine, for example, were favorable. So with Louis Napoleon. Of the man of whom he afterward came to speak as a charlatan, he wrote on June 22, 1859: "If Louis Napoleon exhibits moderation enough in the hour of triumph to leave Italy independent and free, I think he will fairly entitle himself to the very highest rank among the benefactors of the human race." If this was a mistake, it was one made in the excellent company of Mrs. Browning, and derived from a political aspiration similar to hers. But as late as January 7, 1862, Mr. Godkin wrote to C. L. Brace from Paris: "Louis Napoleon is really a great man, wise as well as shrewd." From that it is a great change, though a change for good reason shown, to the opinion of September, 1870. Writing in that year to Professor Norton of the doings of another man, Mr. Godkin said: "The old rascal's cup must surely be nearly full." Then he added: "If it were not for Louis Napoleon's fate, however, I would say that all those cups of the wicked have holes in them. What a splendid 'Special Providence' he now seems! The Lord is evidently not dead yet."

In his recollections of New York journalism as he first knew it, Mr. Godkin touched upon Horace Greeley:

"During the three or four years before the war, to get admission to the columns of the *Tribune* almost gave the young writer a patent of literary nobility, and Greeley in those years welcomed talent, male and female, from any quarter and in every field. But I did not become fully aware how much of his influence and success he owed to the anti-slavery cause until 1864, when the war was nearly over. In the early spring of that year I was invited to a breakfast by the late Mr. John A. C. Gray. I found there Wendell Phillips, Bryant the poet, and one or two other men. Greeley entered a few minutes after me, and approached the host, who was standing near the fireplace conversing with Mr. Bryant; Bryant took no notice of him. The host asked in a whisper, but in my hearing, 'Don't you know Mr. Greeley?' The answer, in a still louder whisper, was, 'No, I don't; he's a blackguard—he's a blackguard.' This, I thought, was due to one of Greeley's striking peculiarities, his treating every opponent with a sort of ferocious contempt. I concluded that Mr. Bryant had met with some of this mauling at Greeley's hands. But at the breakfast table Greeley revealed more serious defects in his character than addiction to rough language. The talk turned on the war, and more particularly on the defence of Washington. On this subject he poured forth opinions so comically absurd that they might have figured in the 'Grande Duchesse.' They were received by the rest of the company in a silence which, I fear, was not respectful.

"His defects might possibly have attracted earlier attention, but for the pres-

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ence in the office, as managing editor, of Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was then 'the rising hope of the stern and unbending' Radicals. He had the general knowledge of men and affairs in which Greeley was so deplorably wanting, wrote well, and kept in touch with the normal world of the day. He had pleasant evening receptions, at which I was present a few times, and to which I was glad to be invited. His having been at Brook Farm was a feather in his cap with the numerous *fidèles* that thronged his parlors. At that time the wildest reporter of a yellow journal could not have foreshadowed his solar career.

"George Ripley was the 'literary editor.' He was considered by the literary class a model critic because he never found fault with anybody. The critic's function then was considered to be not the promotion of literature or art in the abstract, but the encouragement of any American, male or female, who wished to write or paint. The consequence was that Ripley was, until his death, the idol of all struggling authors and artists. That he was a man of wide cultivation and learning, there is no question, and he would have been abundantly able to play the part of a real critic, but for the fact that his heart was too much for his brains."

Here is a fuller picture, drawn in 1863:

"Mr. Horace Greeley is self-educated, and very imperfectly educated at that—has no great grasp of mind, no great political insight, and has his brain crammed with half truths and odds and ends of ideas which a man inevitably accumulates who scrapes knowledge together by fits and starts on his way through life. I cannot better describe his position in political life than by saying that he has about the same relation to a statesman that a leader of guerillas has to a general of the regular army. But he has an enthusiasm which never flags; and a faith in principles which nothing can shake, and an English style, which, for vigor, terseness, clearness, and simplicity, has never been surpassed, except, perhaps, by Cobbett. Nothing can be more taking than the frank, forcible way in which he states his ideas; but I must also add that nothing can be coarser or more abusive than the language in which he defends them. He calls names, and gives the lie, in his leading articles, with a heartiness and vehemence which in cities seem very shocking, but which, out in the country, along the lakes, and in the forests and prairies of the Northwest, where most of his influence lies, are simply proofs of more than ordinary earnestness. And I confess that, disagreeable as his ways are and must be to everybody who hates vulgarity in public life, and who would wish to see such power as Greeley undoubtedly wields lodged in hands of nicer touch and more careful training, when we remember that he founded the New York *Tribune*, sixteen years ago, as the organ of the then small and despised sect of anti-slavery men, and has never for one hour flagged or grown weary in the great struggle of which we are to-day witnessing the crisis, it is not fair to criticise too severely either his weapons or his manner of wielding them. He has waged one of the most unequal battles in which any journalist ever engaged with a courage and tenacity worthy of the cause, and by dint of biting sarcasm, vigorous invective, powerful arguments, and a great deal of vituperation and personality, has done more than any other man to bring slaveholders to bay, and place the Northern fingers on the throat of the institution."

A few years earlier, Mr. Godkin characterized Seward:

"He has, through twenty-five years of public life, been the steady and fearless champion of an unpopular cause, and he has every year, in speeches and state papers, given abundant evidence of the possession of the highest order of talent. He is going to England this summer, and I believe his friends are extremely desirous that he should make a long visit, so as not to turn up again on this side of the water until very shortly before the election. The popular nerves, as 'the campaign' draws near, are generally in a highly sensitive state. Everything which a possible candidate says or does is canvassed with the utmost minuteness, and the smallest indiscretion of language may seriously damage a man's prospects. Seward is not a person to disguise his sentiments or modify their utterance, when the occasion calls for them, and therefore his great safety, and, in fact, anyone's in his position on the eve of the struggle, lies in silence. So when you get him over in England, the Republican party will feel greatly obliged by your keeping him there as long as possible. When you have him it may not be out of place to say you have,

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perhaps, the greatest Constitutional lawyer in America, the clearest-headed statesman, a powerful and above all a most logical orator, and of all the public men of this country perhaps the least of a demagogue and the most of a gentleman. Perhaps no man living to-day has discussed questions so vast and momentous with so much grasp and vigor as Seward. Except the British Parliament debating on India, I can imagine no scene more intrinsically solemn than the United States Senate debating the question of slavery on this continent; and on that question no man has spoken more, and none so wisely and eloquently as he."

With Seward at Washington, on April 12, 1866, Mr. Godkin had an interview in company with C. E. Norton. Notes of the conversation were written out by the latter:

"We found Mr. Seward in his handsomely furnished drawing-room, sitting in an arm-chair before the remains of a wood fire. A tall, large man, an 'unreconstructed' North Carolinian, Dr. Palmer, was standing, just about to take leave. As soon as we were seated, Mr. Seward turned to him, and said: 'The President can't do anything more for you; I can't do anything for you; you must get Congress to take you back. It is the duty of Congress to admit your members, if you can send loyal men who can take the oath. But Congress won't do it, and all you can do is to wait till it will. If this Congress won't do its duty, another will.' 'But we've been in an awful bad fix,' said the North Carolinian, 'and we want to get out of it right away.' 'Well,' said Mr. Seward, with an air of some impatience, 'you got into it of your own accord and now you must wait till Congress is ready to obey the Constitution and help you out of it. If Congress won't receive loyal men, if it won't accept such men as Tennessee sends, loyal men, who have fought for the Union and suffered for it—men, God knows, a great deal better abolitionists than those who come from the Northern States, I don't know what you can do about it. You must wait; the South can get along quite as well without the North as the North can without it.' 'But we want to get out of our fix right away,' repeated Dr. Palmer. 'Well, sir,' replied Mr. Seward, 'you can't do it. You must be patient. Go to see Wilson and Boutwell, and persuade them to induce Congress to admit the Tennessee members. They won't do it, but till they do it they won't admit your men. They profess to be afraid of you. They don't trust to loyalty. But it will come all right. You won't lose anything by patience. The people know better than Congress what the Constitution requires, and they won't stand a Congress that refuses to acknowledge the rights of the States, and keeps eleven States out of the Union after they desire to come back to it. Go tell your people not to be in a hurry. It will all turn out right. Good-night, sir.' And Dr. Palmer took leave.

"Turning to us, after he had reseated himself, Mr. Seward went on. 'There ought to be no question about the readmission of the South. Those States are loyal, devoted, earnest, patriotic, humiliated and repentant, eager to come back. Congress has no right to refuse them. It shows its distrust of the Constitution by its refusal. Every necessary preliminary has been complied with; the South has accepted every needful condition, there is nothing more to ask of it. It has as good a right to be represented in Congress as the North has, but Congress chooses to keep it out of the Union.

"'But,' asked Godkin, 'has not Congress the right, and may it not see fit to exercise the right, to impose certain other conditions preliminary to readmission, in addition to those made by the President?'

"'No,' replied Mr. Seward. 'No, sir! It has neither the right nor the power to do so. The President has required all that was needed, all that is Constitutional. The only absolute preliminary condition was that the South should renounce the doctrine of secession. This the President required of it, and this it has done. Nothing further was requisite, but the President recommended the Southern States to give up slavery by their own action, to remove a disturbing element, and to bring them into harmony with the action of the General Government; and further he advised, he had no right to require them to repudiate their national [correcting himself], their Confederate debt in order to show their good will, and as a sort of bonus for their return to the Union. Peace is re-established in those States, but Congress treats them from the point of view of war.'

"'If peace is re-established, may I ask,' said I, 'if the *Habeas Corpus* is restored in the Southern States?'

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"'Do you want to sue out a writ in any of those States?' replied Mr. Seward with some warmth. 'Do you know anybody who does?' 'No,' said I. 'My question was not a practical one, it had reference simply to the extraordinary fact that in regard to this fundamental safeguard of civil rights and political liberties, the nation is at a loss to know whether it is in existence over nearly half its territory.' 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Seward, 'a purely speculative question. I wish you to understand that you ask me hard questions. Since I have been a member of the Government I have made it a rule not to answer such questions. I have no right to answer them.'

"'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'for putting a question to you which I see, in view of Mr. Davis's case, which, however, was not in my mind when I asked it, may well seem indiscreet.'

"'No, sir,' said Mr. Seward. 'Mr. Davis's case had nothing to do with my answer. Your question was a speculative one, and therefore cannot be answered. Wait till a writ of *Habeas Corpus* is sued out in one of the Southern States, and then you will have an answer to it. Those States are at peace. I expect a civil commotion sooner in Massachusetts than in South Carolina. South Carolina is at this moment behaving a great deal better than Massachusetts; showing more trust in the Constitution, more loyalty to the Union. The South understands the meaning and value of the Constitution and the Union, better a great deal than the North, which insists on terms of reunion that are not in the Constitution. If the North believed in the Constitution it would be eager to take the South back, and would not attempt to govern it contrary to law and right.

"'The Constitution was made by our fathers for the purpose of serving for the needs of a continent—a continent as large as the European, to be divided into sixty, perhaps a hundred States. They saw the evils of the divisions of the States of Europe, and they intended to prevent them by the Constitution, not for the purpose of destroying the States but to unite them in harmony. Their work was favored by two fundamental circumstances, that the people had a common language, and a common religion, that is, a religion to have no religion to quarrel about. They saw the sources of division in the old world, and they formed a central government under the Constitution which should prevent the existence of these in the new—first by affording the States protection in their foreign relation; second, by establishing perfect freedom of trade among the States; third, by delivering their letters. This is the whole of the Constitution. It leaves the States free to govern themselves. It gives no power to interfere with their domestic concerns. Over these the States have absolute control, and Congress has nothing to do with them.'

"'But how, then, about the negroes?' asked Godkin.

"'I am not at all concerned about them,' answered Mr. Seward. 'The North has nothing to do with the negroes. I have no more concern for them than I have for the Hottentots. They are God's poor; they always have been and always will be so everywhere. They are not of our race. They will find their place. They must take their level. The laws of political economy will determine their position and the relation of the two races. Congress cannot contravene those. I am ready to leave the interests of the most intelligent white man in the guardianship of his State, and where I leave the interests of the white, I am willing to trust the civil rights of the black. The South must take care of its own negroes, as the North did and does. I was born a slave-holder; my State took away my slaves, and it did right, but I had to support them, and, indeed, have to support some of them up to this time.

"'The North must get over this notion of interference with the affairs of the South. Some people talk about being afraid of the South, if the Southern members of Congress are allowed to take their seats. But what harm can they do? I am not afraid of them; I never was afraid of the South in my life, not even when it had power and wealth and united interests and patronage. When I sat in the Senate with Jefferson Davis and Mason, and Toombs, I was not afraid of them, and I am not afraid now of those whom they misled. There is still a guard around my house to defend me against what they call my Southern enemies, but I have no enemies there, and the guard is needed rather to protect me against my Northern friends who are so bitter against me because I trust to the Constitution, and desire to see the Union restored.

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"'Why, sir, it is but a year ago since we had to mourn the death of the President; since the assassin entered my doors and desolated my family. What remedy did the Constitution provide? Why, an indictment for an assault with intent to kill! This shows that the Constitution did not undertake to provide for every emergency, or every want.

"'If Congress would trust to the Constitution there would be no possible danger in allowing the Southern members, men loyal and devoted to the Union, to take their seats. I cannot imagine a base motive in politics any more than some men a base motive in domestic life. The States form one family. The South is knocking at the door of the old home, and wants to be taken in, and will not the father hasten to open the door and welcome his repentant child?'

"'But may not the father,' said Godkin, 'think it well to make some enquiry as to the actual reformation of his child?'

"'No, sir! You cannot be a father and ask that question. No, sir! the whole thing is up if an enquiry be instituted. The parent does not pause to enquire; he welcomes his child without asking anything beyond his desire to come home. The South longs to come home now, sir. Those who refuse to take them into the family again are in my opinion guilty of a great crime. It may be a sublimated consideration, but I confess it has great weight with me, that if I could not forgive the enemies of my country as I forgive my own enemies, I could not have the hope that I might enter kingdom come. There is a want of charity in this refusal to forgive which is worse than the sins against which it is manifested. At this time the North is showing the most evil disposition, and I would rather go South where they are behaving well, than to Massachusetts where they are behaving ill, and showing so bad and unforgiving a temper.

"'But all this trouble is going to pass over. Things will come out all right. The people will not consent to follow the lead of Congress, for they love the Union, and mean to have it whole again.'

"'These views,' said I, 'are very different from those which prevailed at the North, but sixteen years ago your views were quite as unpopular, but the people have since adopted them.'

"'Yes, sir,' said he, 'I have every confidence. I never held an opinion that was popular, and I have never failed to see the country come up to my opinions in time. This doctrine is not Massachusetts doctrine, but it is going to be Massachusetts doctrine before long.'"

Mr. Godkin wrote much of Lincoln. Here is a war-time estimate:

"Everybody in England is so familiar, through the labors of Mr. Beresford Hope and of the *Saturday Review*, with Mr. Lincoln's defects, both of manner and looks, that I need not dwell on them. There is no denying that he is neither an Apollo nor a Count d'Orsay, and it is equally true that in what is called 'good society' a 'genteel' appearance is one of the first requisites of a statesman. When the war broke out, therefore, and Mr. Lincoln became the cynosure of all eyes, the horror felt by the 'nobility, gentry, and clergy' in England at the cut of his clothes, the length of his legs, his way of wearing his beard, and his manner of receiving company, called forth a corresponding amount of sympathy here. People were rather disposed to be ashamed of their President when they found he was likely to excite so much attention. Lamentations were heard on every side over his want of education, as if it was not just as good, as far as mere schooling went, as that of George Washington, and a good deal better than that of Andrew Jackson. Many persons were greatly distressed when they found that Southerners in England were contrasting his deportment with that of Jefferson Davis.

"He found himself uncouth, illiterate, with no experience of life, except such as could be gained in one community, and that by no means in the most advanced state of culture, without any of the gifts which usually captivate the people, or attract their confidence, either commanding presence, or silver tongue, or long official experience, saddled suddenly with the responsibility of confronting, and of directing, what everybody acknowledges to be the greatest political convulsion of modern times. He was placed at the head of a democracy in the hour of its greatest peril, and you must not forget what English philosophers at that time considered it—fickle, demoralized, cowardly, unwarlike, unused to arms and to horsemanship, impatient of taxation, in-

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capable of discipline, singularly averse to prolonged effort, without leaders, and inordinately conceited and indocile. Everything had to be organized, and from the rawest material—army, navy, and civil service. The task before this rail-splitter was, in short, such as no European statesman has ever found, and every foreign observer and a great many native ones were confident he would fail. Three things were predicted with the utmost certainty—that he would never be able to raise a second army; that he would never be able to raise any considerable portion of the revenue by taxation; and that if he attempted to do either of these things by force, the Western States would secede, and either set up a separate Confederation or join that of the South.

"Well, he has raised army after army, fully a million and a half of men in all; he has equipped one of the largest, perhaps, in the number of guns and men, the largest navy in the world; he is at this moment raising nearly £100,000,000 by inland revenue alone, and after four years of murderous warfare, conducted with varying success, he has, nevertheless, managed to inspire such confidence in the nation, of which he has exacted such sacrifices, that he has been re-elected by an almost unanimous vote, the Western States casting the heaviest majorities in his favor, to the highest office in their gift. There is something almost painfully absurd in the spectacle of writers and orators in London, who are probably themselves incapable of managing a parish vestry, laboriously proving, in the teeth of all this, Mr. Lincoln's incompetency."

In the intimacy of his correspondence with Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. Godkin touched freely upon many well-known men. For example, Lowell:

"Sep. 7, '68.

"I hardly know where to begin with an account of what has happened since you left. Lowell, as I feared he would, backed out of the Canadian trip when it came to the point, but I went on and spent Sunday with him on my way, and had a most delightful day. He was all and more than all that you have ever represented him. You know, I have never felt that I really saw the man, when I met him at your house. He was too erudite and bookish, and seemed to feel bound to be instructive. At his own house, however, he was simply a delightful host and companion. We talked so steadily that on Sunday I was, before dinner, fairly tired out, and had to go off for a solitary walk, to get rested."

In 1877, Mr. Godkin was consulted about the Cabinet to be formed by President Hayes:

"Being asked about Lowell, I replied decidedly not, because he would not accept; because not fit physically and otherwise for executive drudgery, and because even an offer to him, would give the enterprise a slightly fancy or literary air, that would be injurious. Was this proper?"

"August 15, '91.

"I cannot let Lowell pass away without expressing to you, through whom I first knew him, and who knew him so well, something of my sense of his loss to us all, and to the country. I am afraid his type is rapidly disappearing, and will soon be extinct. He proved to me for twenty-five years a most delightful friend—for he kept up a constant supply of what was most grateful to me, sympathy and encouragement. To you in Cambridge he must leave a terrible gap.

"What is going to be done about his life and letters? I hope any memorial of him that may be resolved on will not fall into the hands of Dr. Holmes."

Mr. Godkin's friendship with George William Curtis was long and warm.

"April 3, 1867.

"George Curtis dined with us on Sunday, and was as usual very entertaining. His Connecticut experiences were very amusing. Barnum told him the article in the *Nation* was written by the Copperheads in Connecticut and sent on to New York to be published as a matter of form. The Copperheads had it reprinted on a fly-leaf, a broad-sheet, and circulated by the thousand. '*Tant mieux*,' say I, but the politician breed look on this as awful. Barnum was badly 'scratched' by the Republicans and ran far behind his ticket even in Bridgeport—showing that a good word, spoken at the right season, even by 'an obscure literary paper,' as the *Tribune* savagely called it, is not spoken in vain. It has had two at-

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tacks on us of this childish, silly kind, exhibiting the newspaper mind in its most degraded condition, and would you believe it, Ripley (*æt.* 62) thought them 'capital!' We surely must all keep at work."

In 1868, some of Curtis's friends thought he ought to be put forward for the United States Senate:

"I write in haste to say that the practical men—Dana, for instance—whom Olmsted or I consulted, are all of opinion that there is no chance whatever for Curtis. We find no encouragement from anybody but Nordhoff. Everyone says that if Greeley got wind of the scheme he would trample it out furiously. And in fact I fear that any further agitation of it might prove injurious to Curtis hereafter. Greeley is as time-serving and ambitious, and scheming an old fellow as any of them. So I think we had better drop it for the present, and hope and wish for the good time coming. As long as the press is what it is, a kind of moral and intellectual dunghill (excuse strong language), it will produce Tiltons and Greeleys —the fungi of our system, and they will keep all men like Curtis out of the places they ought to occupy. And we shall not have a better press as long as the men of strong moral sense, who take to journalism, go off crazy like most of our reformers."

Later it was even proposed to urge Curtis for the presidential nomination:

"The letter about Curtis, as you leave it to my judgment, I shall not publish. At this distance ahead, I think, it would only injure him, or bring a laugh on him. There is so much nominating of absurd and worthless candidates going on.

"In addition to this, much as I like and respect him, I don't think I should like to see him in the presidency. His political judgment is not strong enough, and he is too easily influenced by the persons around him. Indeed, one sees by his way of dealing with the new questions which are now coming up, that he is not naturally a politician, and only became one by accident, under the heat of his anti-slavery feeling. A month ago, I dined with him at Olmsted's, and he insisted that the tariff could not become an issue, and that the badness of the Democrats was capital enough to keep the Republican party going. He is now preaching the opposite of all this in *Harper's*. I might give you half a dozen other instances of the same thing. His mind does not raise political ideas in the open air. They all grow under glass, and are feeble when exposed. He is by temperament and training a literary man, and has not, I think, enough combativeness, or rather the tenacity, and distinct consciousness of what he wants of which combativeness is so often the expression, to be put in difficult post. I say all this with the strongest liking and admiration of him, and I would not say it to anyone who did not know and like him as well as you do. It will never do for us reformers to put any more men in the forefront of our battle who are not strong men intellectually and cannot prevent themselves being fooled as Grant has been, for instance, about the navigation laws."

"Feb. 17, 1870.

"I was invited to the dinner of the Harvard Club last week, where Eliot made his first appearance before a New York public and sat next him and enjoyed seeing him very much. He seems to have been born for the place, and has gone into the work with his whole heart and soul, and is winning golden opinions. He made a very favorable impression at the dinner, and a very good speech. Evarts, who has a very keen wit, made one very good hit at him. Eliot in his speech had endeavored to explain the religious position of Harvard: 'She was,' he said, 'reverent yet free'—though what that means I don't exactly know—and made a tolerably successful effort to give her an unobjectionable look in Orthodox eyes. Evarts followed, and after showing that his early associations were all with Harvard, said with a very quizzical look—that the reason why his father had not sent him there to receive his education was that 'at that time the relations of the university to religion were not properly understood.' This brought down the house. He (Eliot) and Curtis dined with us the following evening, and I had a good deal more pleasant talk with him. He is shocking Orthodox susceptibilities a good deal by some of his appointments, but the general impression on the public mind, I think, is that he is inaugurating a new era in collegiate education in this country, and that under his auspices America is at last going to have a University of the right sort."

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"Feb., 1881.

"I dined with Eliot when he was passing through. I must tell you how very pleasantly he impressed me. He seemed very bright and active-minded, but perfectly simple and modest in telling about himself and his plans. But he looked delicate."

"March 18, 1867.

"Goldwin Smith's letter is very interesting, but I think his views of public affairs is colored by his dismal life at home. It is very sad to think that a man with his aims and powers should be so situated. But the aristocracy and middle classes are not so bad as he thinks they are—that is, they are not so ready for desperate courses, or so impervious to the voice of reason and humanity. If they were, England would never have produced such men as it does produce in every generation. Figs do not grow on thistles, and Brights and Cobdens and Gladstones and Smiths are not produced by such a society as he describes. Still, I think the class feeling in England, and the worship of wealth and rank, do develop and have developed a kind of paganism, and a real brutality, which would long ago have ruined the country, if the *race* had not had so many fine qualities. English flunkeyism, accompanied as it usually is by an almost total absence of sympathy with people of a different class, or social position, is one of the most detestable sights in the world.

"Did you see poor Sumner's last 'bill' and 'resolutions'? What a pitiable spectacle! Was there *ever* anything in the man, and if so, what has become of it? I felt so grateful to Fessenden, ungentlemanly though he was, for sticking his pin into the bladder. How long shall we have to treat such people with tenderness and respect! When I think of my dinner at the 'Radical Club,' with Sumner opposite me smiling like a benign god on his disciples and dispensing wisdom piecemeal, it seems as if I must have dreamed it all. If the *Nation* will only live, and give us all a chance some day to speak out our minds as Agassiz says —'without reticence.'"

"Of Goldwin Smith I saw a little at Christmas. He seemed transformed in appearance. He has grown handsome and healthy looking, and is much more 'genial' in manner than he used to be. It is quite amusing to see the effect on him of your solemn warnings about meddling in American affairs. He keeps 'mum' as possible, and elsewhere disclaims gently the right to express an opinion. No other Englishman has turned up since Leslie Stephen. I breakfasted one morning at Mrs. Botta's with Goldwin Smith, and to my amusement was put next ——— at table. We were not on speaking terms, but made the best of it, and chatted amicably. It seemed scarcely credible on hearing the poor old fellow's gabble that he was *the* New York 'literary man,' whom all distinguished strangers have to meet, and who does the French and Italian repartee business at dinner parties."

"May 9, 1867.

"Affairs in this state have confessedly never been so low, and we shall see in the manner in which the labors of the Convention are received, how much recuperative power we have got amongst us. Evarts, Curtis says, thinks we are witnessing the decline of public morality which usually presages revolution. But he is somewhat of a croaker, though one of the clearest heads in America—a political *thinker* of the highest order. Barnard is squelched, but he said aloud on the bench 'that he had spotted the fellows who opposed him' and as he *ran* Tammany, he 'would be even with them.' I beg of you to use what influence you have now, not for the promotion any longer of the virtues of pity, humanity, sympathy, generosity and so forth—for of these we have an abundance—but for the promotion of the habit of thinking clearly about politics, of looking disagreeable facts sternly in the face, of legislating not as if men were lumps of clay, that a Congressional Committee can fashion at its pleasure, but for men as we find them with their passions, prejudices, hates, loves, and defects of all sorts. We are saying this every day to the English about the Irish; should we not apply the lesson to the work before us? The negro I think is safe. I would insist on equality for him at any cost, but do not let us ruin the country in order to set him up in business. At the bottom of all these confiscation schemes, there are rascals, you may be sure.

"Sep. 22, 1867.

"I sent you a scrap of Nordhoff's stuff yesterday. It amazes me to read such immoral trash. An ignorant unthinking 'Red'

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in charge of an influential newspaper is an unpleasant sight, and I am afraid that is what must be said of it. When he talks of 'the people having a right to misgovern,' he most probably does not know what he means, and this is perhaps the kindest construction we can put on his balderdash. Godwin has come home with more of his history ready. The 'historians' here, however, are considerably embarrassed by 'George's' departure. They do not know which way to turn when in difficulties.

"Macmillan, the London publisher, has turned up here—an excellent, plain Scotchman, humorous and a good story teller. I am sorry you will miss him in Boston, as he is a capital contrast to the dirty and silent Englishmen of whom you have had such a run."

"Dec. 4, 1867.

"I am about, though with some reluctance, to give a letter of introduction to you to Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and a Saturday Reviewer of some years' standing. He is going into political life, and has come out here for the usual preliminary training. He is a very sensible and good fellow, though not hilarious; is clean, well dressed, and mild mannered. I found he was not likely to see anybody in Boston of any particular value, and as he is, to a greater or less extent, an influence in England, I thought it desirable he should see you. You will have the consolation of knowing that nearly all the statesmen of the new régime in England have passed through your hands.

"Morley is gone to Washington. I liked him very much, and have just been reading his book on Burke with great pleasure. It is really able and thoughtful, full of very acute things."

"Dec. 15, 1868.

"I am sorry you saw the last number of the *N. A. R.* It was a sad failure, but Gurney at least was conscious of it, and deplored it. He is going to try very hard to keep it up, but I have my doubts whether he will succeed. You were born for that place, and must go back to it. There is only one dark spot in your career, but that is a *very* dark one—your admitting Parton to the *Review*. Not that the articles you accepted from him were not good, but in printing them you displayed an indifference to and forgetfulness of the *remote* consequences of your acts, which was unworthy of a political philosopher of your standing. You gave him thereby a weight and authority he could not possibly have got otherwise, and the truth is he is now writing, and with great acceptance, the most outrageous nonsense that ever came from the pen of a decently dressed man. His sermon on 'Smoking and Drinking' is a real disgrace to the country. It is far more ignorant, foolish, and presumptuous than Holland, but Holland never wrote in the *N. A. R.* John Fiske has written a reply utterly demolishing him, but think of a man like Fiske having to demolish such a creature! It is using siege artillery to quell a riot.

"April 15, 1869.

"Grant's appointments are, I think, on the whole good. He has necessarily made some mistakes; under the system, it is impossible to avoid them. Motley's appointment is a good one from the social point of view—bad, I think, in every other way. I do not think he has the necessary mental furniture for the discussion of the questions now pending between England and America, and he is a little too ardent. His lectures here have been very disappointing—commonplace rhetoric without any thought. I wish you could have got Switzerland or Belgium; but Massachusetts has been so heavily drawn upon already that I suppose there is no chance for anybody else from that State. Hoar's appointment was perfect. You will have seen Sumner's speech by this time; it is perfectly characteristic. He works his adjectives so hard, that if they ever catch him alone, they will murder him. I was greatly amused by his quoting Edge's pamphlet in proof of the extent of the damage done by the *Alabama*. Edge was a weak and seedy fellow, who wandered over here in an aimless vagabond way during the war, and had to and did beg money to keep himself, obtaining contributions from Bellows and others, and he endeavored to repay it when he got home by writing one or two pamphlets on the American side, usually trash. Sumner, Parton-like, treats his statements as 'proof.'"

"May 6, 1871.

"Howells has just breakfasted with us, and is gone, as sweet and gentle and winning in all ways as ever. He succeeds to the *Atlantic Monthly* in August, *vice* Fields,

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who retires into private life. Howells *grows* steadily I think, and in all ways, for he has become very stout. He talks despondently like everybody else about the condition of morals and manners. Fields and Osgood have had a valuable reinforcement within the last month in the person of Bret Harte, who has come from San Francisco, and is our latest literary sensation. I suppose you have read his sketches of California life which appeared in the *Overland Monthly* and which showed real genius. His poems, too, have been very popular, and the 'Heathen Chinee' has become a household word. He is, too, a very sensible fellow whom all the braying there has been about him has not spoilt, and I think will not. There can be no doubt that the literary men of the country, as a class, improve every year, and so do the newspapers; is not this a good sign?

"Eliot has asked me to deliver a course of 'University lectures,' but I doubt if I shall do so. I am too hard worked and cannot afford to do anything more, without pay, and these lectures are so poorly attended that the pay amounts to nothing. The audiences average ten or twelve persons, mainly women. They would be more successful if delivered in Boston; but also more 'popular' than 'University.' Harvard seems to flourish, and it is curious and amusing to see the new life it has infused into Yale. The healthy influence of competition was never better illustrated. The Yale men have started a post-graduate course in Philology, which it would be hard to beat, having Whitney and Hadley for the principal lecturers. Hadley is an uncommonly able man, of immense learning and thorough in all that he touches, who is kept from being famous by his modesty, which is aggravated by lameness."

"Dec. 3, 1874.

"Poor Dennett is gone, and we shall miss him sadly. His great value was brought forcibly to mind a day or two ago, when I took up ———'s notice of the magazines. I am sorry to say, I do not think we can use it. It was not simply greatly inferior to Dennett—that is, thin and trite, and *young* compared to him—but it made too violent a break in our traditions. You know we have in all these years accumulated a stock of established judgments about certain people which we cannot suddenly throw overboard."

"Washington, D. C., March 22, 1876.

"There seems to be no doubt that they have caught Robeson in two impeachable offences at least—of which the illegality is clear, and the corruption probable. Whether he will be impeached or not is another question; but the effect on the public will be the same. One of the offences—a large loan of public money to Jay Cooke on the security of old iron—is a wonderful illustration of the pitch to which the lawlessness of the Administration had grown.

"I heard ——— examined in the committee yesterday. He lied like clock-work, and a very curious scene is expected to-day on cross-examination; but the committee, except Hewitt and Faulkner of Virginia, are very ordinary men. (This was on the Emma mine.) Schenck is expected to turn up to-morrow. What a shameful state of mind on the part of the Senate, the treatment of Dana reveals!

"Blaine I have watched in the House, and he cuts a very poor figure, shows a feminine waspishness, and screams over every trifle that comes up. Hewitt says the inflationists gain ground sensibly. The one satisfactory and hopeful sight in Washington is the Supreme Court. I am going to see Bristow to-day."

"Nov. 13, 1883.

"I suppose you have seen a good deal of Arnold. I only got one glimpse of him. The fact is that the way Englishmen of distinction have fallen into of delivering themselves over on their arrival here to obscure, illiterate and disreputable people, makes it difficult to see anything of them at all.

"Feb. 6, 1886.

"I shall look for Emerson's article with great interest. But I am myself in a state of fog on the subject of religious worship out of which I fear I shall never get. I am giving up Frothingham *in toto* as an utter failure. He has become more and more a snappish dialectician, and bores one just as much in showing what ought not to be believed, as the orthodox in showing what ought. I was drawn to his church by my profound weariness of doctrines, but he discusses nothing but opinions, and I have come to the conclusion that the narrowest of all human beings are your 'progressive radicals.' They 'progress' as I have seen many mules progress, by a succession of kicks and

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squeals which make travelling on the same road with them perilous and disagreeable work. The transition period—supposing Emerson to be right—from Christianity to the next form of belief or non-belief, will be very trying and in many ways a disagreeable period. In fact, we are in it now."

"June 28, 1868.

"I send you by this mail Andrew White's report on the organization of the Cornell University. It is much better than I looked for, and in places very good. It occurred to me some weeks ago that it might possibly do no harm if I applied for the Chair of Political Economy and Jurisprudence—the two ought to go together. Since this idea came into my head I have received his report, and find, as I hoped, that political economy is to be a non-resident professorship. I should think six or eight weeks would suffice for the course each winter, and this I could readily give, as by the time the thing is started the *Nation* will be either dead or running with less constant work from me.

"The salary would of course be small. As planned in the report they are all ludicrously small. But this is a minor consideration. I should like the place very much for several reasons. It would furnish an aim and object for most of what thinking and reading I do, and it would enable me to influence men whose opinions are yet unformed—who have not begun to read the *Tribune*, and who would take an interest in the subjects which few adults in America do, and the work is a kind of work which I should do *con amore*.

"I have spoken of the plan to Olmsted, and he thinks well of it and is sounding White. The obstacles are obvious. I am unknown; a foreigner; Greeley is on the Board of Trustees, but will probably not be on the appointing committee; and I have written no book, and held no chair, and have no experience in teaching. My being a free-trader may also count against me, though I believe White is one himself. It will be a wonderful performance, however, if a protectionist is set to teach political economy in the great American university in the nineteenth century.

"I should be glad to have your opinion as to my fitness, and as to the propriety of moving in the matter any further. I know you think I *write* well, but there are many other things to be considered, and I shall regard it as a strong mark of friendship if you will advise me *frankly*."

"U. S. Hotel,
"Saratoga, N. Y., July 14, 1876.

"My dear Norton:

"Tilden and Hendricks are both here, and I have had a good deal of talk with both of them, and also with various other shrewd and intelligent men from various parts of the country—you know what a rendezvous this is for people of a political turn. Hendricks makes a very unpleasant impression on me, though this may be in large part because I do not like the Western type of man. He has a good head, and well-cut features, but has a loose, shifty expression of face, and one which gives you the impression of a thorough politician in the bad sense of the word. In talking to him you feel you are getting only very little idea of what he is thinking, though what he is after is very plain. Tilden told me he had been laboring with him all day yesterday about finance, and had, he thought, satisfied him that he must 'scramble up on the platform.' One of the arguments he used was a caricature in *Harper's*, I think, representing them both pulling different ways.

"Tilden, I find is absolutely confident of his election, and it was curious as well as interesting to hear him last night on the piazza giving Evarts, W. A. Butler, and myself an explanation of the data on which he bases his judgments and predictions about elections. He is exceedingly shrewd. He acknowledged to me that the insertion of the denunciation of the Resumption Act in the platform was a mistake.

"I find it to be a widespread and growing opinion that the Republican party cannot stand the present performance of the chiefs, to say nothing of the President's. Just think of a Civil Service reform party making Zack Chandler chairman of the National Committee, and A. B. Cornell, of New York, chairman of the Executive Committee. It is impossible for the public to avoid the conclusion that these fellows regard the Civil Service part of the Hayes letter as mere bunkum, and intend, after it has produced its proper effect in the popular mind to play the game over again in the old way, as they did with Grant.

"I have had a very warm letter about

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Hayes from Schurz, who is fully satisfied with him after several prolonged interviews, and I suppose we must support him in the *Nation*, but I confess I do it with great misgivings. Moreover, I am doing, in it, something which runs against all my convictions and traditions as regards party government —that is, acceding to the doctrine that a party is not to be held responsible for its chiefs, and that after they have all been found out in theft and jobbery and been cashiered, it is allowable for the party to turn around and say—'Don't put us out of office. True, Tom, Dick, and Harry, our best men, have been found out, but here is Bill, who is an honest fellow, and has stolen nothing; try us under him.' Isn't there a savor of the nursery about this?

"Evarts is very cranky and skittish. I should not be greatly surprised to see him go for Tilden before the canvass is over. Think of Stoughton in the forefront of the Republican ratification meeting in New York! He, too, is here. He is said to have refused the English mission."

Cambridge, where he early formed many friendships, and where he lived for more than two years, always remained to Mr. Godkin a charmed recollection. Toward the end of his life he wrote for the *Evening Post* an article on "Old Cambridge," which however, he finally decided not to print. In it he paid as fine a tribute as Clough's to the intellectual distinction of the place—its "combination of social charms of a rare order with absolute simplicity of life and manners." Vivid memories of Cambridge notables abode with him through life. His rapid characterization of the James family, as he first knew it, may be cited:

"Henry James, the elder, was a person of delightful eccentricity, and a humorist of the first water. When in his grotesque moods, he maintained that, to a right-minded man, a crowded Cambridge horse-car 'was the nearest approach to heaven upon earth!' What was the precise nature of his philosophy, I never fully understood, but he professed to be a Swedenborgian, and carried on a correspondence full of droll incidents with anxious inquirers, in various parts of the country. Asking him one day about one of these, he replied instantly, 'Oh, a devil of a woman!' to my great astonishment, as I was not then thoroughly familiar with his ways. One of his most amusing experiences was that the other Swedenborgians repudiated all religious connection with him, so that the sect to which he belonged, and of which he was the head, may be said to have consisted of himself alone. He was a writer of extraordinary vigor and picturesqueness, and I suppose there was not in his day a more formidable master of English style.

"His son, the author, then a youth of nineteen or twenty, was just beginning to try his literary wings. There could not be a more entertaining treat than a dinner at the James house, when all the young people were at home. They were full of stories of the oddest kind, and discussed questions of morals or taste or literature with a vociferous vigor so great as sometimes to lead the young men to leave their seats and gesticulate on the floor. I remember, in some of these heated discussions, it was not unusual for the sons to invoke humorous curses on their parent, one of which was, that 'his mashed potatoes might always have lumps in them!'"

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ABIJAH THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR EMMAJANE

LAST REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

A WARRIOR so bold and a maiden so bright
Conversed as they sat on the green.
They gazed at each other in tender delight,
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the Fair Imogene.

"Alas!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" Fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall the husband of Imogene be!"

EVER since she was eight years old Rebecca had wished to be eighteen, but now that she was within a month of that awe-inspiring and long-desired age she wondered if, after all, it was destined to be a turning-point in her quiet existence. Her eleventh year, for instance, had been a real turning-point, since it was then that she had left Sunnybrook Farm and come to her maiden aunts in Riverboro. Aurelia Randall may have been doubtful as to the effect upon her spinster sisters of the irrepressible child, but she was hopeful from the first that the larger opportunities of Riverboro would be the "making" of Rebecca herself.

The next turning-point was the fourteenth year, when she left the little district school for the Wareham Female Seminary, an institution then in the hey-day of its local fame. Graduation (next to marriage, perhaps, the most thrilling episode in the life of a little country girl) happened at seventeen, and not long afterward, her Aunt Miranda's death, sudden and unexpected, changed not only all the outward activities and conditions of her life, but played its own part in her development.

The brick house looked very homelike and pleasant on a June morning nowadays, with children's faces smiling at the windows and youthful footsteps sounding through the halls.

All the doors and blinds were open to the sun and air as they had never been in Miss Miranda Sawyer's time. The hollyhock bed that had been her chief pride was never neglected, and Rebecca liked to hear the neighbors say that there was no such row of beautiful plants and no such variety of beautiful colors in Riverboro, as those that climbed up and peeped in at the kitchen windows where old Miss Miranda used to sit.

Now that the place was her very own Rebecca felt a passion of pride in its smoothly mown fields, its carefully thinned-out woods, its blooming garden spots, and its well-weeded vegetable patch; felt, too, whenever she looked at any part of it, a passion of gratitude to the stern old aunt who had looked upon her as the future head of the family, as well as a passion of desire to be worthy of that trust.

It had been a very difficult year for a girl fresh from school: the death of her aunt, the nursing of Miss Jane, prematurely enfeebled by the shock, the removal of her own invalid mother and the rest of the little family from Sunnybrook Farm. But all had gone smoothly; and when once the Randall fortunes had taken an upward turn nothing seemed able to stop their intrepid ascent.

Aurelia Randall renewed her youth in the companionship of her sister Jane and the comforts by which her children were surrounded; the mortgage was no longer a daily terror, for Sunnybrook had been sold to the new railroad; Hannah, now Mrs. Will Melville, was happily situated; John, at last, was studying medicine; Mark, the boisterous and unlucky brother, had broken no bones for several months; while Jenny

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and Fanny were doing well at the district school under Miss Libby Moses, Miss Dearborn's successor.

"I don't feel very safe," thought Rebecca, remembering all these unaccustomed mercies, as she sat on the front door-steps with her tatting shuttle flying in and out of the fine cotton like a humming-bird. "It's just like one of those too-beautiful July days that winds up with a thunder-shower before night! Still, when you remember that the Randalls never had anything but thunder and lightning, rain, snow, and hail, in their family history for twelve or fifteen years, perhaps it is only natural that they should enjoy a little spell of settled weather. If it really turns out to be settled, now that Aunt Jane and mother are strong again, I must be looking up one of what Mr. Aladdin calls my 'cast-off careers.'—There comes Emma Jane Perkins through her front gate; she will be here in a minute, and I'll tease her!" and Rebecca ran inside of the door and opened the old piano that stood between the open windows in the parlor.

Peeping from behind the muslin curtains, she waited until Emma Jane was on the very threshold and then began singing her adaptation of an old ballad, made that morning while she was dressing. The ballad was a great favorite of hers, and she counted on doing telling execution with it in the present instance by the simple subterfuge of removing the original hero and heroine, Alonzo and Imogene, and substituting Abijah the Brave and the Fair Emmajane, leaving the circumstances in the first three verses unaltered, because in truth they seemed to require no alteration.

Her high, clear voice, quivering with merriment, floated through the windows into the still summer air:

"A warrior so bold and a maiden so bright
Conversed as they sat on the green.
They gazed at each other in tender delight,
Abijah the brave was the name of the knight,
And the maid was the Fair Emmajane."

"Rebecca Randall, stop! Somebody'll hear you!"

"No, they won't—they're making jelly in the kitchen, miles away."

"'Alas!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor, your hand.'"

"Rebecca, you can't *think* how your voice carries! I believe mother can hear it over to my house!"

"Then, if she can, I must sing the third verse, just to clear your reputation from the cloud cast upon it in the second," laughed her tormentor, going on with the song:

"'Oh, hush these suspicions!' Fair Emmajane said,
'So hurtful to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear, my Abijah, that none in your stead,
Shall the husband of Emmajane be!'"

After ending the third verse Rebecca wheeled around on the piano-stool and confronted her friend, who was carefully closing the parlor windows:

"Emma Jane Perkins, it is a Thursday afternoon at four o'clock and you have on your new blue barège, although there is not even a church sociable in prospect. What does this mean? Is Abijah the Brave coming at last?"

"I don't know certainly, but it will be some time this week."

"And of course you'd rather be dressed up and not seen, than seen when not dressed up. Right, my Fair Emmajane; so would I. Not that it makes any difference to poor me, wearing my fourth best black and white calico and expecting nobody."

"Oh, well, *you!* There's something inside of you that does instead of pretty dresses," cried Emma Jane, whose adoration of her friend had never altered nor lessened since they met at the age of eleven. "You know you are as different from anybody else in Riverboro as a princess in a fairy story. Libby Moses says they would notice you in Lowell!"

"Would they? I wonder," speculated Rebecca, rendered almost speechless by this tribute to her charms. "Well, if Lowell could see me, or if you could see me, in my new lavender muslin with the violet sash, it would die of envy, and so would you!"

"If I had been going to be envious of you, Rebecca, I should have died years ago. Come, let's go out on the steps where it's shady and cool."

"And where we can see the Perkins front gate and the road running both ways," teased Rebecca, and then, softening her tone, she said: "How is it getting on, Emmy? Tell me what's happened since I've been in Brunswick."

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"Nothing much," confessed Emma Jane. "He writes to me, but I don't write to him, you know. I don't dare to, till he comes to the house."

"Are his letters in Latin?" asked Rebecca with a twinkling eye.

"No, not now, because—well, because there are things you can't seem to say in Latin. I saw him at the Masonic picnic in the grove, but he won't say anything *real* to me till he gets more pay and dares to speak to mother and father. He *is* brave in all other ways, but I ain't sure he'll ever have the courage for that, he's so afraid of them, and always has been. Just remember what's in his mind all the time, Rebecca: that my folks know all about what his mother was, and how he was born on the poor farm. Not that I care; look how he's educated and worked himself up! I think he's perfectly elegant, and I shouldn't mind if he had been born in the bulrushes, like Moses."

Emma Jane's every-day vocabulary was pretty much what it had been before she went to the Wareham Female Seminary. She had acquired a certain amount of information concerning the art of speech, but in moments of strong feeling she lapsed into the vernacular.

"Moses wasn't born in the bulrushes, Emmy dear," corrected Rebecca laughingly. "Pharaoh's daughter found him there. It wasn't quite as romantic a scene—Squire Bean's wife taking little Abijah Flagg from the poorhouse when his girl-mother died, but, oh, I think Abijah's splendid! Mr. Ladd says Riverboro'll be proud of him yet, and I shouldn't wonder, Emmy dear, if you had a three-story house with a cupola on it, some day; and, sitting down at your San Domingo mahogany desk inlaid with garnets you will write notes stating that Mrs. Abijah Flagg requests the pleasure of Miss Rebecca Randall's company to tea, and that the Hon. Abijah Flagg, M.C., will call for her on his way from the station with a span of horses and the turquoise carryall!"

Emma Jane laughed at the ridiculous prophecy and answered: "If I ever write the invitation I sha'n't be addressing it to Miss Randall, I'm sure of that; it'll be to Mrs.——"

"Don't!" cried Rebecca impetuously, changing color and putting her hand over Emma Jane's lips. "If you won't, I'll stop teasing. I couldn't bear a name put to it, I couldn't, Emmy dear! I wouldn't tease you, either, if it weren't something we've both known ever so long—something that you have always consulted me about of your own accord."

"Don't get excited," replied Emma Jane "I was only going to say you were sure to be Mrs. Somebody."

"Oh," said Rebecca with a relieved sigh, her color coming back; "if that's all you meant, just nonsense; but I thought, I thought—I don't really know just what I thought!"

"I think you thought something you didn't want me to think you thought," said Emma Jane with unusual felicity.

"No, it's not that; but somehow, to-day, I have been remembering things. Perhaps it was because at breakfast Aunt Jane and mother reminded me of my coming birthday and said that Squire Bean would give me the deed of the brick house. That made me feel very old and responsible; and when I came out on the steps to sit this afternoon it was just as if pictures of the old years were moving up and down the road. Everything is so beautiful! Doesn't the sky look as if it had been dyed blue and the fields painted pink and green and yellow this very minute?"

"It's a perfectly elegant day!" responded Emma Jane with a sigh. "If only my mind was at rest! That's the difference between being young and grown-up. We never used to think and worry."

"Indeed, we didn't! Look, Emmy, there's the very spot where Uncle Jerry Cobb stopped the stage and I stepped out with my pink parasol and my bouquet of country lilacs, and you were watching me from your bedroom window and wondering what I had in the little hair trunk strapped on behind. Poor Aunt Miranda didn't love me at first sight, and oh, how cross she was the first two years! But now every hard thought I ever had comes back to me and cuts like a knife!"

"She was dreadful hard to get along with, and I used to hate her like poison," confessed Emma Jane; "but I am sorry now. She was kinder toward the last, any way, and then, you see, children know so little! We never suspected she was sick or that she was worrying over that lost interest money."

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"That's the trouble. People seem hard and unreasonable and unjust, and we can't help being hurt at the time, but if they die we forget everything but our own angry speeches; somehow we never remember theirs. The next day after I came to Riverboro, do you remember, I stole out of the brick house crying, and leaned against the front gate. You pushed your little fat pink-and-white face through the pickets and said: "Don't cry! I'll kiss you, if you will me!"

Lumps rose suddenly in Emma Jane's throat, and she put her arm round Rebecca's waist as they sat together side by side.

"Oh, I do remember," she said in a choking voice. "And I can see the two of us driving over to North Riverboro and selling soap to Mr. Adam Ladd; and lighting up the premium banquet-lamp at the Simpson party; and laying the daisies around Jacky Winslow's mother when she was dead in the cabin; and trundling Jacky up and down the street in our old baby-carriage!"

"And I remember you," continued Rebecca, "being chased down the hill by Jacob Moody, when you were the Daughter of Zion that was chosen to convert him!"

"And you getting the flag back from Mr. Simpson; and how you looked when you spoke your verses at the flag raising."

"And have you forgotten the week I refused to speak to Abijah Flagg because he fished my turban with the porcupine quills out of the river when I hoped at last that I had lost it! O Emma Jane, we had dear good times together in the 'little harbor.'"

"I always thought that was an elegant composition of yours—the one about the little harbor," said Emma Jane.

"The strong tide bears us on out of the little harbor of childhood into the unknown seas," mused Rebecca. It is bearing you almost out of my sight, Emmy, these last days, when you put on a new dress in the afternoon and look out of the window. Abijah Flagg never used to be in the little harbor with the rest of us; when did he first sail in, Emmy?

Emma Jane grew a deeper pink and her buttonhole of a mouth quivered with delicious excitement.

"I think it was last year when we were at the seminary, and he wrote me a Latin letter from Limerick Academy," she said in a half whisper.

"I remember," laughed Rebecca. "You suddenly began the study of the dead languages, and the Latin dictionary took the place of the crochet-needle in your affections. It was cruel of you never to show me that letter, Emmy!"

"I know every word of it by heart," said the blushing Emma Jane, "and I think I really ought to say it to you, because it's the only way you will ever know how perfectly elegant Abijah is. Look the other way, Rebecca. Shall I have to translate it for you, do you think, because it seems to me I could not bear to do that!"

"It depends upon Abijah's Latin and your pronunciation," teased Rebecca. "Go on; I will turn my eyes toward the orchard."

The Fair Emmajane, looking none too old for the "little harbor," and almost too young for the "unknown seas," gathered up her courage and recited like a tremulous parrot the boyish love-letter that had so fired her youthful imagination:

MEA CARA EMMA:

Cur audeo scribere ad te epistulam? Es mihi dea! Semper es in mea anima. Iterum et iterum es cum me in somnis. Saepe video tuos capillos auri, tuos pulchros oculos similes callo, tuos genas, bellas rosas in nive. Tua vox est dulcior quam cantus avium, aut murmur rivuli in montibus.

Cur sum ego tam miser et pauper et indignus, et tu tam dulcis et bona et nobilis? Si cogitabis de me, ero beatus. Tu es sola puella quam amo, et semper eris. Alias puellas non amavi. Forte olim amabis me sed sum indignus. Sine te sum miser, cum te mea vita est gaudium. Vale, carissima, carissima puella! De tuo fidele servo.

A. F.*

"Vale, carissima, carissima puella!" repeated Rebecca in her musical voice. "Oh, how beautiful it sounds! I don't wonder it changed your feeling for Abijah! Upon my word, Emma Jane," she cried with a sudden change of tone, "if I had suspected for an instant that Abijah the Brave had that Latin letter in him I should have tried to get him to write it to me; and then it

*MY DEAR EMMA:

Why dare I write to you a letter? You are to me a goddess. Always you are in my heart. Again and again you are with me in dreams. Often I see your locks of gold, your beautiful eyes like the sky, your cheeks, lovely roses in snow. Your voice is sweeter than the singing of birds, or the murmur of the stream in the mountains. Why am I so wretched and poor and unworthy, and you so sweet and good and noble? If you will think of me I shall be happy. You are the only girl that I love, and always you will be. Other girls I have not loved. Perhaps some time you will love me, but I am unworthy. Without you I am wretched, with you my life is a joy. Farewell dearest, dearest girl.

From your faithful slave, A. F.

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would be I who would sit down at my mahogany desk and ask Miss Perkins to come to tea with Mrs. Flagg."

II

THE romance alluded to in the foregoing chapter had been going on, so far as Abijah Flagg's part of it was concerned, for many years, his affection dating back in his own mind to the first moment that he saw Emma Jane Perkins at the age of nine.

Emma Jane had shown no sign of reciprocating his attachment until the last three years, when the evolution of the chore boy into the budding scholar and man of affairs had inflamed even her somewhat dull imagination.

Squire Bean's wife had taken Abijah away from the poorhouse, thinking that she could make him of some little use in her home. Abbie Flagg, the mother, was neither wise nor beautiful; it is to be feared that she was not even good, and her lack of all these desirable qualities, particularly the last one, had been impressed upon the child ever since he could remember. People seemed to blame him for being in the world at all; this world that had not expected him nor desired him, nor made any provision for him. The great battle-axe of poorhouse opinion was forever levelled at the mere little atom of innocent transgression, until he grew sad and shy, clumsy, stiff, and self-conscious. He had an indomitable craving for love in his heart and had never received a caress in his life.

He was more contented when he came to Squire Bean's house. The first year he could only pick up chips, carry pine wood into the kitchen, go to the post-office, run errands, drive the cows and feed the hens, but every day he grew more and more useful.

His only friend was little Jim Watson, the store-keeper's son, and they were inseparable companions whenever Abijah had time for play.

One never-to-be-forgotten July day a new family moved into the white cottage between Squire Bean's house and the Sawyers'. Mr. Perkins had sold his farm beyond North Riverboro and had established a blacksmith's shop in the village, at the Edgewood end of the bridge. This fact was of no special interest to the nine-year-old Abijah, but what really was of importance, was the appearance of a pretty little girl of seven in the front yard; a pretty little fat doll of a girl, with bright fuzzy hair, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and a smile of almost bewildering continuity. Another might have criticised it as having the air of being glued on, but Abijah was already in the toils and never wished it to move.

The next day being the glorious Fourth, and a holiday, Jimmy Watson came over, like David, to visit his favorite Jonathan. His Jonathan met him at the top of the hill, pleaded a pressing engagement, curtly sent him home, and then went back to play with his new idol, with whom he had already scraped acquaintance, her parents being exceedingly busy settling the new house.

After the noon dinner Jimmy again yearned to resume friendly relations and, forgetting his rebuff, again toiled up the hill and appeared unexpectedly at no great distance from the Perkins premises.

His morning call had been officious and unpleasant, but his afternoon visit was a positive danger; for Abijah and Emma Jane were cosily playing house, the game of all others in which it is particularly desirable to have two and not three participants. At that moment the nature of Abijah changed, at once and forever. Without a pang of conscience he flew over the intervening patch of ground between himself and his dreaded rival and seizing small stones and larger ones, as haste and fury demanded, flung them at Jimmy Watson, and flung and flung, till the bewildered boy ran down the hill howling. At such an early age does woman become a distracting and disturbing influence in man's career!

Time went on, and so did the rivalry between the poorhouse boy and the son of wealth, but Abijah's chances of friendship with Emma Jane grew fewer and fewer as they both grew older. He did not go to school, so there was no meeting-ground there, but sometimes, when he saw the knot of boys and girls returning in the afternoon, he would invite Elijah and Elisha, the Simpson twins, to visit him, and take pains to be in Squire Bean's front yard doing something that might impress his inamorata as she passed the premises.

As Jimmy Watson was particularly small and fragile, Abijah generally chose feats of strength and skill for these prearranged performances.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Is Abijah the Brave coming at last?"—Page 305.

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Sometimes he would throw his hat up into the elm-trees as far as he could and when it came down catch it on his head. Sometimes he would walk on his hands, with his legs wriggling in the air, or turn a double somersault, or jump incredible distances across the extended arms of the Simpson twins; and his bosom swelled with pride when the girls exclaimed, "Isn't he wonderful!" although he often heard his rival murmur scornfully, "*Smarty Aleck!*"

Squire Bean, although he did not send the boy to school (thinking as he was of no possible importance in the universe, it was not worth while bothering about his education), finally became impressed with his ability, lent him books, and gave him more time to study. These were all he needed, books and time, and when there was an especially hard knot to untie, Rebecca, as the star scholar of the neighborhood, helped him to untie it.

When he was sixteen he longed to go away from Riverboro and be something better than a chore-boy. Squire Bean had been giving him small wages for three or four years, and when the time of parting came presented him with a ten-dollar bill and a silver watch.

Many a time had he discussed his future with Rebecca and asked her opinion.

This was not strange, for there was nothing in human form that she could not and did not converse with, easily and delightedly. She had ideas on every conceivable subject and would have cheerfully advised the minister if he had asked her. The fishman consulted her when he couldn't stand his mother-in-law another minute in the house; Uncle Jerry Cobb didn't part with his river field until he had talked it over with Rebecca; and as for Aunt Jane, she couldn't decide whether to wear her black merino or her gray Thibet unless Rebecca cast the final vote.

Abijah wanted to go far away from Riverboro, as far as Limerick Academy, which was at least fifteen miles, but although this seemed extreme, Rebecca agreed, saying pensively: "There *is* a kind of magicness about going far away and then coming back all changed."

This was precisely Abijah's unspoken thought. Limerick knew nothing of Abbie Flagg and the poorhouse, so that he would start fair. He could have gone to Wareham and thus remained within daily sight of the beloved Emma Jane; but no, he was not going to permit her to see him in the process of "becoming," but after he had "become" something. He did not propose to take any risks after all these years of silence and patience. Not he! He proposed to disappear, like the moon on a dark night, and as he was, at present, something that Mr. Perkins would by no means have in the family nor Mrs. Perkins allow in the house, he would neither return to Riverboro nor ask any favors of them until he had something to offer. Yes, sir. He was going to be crammed to the eyebrows with learning for one thing—useless kinds and all—going to have good clothes, and a good income. Everything that was in his power should be right, because there would always be lurking in the background the things he never could help—the mother and the poor-house.

So he went away, and although at Squire Bean's invitation he came back the first year for two brief visits at Christmas and Easter, he was little seen in Riverboro, for Mr. Ladd finally found him a place where he could make his vacations profitable and learn bookkeeping at the same time.

The visits in Riverboro were tantalizing rather than pleasant. He was invited to two parties, but he was all the time conscious of his shirt-collar and he was sure that his "pants" were not the proper thing, for by this time his ideals of dress had attained an almost unrealizable height. As for his shoes, he seemed always to walk on carpets as if they were furrows and he were propelling a plough or a harrow before him. They played Drop the Handkerchief and Copenhagen at the parties, but he had not had the assurance to kiss Emma Jane, which was bad enough, but Jimmy Watson had and did, which was infinitely worse!

After the parties were over he went back to his old room in Squire Bean's shed chamber. As he lay in bed his thoughts fluttered about Emma Jane as swallows circle around the eaves. The terrible sickness of hopeless handicapped love kept him awake. Once he crawled out of bed in the night, lighted the lamp and looked for his mustache, remembering that he had seen a suspicion of down on Jim Watson's upper lip. He rose again half an hour later, again lighted the lamp, put a few drops of oil on his hair and brushed it violently for several

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

They walked through the orchard.—Page 313.

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minutes. Then he went back to bed, and after making up his mind that he would buy a dulcimer and learn to play on it so that he would be more attractive at parties, and outshine his rival in society as he had aforetime in athletics, he finally sank into a troubled slumber.

Those days, so full of hope and doubt and torture, seemed mercifully unreal now, they lay so far back in the past—six or eight years, in fact, which is a lifetime to the lad of twenty—and meantime he had conquered many of the adverse circumstances that had threatened to cloud his career.

Abijah Flagg was a true child of his native State. Something of the same timber that Maine puts into her forests, something of the same strength and resisting power that she works into her rocks, goes into her sons and daughters; and at twenty Abijah was going to take his fate in his hand and ask Mr. Perkins, the rich blacksmith, if, after a suitable period of probation (during which he would further prepare himself for his exalted destiny), he might marry the fair Emma Jane, sole heiress of the Perkins house and fortunes.

III

This was boy and girl love, calf love, perhaps, though even that may develop into something larger, truer, and finer; but not so far away were other and very different hearts growing and budding, each in its own way. There was little Miss Dearborn, the pretty school-teacher, drifting into a foolish alliance because she did not "get on" with her stepmother at home; there was Herbert Dunn, valedictorian of his class, dazzled by Huldah Meserve, who, like a glowworm "shone afar off bright, but looked to near, had neither heat nor light." There was sweet Emily Maxwell, less than thirty still, with most of her heart bestowed in the wrong quarter. She was toiling on at the Wareham school, living as unselfish a life as a nun in a convent; lavishing the mind and soul of her, the heart and body of her, on her chosen work. How many women give themselves thus, consciously and unconsciously; and, though they themselves miss the joys and compensations of mothering their own little twos and threes, God must be grateful to them for their mothering of the hundreds, which make them so precious in His regenerating purposes.

Then there was Adam Ladd, waiting at thirty-five for a girl to "grow up" a little more, simply because he could not find one already grown who suited his peculiar and exacting tastes.

"I'll not call Rebecca perfection," he quoted once, in a letter to Emily Maxwell, "I'll not call her perfection, for that's a post, afraid to move. But she's a dancing sprig of the tree next it."

When first she appeared on his aunt's piazza in North Riverboro and insisted on selling him a large quantity of very inferior soap in order that her friends, the Simpsons, might possess a premium in the shape of a greatly needed banquet lamp, she had riveted his attention. He thought at the time that he enjoyed talking with her more than with any woman alive, and he had never changed his opinion. She always caught what he said as if it were a ball tossed to her, and sometimes her mind, as through it his thoughts came back to him, seemed like a prism which had dyed them with deeper colors.

Adam Ladd always called Rebecca in his heart his little Spring. His boyhood had been lonely and unhappy. That was the part of life he had missed, and although it was the full summer of success and prosperity with him now, he found his lost youth only in her.

She was to him—how shall I describe it?

Do you remember an early day in May with budding leaf, warm earth, tremulous air, and changing, wilful sky—how new it seemed? how fresh and joyous beyond all explaining?

Have you lain with half-closed eyes where the flickering of sunlight through young leaves, the song of birds and brook and the fragrance of wild flowers combined to charm your senses, and you felt the sweetness and grace of Nature as never before?

Rebecca was springtide to Adam's thirsty heart. She was blithe youth incarnate; she was music—an Æolian harp that every passing breeze woke to some whispering little tune; she was a changing, iridescent joy-bubble; she was the shadow of a leaf dancing across a dusty floor. No bough of his thought could be so bare but she somehow built a nest in it and evoked life where none was before.

And Rebecca herself?

She had been quite unconscious of all this

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until very lately, and even now she was but half awakened; searching among her childish instincts and her girlish dreams for some Ariadne-thread that should guide her safely through the labyrinth of her new sensations.

For the moment she was absorbed, or thought she was, in the little love story of Abijah and Emma Jane, but in reality, had she realized it, that love story served chiefly as a basis of comparison for a possible one of her own, later on.

She liked and respected Abijah Flagg and loving Emma Jane was a habit contracted early in life; but everything that they did or said, or thought or wrote, or hoped or feared, seemed so inadequate, so painfully short of what might be done or said, or thought or written, or hoped or feared, under easily conceivable circumstances, that she almost felt a disposition to smile gently at the fancy of the ignorant young couple that they had caught a glimpse of the great vision.

She was sitting under the sweet-apple tree at twilight. Supper was over; Mark's restless feet were quiet, Fanny and Jenny were tucked safely in bed; her aunt and her mother were stemming currants on the side porch.

A blue spot at one of the Perkins windows showed that in one vestal bosom hope was not dead yet, although it was seven o'clock.

Suddenly there was the sound of a horse's feet coming up the quiet road; plainly a steed hired from some metropolis like Milltown or Wareham, as Riverboro horses when through with their day's work never disported themselves so gayly.

A little open buggy came in sight, and in it sat Abijah Flagg. The wagon was so freshly painted and so shiny that Rebecca thought that he must have alighted at the bridge and given it a last polish. The creases in his trousers, too, had an air of having been pressed in only a few minutes before. The whip was new and had a yellow ribbon on it; the gray suit of clothes was new and the coat flourished a flower in the button-hole. The hat was the latest thing in hats and the intrepid swain wore a seal ring on the little finger of his right hand. As Rebecca remembered that she had guided it in making capital Gs in his copy-book, she felt positively maternal, although she was two years younger than Abijah the Brave.

He drove up to the Perkins gate and was so long about hitching the horse that Rebecca's heart beat tumultuously at the thought of Emma Jane's heart waiting under the blue barège. Then he brushed an imaginary speck off his sleeve, then he drew on a pair of kid gloves, then he went up the path, rapped at the knocker, and went in.

"Not all the heroes go to the wars," thought Rebecca. "Abijah has laid the ghost of his father and redeemed the memory of his mother, for no one will dare say again that Abbie Flagg's son could never amount to anything!"

The minutes went by, and more minutes, and more. The tranquil dusk settled down over the little village street; then the young moon came out just behind the top of the Perkins pine-tree.

The Perkins front door opened and Abijah the Brave came out hand in hand with his Fair Emmajane.

They walked through the orchard, the eyes of the old couple following them from the window, and just as they disappeared down the green slope that led to the riverside the gray coat sleeve encircled the blue barège waist.

Rebecca, quivering with instant sympathy and comprehension, hid her face in her hands.

"Emmy has sailed away and I am all alone in the little harbor," she thought.

It was as if childhood, like a thing real and visible, were slipping down the grassy river-banks, after Abijah and Emma Jane, and disappearing like them into the moonlit shadows of the summer night.

"I am all alone in the little harbor," she repeated; "and oh, I wonder, I wonder, should I be afraid to leave it, if anybody came to carry me out to sea!"

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IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

I—THE UNIVERSITIES

IN the autumn of 1904 I found myself unexpectedly charged with the pleasant duty of what may be described as an academic mission to France. The authorities of Harvard University were so kind as to make me the first of the representatives whom they have been invited to send, year by year, to the Sorbonne and to other French universities for the purpose of lecturing about America. At the moment, I knew so little of the university system in which I was to have a temporary status that I was unaware of my ignorance. The circumstances of one of my first calls in Paris began to enlighten me.

A professor of the Sorbonne had sent me friendly word of when I might find him at home, and his welcome was phrased in terms which meant more than I understood. For he addressed me as "cher collègue," thus assuring me that, for the while, I was his academic equal. Something of what this involved, concerning the dignity and the responsibility of my position, he soon proceeded to explain in a pleasantly precise way.

The opening scene of our little dialogue was brief and cordially formal. It ended with an invitation to pass from the salon where I had been received into the professor's study. This proved to be a snug library full of books and papers, and remarkable chiefly for a blackboard on which was sketched a somewhat complicated diagram, resembling the plans of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise to be found in most editions of the "Divine Comedy." Indeed this likeness was so marked that, unaware of what my friend's special branch of learning might be, I was disposed to take for granted that he was occupied with some minute study of Dante. In fact, it presently appeared, this impressive diagram had been ingeniously devised for my personal benefit. Rightly assuming that I could not find my way in France without a clear knowledge of where I belonged there, he had prepared it to illustrate a concise little discourse on the present structure and constitution of the French universities. This structure, I may add, has a real analogy to that of Dante's scheme of futurity. For in French universities—and for that matter one is tempted to say throughout French society—everyone seems to have a place as definite as that of any denizen of any circle in all the hundred cantos. My own—obviously unusual—began to define itself while my friend, chalk in hand, proceeded with his exposition; and with the process came to me my first clear conception of the extraordinarily systematic nature of the surroundings amid which I was to find my way during the months to come, and of the precise point of view from which I was to observe other aspects of French life.

The whole educational system of modern France, as my friend's diagram instantly and constantly reminded me, is completely centralized. It is as much a unit as is the public-school system of any American city. From beginning to end, it is controlled by one single organization, which has for its official centre the Ministry of Public Instruction, in Paris. At its head is the Minister of Public Instruction.

As everyone knows, however, the Minister of Public Instruction is a member of the cabinet. Under the parliamentary system of government, this involves two consequences: he is compelled to attend not only his cabinet meetings, but also the regular sessions of the legislative body of which he is a member; and at any moment a change in the government may displace him. The minister, accordingly, though nominally and officially the head of the whole educational system, and *ex officio* Rector of the Uni-

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versity of Paris, has other business, of more immediate importance, as the representative, in both legislative and executive councils, of the interests committed to his charge. So far as the duties of his office concern the actual conduct of French education, they are consequently performed by permanent officers, nominally his lieutenants, who have their offices in the building of the ministry. Of these officers, three—independent of each other—are virtually supreme, each in his own field. These are the directors of the three distinct phases of education throughout the country—primary, secondary, and superior. The true head of the University of Paris, the while, is not the minister, who bears the official title of rector, but the Vice-Rector, whose tenure of office is not disturbed by changes in the government.

As a matter of fact, the University of Paris remains what it has been for centuries—by far the most important centre of French scholarship, and one of the two or three most important centres of scholarship in the world. Constitutionally, however, this predominance is no longer recognized. In theory the University of Paris is only one of some fifteen or sixteen universities which together control the entire educational system of France, much as bishoprics control an ecclesiastical system. There are educational maps of France on which the boundaries of the universities are as definite as those of the States in our American Union; and like our States, the French universities are independent of one another, each sovereign within its limits, and all united only in their subjection to a common central authority. Constitutionally, what is true of one is true of all; the hegemony of Paris is at this moment only a tradition. It is a tradition, however, of such immemorial and indefinite strength and endurance that the Vice-Rector of the University of Paris, though nominally of slightly lower rank than the rectors of provincial universities, is actually the most powerful official in the whole educational system. His immediate contact with the directors of all three grades of education makes him, in practice, the most influential personage of the whole organization.

Of the whole organization, we must remember. For the most salient difference between the French system of education and the systems prevalent in England and America lies in the fact that the rector of a French university is the presiding officer not only of the higher educational bodies under his charge, but of the secondary and the primary instruction as well. Within the geographical limits of his university, he performs virtually all the duties of the Minister of Public Instruction; and he is accordingly in direct communication with all three of the Directors of Education—primary, secondary, and superior. Through them he is the official means of communication between his university and the minister who is nominally lord of all.

Each university, in fact, controls three distinct phases of education. There is everywhere a system of primary schools, where elementary education is compulsory for children. There is everywhere a system of secondary schools—generally called *lycées* or *collèges*—where instruction in letters or in science is carried to a point about equivalent to that required for admission to a well-established American college of the better sort. And in each university of France there are four faculties of superior or higher instruction: the faculties of letters, of science, of law, and of medicine. Generally, as in Paris, these faculties have their seats in the same town; but this is not necessarily the case. In at least one instance, a faculty of science and a faculty of letters of the same university are situated in separate cities some little distance apart. Every university, however, must possess all four faculties, each under the presidency of a dean. And at a few universities there was, until very lately, a fifth faculty—of Protestant theology. For obvious ecclesiastical reasons the historic faculties of orthodox Catholic theology cannot fall within the system. To extremely conservative minds, accordingly, particularly in the provinces, the present attitude of the French universities cannot help seeming in some degree anticlerical.

The faculties of higher education, though nominally the chief bodies under the presidency of the rector, appear, in point of fact, to be more nearly autonomous than you would suppose. Except in Paris, so far as my observation went, the rectors seemed more concerned with questions of secondary education than with those of the higher—spending a good deal of their time in travelling about their jurisdictions, and examining the condition of schools, much as conscientious bishops might keep their eyes on

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the outlying regions of their dioceses, and leave their cathedrals to the care of trustworthy chapters. But in all cases the rector of a university is the responsible head of all education; and, as we have seen, he is the regular medium of communication between his jurisdiction and the Ministry of Public Instruction.

This state of things might evidently put in his hands a degree of power virtually autocratic. For the rest, a rector—whatever his official eminence or his personal integrity, both of which may be confidently presumed—is after all a fallible human being. In consequence, so far as his reports deal with the actual state of the instruction in his charge, and particularly with the character and the skill of individual instructors, high and low, they are kept in check by a system of regular inspection, centred in the ministry in Paris. A considerable corps of official inspectors are always engaged in visiting the universities throughout France. They have the right of access everywhere; and, though such of them as I had the pleasure of meeting were delightful people, their visitations are naturally objects of a certain terror. For each visit results in an official report, duly filed at the ministry; and on these reports, taken in conjunction with those of the rectors, hang the professional prospects of every teacher from Flanders to Spain, and from the Atlantic to the Alps. Incidentally, it seems probable, that the rectors themselves are objects of a supervision as close as any applied to their subordinates, of whatever rank.

How far this system of record is carried may be inferred from my own experience. In the course of my duties I had occasion to call several times on the Director of Higher Education. In each instance, when I was ushered into his presence, I found him seated at his desk with an open portfolio before him. This portfolio, it presently appeared, contained my *dossier*—that is, all the letters I had written to him, copies of all which had been sent me officially, and presumably various other memoranda concerning my credentials, my performances, and my character. During my visit to a provincial university, for example, I had the privilege of finding myself, for a day or two, in the same town and at the same hotel with an accomplished inspector of instruction in modern languages, who had an agreeably expert knowledge of the local vintages. The pleasure I derived from his society was in no degree impaired by the probability that his honest estimate of what my academic mission amounted to might find its way to my *dossier* at Paris. But if I had been a Frenchman, whose whole future depended on such official records, my sentiments might have been less cheerful. For, as I understand the matter, everybody who has ever taught anything in France, in whatever grade, has his *dossier* duly on file at the ministry. And whenever any question arises, concerning a promotion, for example, these exhaustive records are pitilessly scrutinized.

Of course, there are institutions of learning in France which do not fall within the limits of this rigid system. There are private schools, analogous to private schools in America. Until lately there have been very highly developed schools under the direct control of the teaching orders of the clergy. And there are many established institutions of the highest education—such as the Collège de France, the École Normale, or the École Libre des Sciences Politiques—which form no regular part of the university organization. The position of these somewhat irregular seminaries of learning, however—whether they be semi-official, or in no way connected with the government—is not so independent as it might seem. For, as I understand the matter, they are open in two distinct ways to official inspection and control. In the first place, they may always be visited by official inspectors; in the second place, and far more importantly, no one may legally teach in them who has not taken the university degree which would be required for teaching of similar grade in the regular system. And only the established universities, which are under the direct control of the ministry, have authority to confer valid degrees or educational certificates of any kind whatever. To obtain credit for work done at a private school, accordingly, or at any institution not completely official in character, all students must present themselves at the regular examinations of the universities. And this credit is no mere matter of form; without at least a degree from the secondary schools, almost every professional career in France—even that of an apothecary—is absolutely closed.

A curious example of this state of things

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occurred at a provincial university where I happened to arrive while examinations were in progress. Two or three candidates, evidently strangers, appeared in clerical garb. On inquiry, it turned out that they had studied at a church school in the jurisdiction of another, and a rather remote, university. The pronounced opposition of the government to many forms of ecclesiastical instruction had resulted in a state of feeling which forbade them, as a matter of principle, to recognize the educational system of the state in their immediate neighborhood. At the same time, they needed degrees from the state, in order to pursue their careers. So they had resorted to the expedient of taking a day's journey to present themselves in a strange city for examinations which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have taken at home.

The degree which these young ecclesiastics already possessed was one which produces a certain confusion in the minds of people accustomed to the university systems of England and of America. It was that of *bachelier*, which sounds very like ours of bachelor of arts. In point of fact, however, the French degree of *bachelier* is given not at the completion of a course of higher education, but at that of secondary. As I understand the matter, primary instruction in France is absolutely compulsory; and, like primary instruction anywhere else, it teaches everybody to read, to write, and to manage the elementary processes of arithmetic; it offers, at the same time, various other kinds of elementary instruction, of which the results are not so evident; and it is complete at twelve or fourteen years of age. A certificate that primary education is complete entitles anyone who desires further instruction to enter any *lycée* or *collège* in France. In these institutions, where boys and girls are kept completely apart, the instruction varies, according as the pupil prefers a literary or a scientific course of study. In either case, the instruction, which is remarkably thorough, lasts until the pupil is sixteen or eighteen years of age. By that time he should be ready to present himself for a considerable set of examinations, both written and oral, which are equivalent, in a general way, to those demanded for entrance to an American college of the better sort; though, on the whole, I should suppose them to be rather more severe. In any event, they have the severity of an old-fashioned American entrance examination as distinguished from the flaccid recent method of allowing candidates for admission to college the privilege of taking a few examinations at a time; for the whole set must be passed at once. Duly passed, these examinations entitle the student to the degree of *bachelier*—in letters or in science, as the case may be.

This degree of *bachelier* is not, as degrees are with us, a matter only of record. It actually entitles the possessor to various rights which no one can have without it. It opens various civil careers, as well as various careers in the service of the government. And educationally it entitles people to present themselves anywhere in France for instruction under any of the faculties of higher education—letters, science, law, or medicine. At this point comes a very salient difference of the French university system from the English and our own. A faculty of letters is looked upon not as a guardian of general culture, but as a body in all respects as professional as a faculty of law. Only students who contemplate literary careers—such as the writing or the teaching of literature, history, or philosophy—are apt to register themselves in the department of letters. Students who purpose devoting themselves to law or to medicine proceed with those subjects immediately. A course of study under any of the faculties of higher education normally takes some four years. At the end of this time, the candidate presents himself for another set of examinations—broadly equivalent in letters to the standard required in England or in America for the degree of bachelor of arts. Like the examinations for the degree of *bachelier*, these must all be taken at once; and the resulting degree, in letters or in science, at all events—the degree which our vagrant young ecclesiastics desired—is that of *licencié*. *Licencié* or *licenciée*, I should rather say, for under all faculties of the higher education in France, men and women are received on completely equal terms.

In the educational system, this degree of *licencié* has supreme importance. Though a teacher may qualify for employment in primary schools by passing examinations designed for that special purpose, something like civil service examinations in England or in America, no one who has not taken the de-

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gree of *licencié* is allowed to teach in secondary schools. But this degree, which opens a career of secondary teaching, is not enough for a teacher whose ambition soars higher. To take part in the higher education—in what we Americans are accustomed to call university teaching—he needs further credentials.

The next normal degree, like the highest regular degree almost everywhere, is that of doctor—in letters, in science, and so on. According to the French system, however, this degree demands exceptionally prolonged work. A successful candidate must present two original theses, one of which is usually in some other language than French. Both of these must be accepted as solid contributions to the department of learning in which he professes to excel. And at least the principal one must be a book of importance, not only in substance, but in scale and in style. The late Professor Beljame's well-known treatise on the "Public and Men of Letters in England during the Eighteenth Century," for example, was one of the theses which earned him the degree of doctor of letters many years ago. And among the theses accepted at the Sorbonne within the last few years are the best studies in existence of Poe and of Hawthorne. The chance that I was American brought me the pleasure of personal acquaintance with the authors of these works—M. Lauvrière, who received the degree of doctor four or five years ago, and M. Dhaleine, who received it in 1905. The fact that neither of these gentlemen was precisely young implied what is generally true of those who attain the highest French degree in letters. The work demanded for it can hardly be accomplished before a candidate is well past thirty years of age. The degree is actually granted, to all appearances, on the strength of theses, which are subjected to the closest scrutiny. Nominally, however, it is conferred only on candidates who have publicly defended their theses with success; and even though this process of defence be only a matter of form, it looks portentously serious.

On an appointed day, the candidate for the doctorate in Paris presents himself in a large hall at the Sorbonne, something like a court-room, which will accommodate three or four hundred spectators.. This is absolutely open to the public; and on the several occasions when I happened to attend such a ceremony, there were always a good many spectators. The candidate takes his seat at a desk facing a raised bench, which is occupied by the professors who have certified to the quality of the thesis he is to defend. Each of them is provided with a printed copy of the thesis; and during two or three hours they attack it in turn. The attack generally begins with words of cordial praise, which are followed, in due time, by every adverse comment, general and detailed, which has presented itself to learned and ingenious critical minds. To these comments the candidate must instantly reply—intelligently, fluently, and in unimpeachable French. Generally he answers stoutly, though with extreme formal politeness; sometimes—particularly when detected in some slight error of fact—he accepts the correction, with thanks, and mentions that he shall proceed to make it in the next edition of his work. Finally, at least in every case which came to my knowledge, his defence of the thesis is pronounced adequate, after a formal consultation of his examiners. And his labors are thereupon crowned with the degree of doctor, which entitles him to be employed, if he can secure the employment, as an instructor in any institution of higher education, and which makes him eligible for appointment as professor in a faculty of the highest rank.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, he has generally got well toward middle life. Obviously it is desirable that competent people should be employed in giving the higher instruction at an earlier age. To meet this difficulty a happy device exists. Any *licencié* is entitled to present himself at Paris for a special competitive examination in his chosen subject. The fact that this examination is held only at Paris emphasizes its importance. Though the degrees of Paris are generally held in so much higher esteem than others that most candidates for the doctorate go thither, the degree of doctor may regularly be conferred by any of the universities. This competitive examination, on the other hand, occurs nowhere else; and although it is open to candidates from any part of the country, it is so arduous that preparation for it in Paris is more than desirable. At least until very lately such preparation has been the special task of that admirable institution of the higher learning, the École Normale. Some conception of the

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severity of the test may be formed from the final phase of it, as it existed a few years ago. A candidate was summoned to appear, at a given hour, before a professor of the Sorbonne, who handed him a paper, drawn at random from an urn. On this was written the title of some subject in the department with which the candidate was concerned. Precisely twenty-four hours later he was required to present to the same professor, at the same place, a complete written lecture on this subject, with due bibliographic notes. Some such final test as this decides the question of success in a competitive examination where candidates present themselves in considerable numbers, and where only ten or fifteen per cent. of them are accepted. These fortunate persons receive the degree of *agrégé*. This is so highly esteemed that, in practice, few who have not won it can hope for responsible employment even in secondary education. None without it, unless they become doctors, can instruct under the higher faculties. And it is so much harder to attain than any other French degree that it is really the most important. You will hardly find a professor anywhere who has not become an *agrégé* before he has proceeded, with due deliberation, to the regular degree of doctor, without which he cannot aspire to a full professorship in a faculty of letters, science, law, or medicine.

Such, in brief, was the university system in which, for the year following my kind friend's explanation of it, I was to hold an exceptional position. So far as degrees went —though I had the prudence not to mention the circumstance—I was only a Harvard bachelor of arts; I had never troubled myself with the task, practically superfluous at home, of studying for anything nominally higher. Yet, as a professor delegated from Harvard to lecture in France, I was temporarily the equal of professors in the University of Paris, addressed by them as *collègue*, and by inferior university officials as *maître*. In order to regulate my behavior, it was necessary that I should understand my status, almost as if my position had been in a diplomatic system or a military. This was why my cordial colleague with the blackboard devoted the first hour of our intercourse to the lecture which I have tried to remember and to summarize. No friendly service could have been more opportune. Throughout my stay in France it threw constant light on my official relations and duties.

In France these duties were as regular as any teaching in class-room or laboratory. At all French universities—at least in the department of letters—two distinct kinds of instruction are invariably offered. One, precisely similar to that customary in our own country, consists of what are called *cours fermés*—that is, of exercises in class-rooms open only to registered students. The other consists of public lectures, open, like divine service, to anyone who chooses to attend, and known as *cours publiques*. They are probably the direct successors of the public lectures which formed the basis of instruction in mediæval universities. Such courses are often attended by very considerable audiences. Among these are a certain number of students, interested either in the subject discussed or in the personality of the lecturer. The greater part of the attendance, however, consists of people in no way connected with the university, including a good many women who come as a matter of curiosity, or occasionally of fashion. Yet this agreeable feature of such audiences in France is less salient than the number of mature men of serious intelligence who faithfully follow a course of public lectures. Such a course was the duty with which I was charged, both in Paris and later in the provinces.

This duty, meanwhile, involved others, of personal character, far more exacting than would have been the case at home. In the first place, I was bound to make official calls on my academic superiors—the rectors and the deans—at the earliest possible moment. In the second place, whenever I had the good fortune to be presented to an academic equal—a professor, a *collègue*—I was bound to leave my card at his door within twenty-four hours, on pain of being held barbarously deficient in good manners. With people in a position of academic inferiority, on the other hand, these pleasant duties were less stringent.

Thus my actual knowledge of France began. Trying to play my part punctiliously, I was aided throughout by the punctilious kindness with which my superiors and my colleagues—and, indeed, everybody else—played theirs. The truth is that social intercourse anywhere is something like comedy; and that the French conduct the comedy of life more skilfully than we do. They

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know their cues, and lure you unawares into mastery of your own. In comparison, we Americans are like amateurs, stumbling through the good-natured confusion of impromptu charades.

Here and there the methods of the French universities seemed to me a little old-fashioned. One of the chief officials of the Sorbonne, for example, who received me with the greatest kindness, expressed a desire that during my stay in Paris I should enjoy every possible privilege; consequently, he went on to say, he had given directions that I should have access, whenever I chose, to the catalogue of the library. Without this advantage, it appeared, I should have been obliged, in case I desired a book, to ask an attendant whether the library possessed it; or, in case I desired authorities on any given subject, to request him to make me a little bibliography, at his convenience. In various other places, I subsequently found out—at the Collège de France, for example, and at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques—libraries of rather special range are at the disposal of scholars duly introduced. Generally speaking, however, books seem less accessible in France than you would expect; and consequently anyone who needs many finds that he must buy more than is the case at home.

When it came to the conduct of lectures, however, the arrangements were refreshingly pleasanter than anything which I had known before. A comfortable little room is at the disposal of the lecturer, where he is expected to arrive a few minutes before the hour named for his public appearance. At precisely the hour in question, an impressive being in dress clothes, with a silver chain about his neck, presents himself, holding a tray on which are a glass, a spoon, a decanter of water and a saucer containing a few lumps of sugar. With these in hand, he precedes the lecturer to the platform of the hall where the audience is already assembled. He places the sugar and water on the desk—and, as I did not personally have recourse to this refreshment, it is possible that the ingredients remained unchanged from November till March—and withdraws for an hour. At precisely the end of the hour, the *appariteur*, as this functionary is called, reappears at the little door behind the platform. You thereupon bring your lecture to a close. Whether he have authority, in other event, to remove you forcibly I never ventured to inquire. At New Year's time I gave him five francs, by the counsel of one of my colleagues, who represented that he would be displeased with less and disconcerted with more.

In the little waiting-room, both before and after lectures, I was free to receive anyone whom I chose. The *appariteur* served as watch-dog, duly warning away people without credentials. Thus particularly I came to meet a certain number of students interested in what I was discussing. Here, at once, I found myself in an unfamiliar atmosphere. Whoever has had much to do with American students must agree, I think, that their abundant energy is apt to exert itself in other fields than those where they are brought into professional contact with their teachers. French students seem of different stripe. They are alertly intelligent, serious to a degree which shames you into consciousness of comparative frivolity, intellectually energetic beyond reproach; but somehow, when you have been habituated to academic intercourse at home, they seem a shade inhuman. One can soon see why. It is not that they lack humanity; in private life, they are said to maintain the convivial tradition of ancestral France. But humanity and work are separate things; and to them university work is a really critical matter. They are not playing through three or four years which shall ripen them into something sweeter than they might grow to be without this happy interval between the drudgery of school and the strife of responsible existence; they are assiduously preparing themselves for a career of intense competition. Their spirit seems quite to lack the amateurish grace so engagingly characteristic of undergraduate life in America; in contrast, they seem intensely, startlingly professional.

In the best sense of the abused term, no doubt. It is not that French students impress you as disposed to trickery or subterfuge. It is only that, in their whole relation to university work, they take for granted that they are occupied not in the acquisition of that vague thing which we call "culture," but in a very palpable phase of the struggle for existence. Their business, as students, is to inform themselves as widely and as accurately as possible; and above all, to gather their information in some comprehensive

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and comprehensible system. That is why they are at the university; and they are enrolled under the faculty of letters, because they aspire, in due time, to become members of such a faculty, if possible ultimately in Paris. So far as my observation went, there is nothing at any French university which takes the place of undergraduate life in England or in America. The relation of any student to his teachers or to his fellows may be cordially friendly, or it may quite lack human quality. The situation is like what would exist at home between fellow-practitioners of a profession.

In some of the institutions not directly under my observation, I was given to understand,—particularly at the École Normale,—a stronger feeling of fellowship exists. Even there, however, this fellowship is based on a common professional purpose and on eager and honorable competition. The higher phase of education in France, in short, has a different function from that to which American tradition accustoms us. Technically, the French training is better; in some respects, despairingly so. For it is not only intensely earnest; it so admirably combines precision with generalization—accurate attention to detail with constant effort to keep general principles in mind—that it seems much more vital than any other training which has come to my knowledge. But, on the other hand, an American boy, no matter how careless of his studies, who has passed three or four years at college, will find himself as a human being the better for life in consequence—the more sympathetic, the richer in human quality. Which is really why our American reverence for our colleges is so wholesome. This human quality seemed quite lacking in the university life of France.

To some extent, this impression remains true when you turn from students to professors. In general, the professors of the French universities are not only sound and accomplished scholars; they are men with considerable knowledge of the world, men of social tact, men of animated charm in private life. But in their professional character they are as serious, as if pleasure had never brightened the world. They are less burdened than we with routine teaching; but they may never relax their effort to extend and solidify their learning. My previous experience had never revealed to me anything like such a spectacle of concentrated and unceasing intellectual activity as seemed a matter of course among my temporary colleagues at Paris. Foreign prejudice is apt to suppose the French light-hearted, frivolous, and at best superficial. When you live among French men of learning engaged in the work of their lives, you begin to wonder whence this grotesque misconception arose. For you could never have found on earth industry more unremitting, and, though cheerful, more intense.

Professional, again, is the word which comes to mind. Just as the student life of France lacks the human quality which goes far to justify the shortcomings of American students, so the life of a professor in France lacks the social element so pervasively admirable in the universities of England, and not unknown among ourselves. At least in Paris there seems little necessary personal fellowship among these busy fellow-workers. They know each other, of course, and if they chance to find each other congenial, they may be bound by close ties of friendship. But such a state of things seems no more necessary than it would be among fellow-members of the bar or fellow-practitioners of medicine. Perhaps the most conspicuous evidence of what I mean is the punctilious politeness with which they always treat one another. My first impression was that the formal courtesy, invariably shown me as a visitor, indicated a shade of difference between my position and the normal comradeship among themselves. The longer I stayed in France, the more convinced I became that this impression was mistaken I was in a world, in short, where learning is not an accomplishment, but an honorable and arduous profession, with all its trials, all its heart-burning competition, all its pitiless disdain of weakness, all its stimulating rewards.

The normal career of a French professor, in brief, is somewhat as follows: Almost from the time when he enters a secondary school, he contemplates the profession to which he shall devote his life. Certainly by the time when he becomes a bachelor, his purpose is determined. At the university he devotes himself assiduously to the subject which he proposes to master. Once equipped with the degree of *licencié*, he is eligible for employment as a teacher in some secondary school. If in need of support, he is apt to take up this work for a while; if

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more fortunate, he is apt to proceed immediately to higher study, usually under the direction of the most eminent specialists in Paris. In either event, unless circumstances prove benumbing, he prepares himself, with unflagging energy, for the competitive examination which may win him the degree of *agrégé*. When he has achieved this, he is eligible for appointment as professor in some secondary school, or as a lecturer—*maître de conférences*—under some faculty of the higher education. Before he can become full professor in such a faculty he must wait for his doctorate; of this, however, he can be pretty confident, in due time. The laggards have been left behind.

Accordingly, he becomes as soon as possible professor in the chief *lycée* of some university centre, and offers courses of instruction under the faculty to which he is attached. And, usually, his first appointment is rather remote from the centre of the system and the goal of his ambition—Paris. He is sent, to prove his quality, somewhere in the provinces. There, of course, he sometimes remains; and always works hard and well. Anyone who has glanced at the title-pages of serious French books must be impressed by the quality of those which frequently proceed from teachers in what seem obscure and outlying regions. In every case, however, he hopes for promotion, which means not so much advancement in local rank—though this, of course, counts for something—as advancement to a position nearer Paris.

This state of affairs was brought vividly to my notice more than once at provincial universities. In one instance, I found a distinguished professor of history receiving hearty congratulations on all sides. Beyond question the most eminent local antiquarian who had ever written about the deeply interesting region which he had inhabited for twenty years, he had just been called to a chair at the Collège de France, in Paris—an institution supplementary to the Sorbonne, where the instruction is of the highest order, and the body of instructors of the highest distinction. There was not an instant of hesitation or of doubt that he would proceed at once from the city which had so long been his home—and where, for one thing, every detail of local genealogy for a thousand years was on the tip of his tongue—for surroundings where, personally, he would be almost as strange as I. In Paris, too, his professional dignity would be far less instantly obvious than in the city he was about to leave; at best, he would be lost to sight there, in the crowd of other than learned interests which infests every great capital. Yet, so far as I could perceive, he felt no shade of such sentimental regret as, under similar circumstances, would have arisen in the mind of an American professor thus called from the habitual surroundings of half a life-time. And on the part of his colleagues, much as they would surely miss both his eminent teaching and his winning personality, I could detect no shade of resentment. They seemed unanimous in their sentiment of generous good-will—much as men might seem at home if a favorite colleague should receive an honorary degree.

At another university of considerable importance, I found the rector in the act of packing up his library. He had had the good fortune to be called to the office of inspector-general—or some such matter—in the Ministry of Public Instruction. It transpired that this promotion came not long after his last, which had been from the rectorship of another university, some hours farther from Paris, by a less direct line. In this former position he had distinguished himself by infusing into a somewhat languid institution of learning a degree of vitality which had caused it to be widely recognized. When called nearer to Paris, however, he had felt no compunction in abandoning his nursling to a successor, who was at that moment preparing to follow him to the higher rectorship which he was about to vacate. And when, somewhat later, I visited the university from which these two rectors had been successively promoted I found it under the rectorship of a somewhat subdued gentleman, at once gratified to be at the head of a university and depressed to be sent thither from the capital, where his previous academic status had been subordinate.

The grounds on which promotions are made are undoubtedly complicated. Sound scholarship, brilliant publication, efficient teaching, count for much. Personal qualities count for something; and so, at times, do political and religious considerations. During the empire, I have been told, a professor of doubtful orthodoxy was apt to have little favor; and during the period when the government of the republic has been engaged in disestablishing the Church obvious de-

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votion to the Catholic faith has not been thought wholly favorable to academic promotion. In any event, the question turns, to great degree, on those inexorable *dossiers* in the ministry at Paris. Once or twice a year, the Director of Higher Education summons all the rectors of France to a meeting at the ministry; there, I believe, the inspectors meet them, more or less officially. There, no doubt, the *dossiers* are inspected and completed. And on what happens there, I suppose, hangs what happens to hundreds of anxious scholars throughout France.

Until one fully understands this state of affairs it is not quite easy to explain two remarkable features of French provincial universities: the remarkably high quality of the instruction, and the benumbing lack of local tradition or sentiment. Under a system so strongly competitive as that which prevails in France, a man who attains the dignity of membership in any faculty of the higher education must not only possess unusual qualities, but also must exert his powers unremittingly. Accidents may postpone or prevent his promotion, indefinitely or permanently; but nothing short of despair can destroy his hopes of it. So you can go nowhere in France without finding men whose talents and accomplishments, never suffered to rust, would be admirable anywhere. I am tempted to say that there is not a single centre of the higher education in France where a foreign student might not pass a year of stimulating work with great advantage. And so long as any professor is officially attached to the staff of any university, however remote, he conscientiously does all he can to advance the interests of that institution, as distinguished from its fellows and its rivals. I have more than once used the word *professional* to express the temper of French learning. A better word might have been *conscientious*.

All the conscience in the world, however, cannot make the intellect identical with the heart. And just as one feels among the students of Paris a startling lack of that sense of fellowship which makes the graduates of any American college comrades for life, and almost justifies the rowdy cheers of our athletic meetings, so throughout the provincial universities one feels that there is no trace of what often seems most lastingly valuable in the higher education of America—spontaneous college feeling. Any American will tell you, first of all, the college he comes from. A Frenchman seems hardly to remember where he studied—as distinguished from what he studied, and under whom. For in French universities study is the only business of students or of teachers, and learning is the same everywhere; it is not a question of local atmosphere. And everybody engaged in it has the same goal in view—Paris, if he can attain it; if not, some station on the road thither.

When I realized this state of things the circumstances of my visits to provincial universities became clearer. In Paris I had been received as a temporary colleague by cordial French professors who had reached the summit of their professional ambition. To the provinces I came not only as a foreign visitor whom chance had converted into a temporary colleague; I came also as a man who had enjoyed for a little while the honor for which my colleagues most longed—an official appointment at the Sorbonne. It was partly this, I think, which made my welcome in the provinces somewhat more formal—I had almost said more ceremonious—than it had been in Paris. Partly, however, this phase of my provincial experience was probably due to other causes.

One of these was doubtless the traditional rigidity of provincial manners, pleasantly touched on throughout French literature. Another may be found in the relation of provincial universities to their immediate surroundings. In Paris, the university, though positively of the highest importance and dignity, is obscured by the metropolitan life which surrounds it. You might live in Paris for half a life-time without realizing that there are such things as professors or students in the world. Throughout the provinces, on the other hand, every university is a conspicuous fact in the city where it happens to be seated. As more obvious, it is inevitably more self-conscious; and as more self-conscious, it is naturally somewhat more formal—less apt to assume itself a part of the world which lives and moves around it.

At the time when I was in France, furthermore, the condition of politics gave all the universities a complexion far more obvious in the provinces than in Paris. They were government institutions; and the government was prosecuting a policy which presented itself to many Catholic minds as nothing less than a persecution of the Church. A somewhat embarrassing predicament fol-

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lowed. However the regular staff of a provincial university might appear in the eyes of neighbors to whom its members were personally familiar, a foreign professor who came to discourse in a foreign language on a subject not regularly included in university programmes was inevitably presumed to be radical in sympathy, and was therefore an object of suspicion to many good people of conservative disposition.

This was particularly evident at Lille—the first of the provincial universities on my programme. The richer people of that great manufacturing city are such ardent Catholics that they support a considerable Catholic university by their gifts. The city, furthermore, is close to the frontier of Belgium, where some of the Catholic orders, forbidden to carry on their schools in France, have taken refuge. Accordingly, the clerical prejudices of Lille appeared to involve pretty strong dislike for any teaching officially sanctioned by an anticlerical government. This did not mean, however, either that many members of the regular faculties were not good Catholics or even that the Catholic religion was not officially taught in the secondary schools. Almost the first object which met my eyes during a visit to the Lycée of Lille—a very large and efficient institution—was the excellent priest who was in charge of the religious training there. He was a regular member of the teaching staff; he lived in the buildings, and acted, I believe, not only as an orthodox teacher of religion, but also as spiritual adviser to the several hundred Catholic boys in attendance at the school. In the cases of Protestant or Jewish boys, religious instruction was likewise provided by the authorities. Even under this extremely anticlerical government, it proved, there was a degree of dogmatic teaching at the expense of the state which would not be tolerated by the public opinion of any city in America.

The phase of religious education legally suppressed a year or two ago, in short, was not the teaching of tenets and principles. It was the control of secondary education by teaching orders of ecclesiastics, who established successful and fashionable schools in rivalry with the *lycées* of the regular university system, and there fitted pupils to pass the regular examinations for the degree of bachelor. The influence of these schools, conducted by monks and nuns, was held to be unfavorable to republican principles, as well as to due freedom of thought on the part of pupils in matters not directly concerned with religion. As one Catholic of my acquaintance put the case to me, he had acquiesced with regret in the suppression of the teaching orders, for the reason that he could see no other means of saving France from the condition of Spain.

Into the actual range and nature of the religious instruction at the state schools I did not inquire. The quality of the secular instruction there seemed to me extraordinarily high. It happened, for example, that I was taken into a class-room where a lesson in English was being given to some French boys of sixteen, mostly the sons of operatives. The exercise was conducted in excellent English, on the part of teacher and of pupils alike; and the point under discussion when I visited the class was one which would have puzzled Harvard freshmen. It was the distinction in meaning between the words *priest*—a Catholic ecclesiastic; *clergyman*—an Anglican; and *minister*—a dissenter. At another provincial *lycée* I was welcomed by the performance of an English play, in blank verse, the style of which—a modern imitation of Elizabethan diction—is extremely involved. The pronunciation of the young actors left something to be desired. On the other hand, the longer I listened to them the more deeply I was surprised at the intelligence with which they had mastered the meaning of passage after passage which might well have perplexed boys to whom the English language was native. In American schools, or rather in the results of the instruction there afforded, I have never come across the teaching of any foreign language which compared in efficiency with the teaching of English in secondary schools throughout France. And, to all appearances, this was only one example of the thoroughness and the vitality of French teaching in all its branches.

Of primary-school work I saw nothing whatever, except such results of it as should be evident to any traveller. The most obvious of these is the general accuracy with which people of the working class speak and write their own language. Another is the remarkably robust and wholesome look of school-children. Statistics are said to give disquieting figures concerning the birth-rate in France. The casual observation of a

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traveller, on the other hand, would lead to the conclusion that children are better cared for there than anywhere else in the world. The puny squalor of childhood, familiar to any eye in England or America, in Germany or Italy, or almost anywhere else, is hardly to be found among the French. And a comical evidence of how much this is due to the management of primary education may be found in the extraordinary personal neatness of French school-children during the months when school is in session, as distinguished from their normally juvenile carelessness of aspect in vacation.

Yet even in school-days, both primary and secondary, this thoroughness and vitality of work—this obvious efficiency of technical result—seems, on the whole, to have been purchased at the price of imperfect conviviality. Conviviality, after all, in the literal sense of the word, is among the most enduring elements of the traditional and comparatively inefficient systems of education to which we of America, like our English cousins, have been accustomed. We remember our school-mates more vividly than our teachers or than what they taught or failed to teach us. To put the matter most generally, the emotional and the sentimental life of our youthful years surges in memory and in effect above the intellectual and the technical. Trivial, frivolous, though such a confession may sound, it is not really so at the core. The whole process of our education is indirect. We are exposed to certain influences, of which the ultimate results make us what we grow to be; and what we grow to be enables us to do what we can. In comparison the whole system of French education, with its strenuous directness of method and of achievement, can hardly help impressing an American as somewhat deficient in human sympathy.

The intense, centralized, competitive system by which all instructors are selected, and to which all the students are submitting themselves, maintains meanwhile technical standards higher than ours. I recall a remarkable instance of this. Chancing to enter the library of a professor of Sanskrit, I noticed open on his table a book of which the characters looked so different from what I remembered of Sanskrit texts that I asked whether French scholars used a different Sanskrit alphabet from that prevalent in America. He smiled at my deplorable ignorance and explained that the text in question was not Sanskrit, but Chinese. In answer I regretted that I had not been aware that he was engaged in the teaching of Chinese as well. He was not, he said very simply; but in the course of his Sanskrit work he had to touch on Buddhist doctrine. And you can no more discuss Buddhism, he went on to say, without studying the standard Chinese commentaries thereon than you can discuss Christian theology without reference to the Byzantine fathers. So far as I could perceive, both of these propositions impressed him as axiomatic. So far as my observation of our own scholarly standards has gone, both of them would have seemed, among ourselves, rather utopian.

The general character of this scholar's temper, the while, was deeply impressive to any American. You might have expected such a student to have been lost in his books, or at best to have limited his energies to matters of indisputable accuracy—to the collection and verification of fact. Instead, the better one knew him the more one was impressed with the dynamic quality of his mental habit. For a fact as a fact he cared as little as if pedantry had never obscured the world. His impulse—it would misrepresent the characteristic to call it his effort—was to use every fact in his possession as part of some system. With all his learning, his intellect was as active as if it bore no burden. What to others might have been a burden, indeed, seemed in his case rather a stimulus.

In this respect he was not peculiar among his colleagues throughout France. The more I saw of them, the more I was confirmed in my belief that American learning would be greatly strengthened if more of our graduate students came under French influence. The influence of German scholarship on American during the past ninety years has been admirable, but perhaps excessive. It has taught us a respect for fact and method which our earlier learning lacked. It has tended at the same time to encourage the notion that the object and end of all learning is the methodical collection of fact. No one would for an instant pretend this error to be prevalent among the higher minds of Germany. Few can deny that it is apt to possess the minds of Americans who, having studied in Ger-

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many, come home no longer American, nor yet soundly German. The elder influence of English scholarship in America, the while, has tended rather to the sustenance of tradition than to the recognition of newer learning; and thus perhaps to rather attenuated pedantry. The unmixed influence of France might perhaps tend toward premature philosophizing. To this danger, however, the scholarly minds of America seem at this moment little exposed. Could our graduate students who purpose devoting their lives to learning come more frequently under the influence of the combined industry and intelligence of modern scholarship in France, the American universities of years to come might be at once more solid and more stimulating in their atmosphere than now seems quite likely.

On the other hand, as we have seen more than once, however much such students might benefit by the scholarly influences so strong throughout France, they would find there no such love for the regions where learning lingers as makes gracious, in a way all their own, the great universities of England and the elder colleges of America which have grown from our colonial traditions. The French are not deficient in sentiment. No one can know them even from their literature, or from the most superficial travel —still more, no one can come to know them as personal friends—without recognizing the deep, admirable genuineness of their emotional nature. This phase of their temperament as a nation is more pronounced, if possible, than the admirable intellectual phase on which our consideration of the French universities has touched. Rather paradoxically, however, it is less evident in their educational surroundings and systems than almost anywhere else.

WORDSWORTH

By Henry van Dyke

WORDSWORTH, thy music like a river rolls
  Among the mountains, and thy song is fed
  By living springs far up the watershed;
No whirling flood nor parching drought controls
The crystal current: even on the shoals
  It murmurs clear and sweet; and when its bed
  Darkens below mysterious cliffs of dread
The voice of peace deepens within our souls.

Yet thou in youth hast known the breaking stress
  Of passion, and hast trod despair's dry ground
    Beneath black thoughts that wither and destroy.
Ah, wanderer, led by human tenderness
  Home to the heart of Nature! thou hast found
    For us the Fountain of Recovered Joy.

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VOLENDAM, THE ARTISTS' VILLAGE

By Florence Craig Albrecht

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT

THE artists of sketch-book and palette discovered Volendam long ago; and each spring-time finds them coming to the comfortable shelter of the one good inn, each autumn finds them lingering to catch those intangible pearly grays and pale yellows November mists bring to those wide horizons; but of photographic work, save for a few snap-shots made hastily by eager tourists hurried off one boat at the harbor and on another at the canal each noonday, there is little trace. It is true that much of the charm of the place and its environs lies in color, but that some part could be translated in monochrome an earlier visit had convinced us; and when opportunity served us again this summer for a new vacation we had no hesitation in deciding to return to the little fishing village on the Zuyder Zee.

Once arrived in Holland and in Amsterdam, there is yet a choice of several routes, and it was not to our unmitigated delight that we discovered another had been added, a new tram line running quite to its very heart. Automobilists, too, had discovered that the flat top of the dike which rims the sea made an admirable highway for them; and the toot of the horn and jangle of the tram echoed where last year was heard but the lapping of the waves against a boat's prow. It was no longer the isolated fishing hamlet, accessible only by boat or on foot across the wide green meadows which separate it from Edam, but a somewhat popular "point of interest" to every idle tourist in North Holland. Will it be spoiled as Marken has been, its people, once so independent and dignified become importunate nuisances to every visitor with sketch-book or camera? Will it eventually win a long notice in Baedeker, a place on the maps, and a star for its inn? May the day be long postponed! A selfish wish, undoubtedly. but sure of ardent echoes from the artists who love it.

And, indeed, there is little to tempt others to tarry here. Nothing of historical interest, nothing of great commercial enterprise, no gay holiday amusements, no huge hotels with "all modern improvements," such as the traveller on the grand tour desires; though the present inn is quaint and clean and comfortable enough to tempt him, while its kindly host and hostess and their charming daughters are not least in one's pleasant memories of Volendam. But for those who love the picturesque in miniature architecture or primitive costume; who find a joy in the rippling music of a boat cutting the water or the glint of light and shadow on a heavy sail; who love to watch undisturbed the changing colors of sky and sea as dawn ripens to day and day melts into night; who like to sail over waters smooth and blue sometimes as a mountain lake, and sometimes gray and angry, foaming and frothing and struggling under the whip of the wind; who find pleasure in long walks across cool green meadows, where giant windmills raise their arms unceasingly to the sky and court the caresses of the lightest breeze, and low farmhouses hide under the shadow of tall, dense trees, where cattle roam peacefully at pasture and small boats sail lazily on quiet canals—for those Volendam has unending charm. After all, the automobiles and the tram-cars are but an incident, and carry away the disturbing, dissatisfied units as quickly as they came, leaving the little village to its usual grave, busy quiet.

We had not realized quite how famous or popular it already was, or taken the precaution to write in advance for rooms; consequently when we reached it one Saturday noonday, prepared for especial enjoyment of the one Sunday we could stay, we were considerably astonished and much disappointed to find we could not find room in the one hotel. Edam was but a pleasant half-hour's walk away, they told us, and we could find shelter for the night in its small hotel, but at Volendam, neither in the inn

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nor the village could a vacant room be found. It was aggravating, for we did not want this time to be again in that vagrant tourist throng to which we had reluctantly belonged last year. We wanted to be "old residents" in a twinkling. But photographers could not afford to waste sunshiny hours in useless debate. Saturday afternoon is a busy time in Volendam for fisherfolk and for artists.

Saturday morning, sometimes before the dawn, the first sails of the fishing fleet creep over the northern horizon and slip down, like homing pigeons, to their close rows in the oval harbor, until by noonday a double or triple ring of heavy, brown boats narrows it into a tiny pool. Round and about them there is much coming and going of hurrying feet, much bustle and scurry as they are cleaned, overhauled, and restocked for the next week's cruise. Around the narrow stone dike, which locks the harbor to the great wall of basaltic blocks that checks the Zuyder Zee, and on the walls of plank and piling which fringe its inner curve, the tall, grave Volendamer fishermen and their families come and go on unceasing errands. The adults pay little attention to photographer or camera—curiosity is not their weakness and they are very busy—but the smallest children have already learned the meaning of those queer black boxes and the rain of coppers that the hurried kodaker leaves in his wake, so they follow you persistently along the dike, at every pause striking what they consider an effective pose and pleading *fotographiren*. Until very recently Volendam enjoyed a reputation for dignity and freedom from all begging or importunity of travellers, but the daily trail of tourists and the example of the money-making Markeners has demoralized the younger element and the children are sometimes most annoying. They have learned also a few English—or should we say, American—words. One small boy greeted us with a cheerful "Yankee Doodle! Skidoo!" and more than a few, after planting themselves in a fetching (?) attitude directly in front of the camera, said inquiringly "Smoke?"—not to discover your habits but to sound the prospects of exchanging a pose for a cigar.

The number of a photographer's pictures at Volendam is apt to be limited only by the number of his plates. You may choose a spot on the dike, whose top forms the main street of the little village, and from it secure a dozen plates with as many different views differing not only in composition but in character of subject—a study of fishing boats at close range for detail of spars or sail, an open marine with a few tiny sail in the distance, a figure study of a lone fisherman at his nets or mending his sail, some boys playing leap-frog, their wooden *klompen* clattering on the klinker pavement, a busy group at some cottage door or white-capped women gossiping at a corner. Turn your back to the sea and a landscape greets you, wide pasture lands dotted with huge black and white cattle or groups of big white sheep, small farmhouses reached by tiny bridges and hidden under tall trees, ribbons of blue water separating great blocks of meadow as fences would at home, and narrow, brick-paved dikes, smooth, hard, and clean, in place of our dusty roads and paths.

Great brown windmills here swing their sails unceasingly against an azure sky, fluffy white clouds float lazily from horizon to horizon, trailing purple shadows over the green of the meadows and the blue of the glittering waterways, altering the effect from moment to moment. Not in finding views lies the difficulty, but in selecting them.

On the seaward side of the dike is the harbor, and a few houses with the one comfortable hotel are perched on piles above the flood tides; on the landward, for a mile or more, is an up-and-down row of more small houses, some on pilings, their door-sill level with the brick pavement of the dike, others crouched close behind it on the land it protects, their gabled roofs just peering over the top at the sea they dread. Directly back of the harbor a cluster of these same tiny tile-roofed cottages crowds narrowly together on bits of canal-bound land, in their midst a big barren-looking church reached by many bridges over sluggish waterways. Behind this lie the wide green meadows and ribbon-like canal stretching away to the towers of Edam.

The Volendamer, masculine and feminine, has clung persistently to the costume of his forebears, and who shall say that it does not serve him well both for comfort and adornment? Here are those veritable Dutchman's breeches of your childish imaginings, but bigger, broader, baggier than ever wildest fancy painted them; and where

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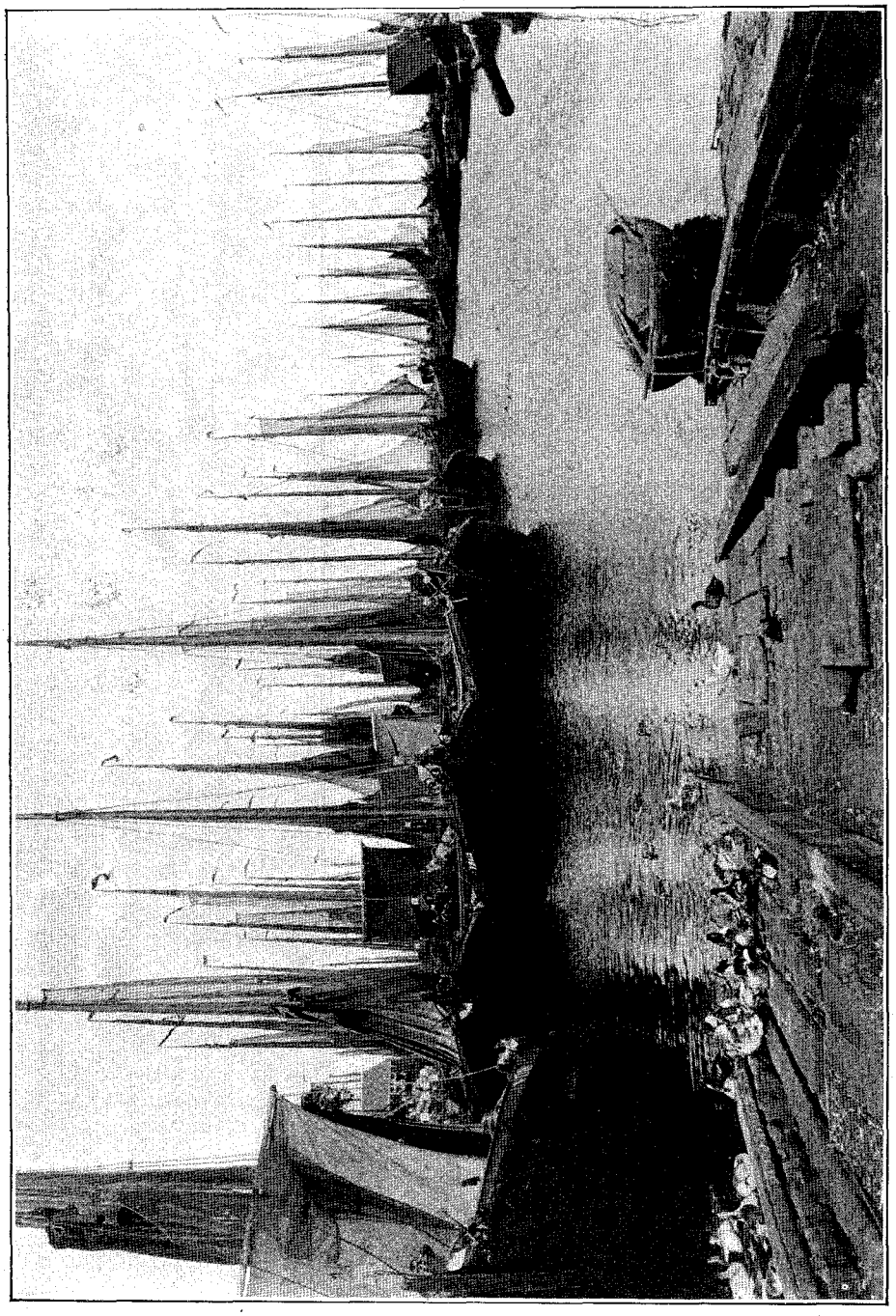

The harbor and fishing fleet, Volendam.
The masts still rose like a winter forest in the harbor.

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can be found a more picturesque combination than they and the magenta shirts of working days? Sunday is the time, perhaps, to see the fisherman in his finest costume, but Sunday is yet to come for us, and we cannot imagine anything more fascinating for color than these work-a-day shirts, originally brightest magenta, but faded and patched and faded again until they betray every tone of that oft maligned color, softened and blended by sea-mists and sun and rain to indescribably charming lavenders and grays. The camera fails lamentably in the color, but there is not the least doubt it can render every patch with remarkable fidelity. We have a little theory, all our own, that the Holland fisherman buys but one work-day suit in a lifetime, re-enforcing and renewing it by patches on patches until even its owner could discover little of the original cloth. To be ragged is a disgrace unknown, to be much patched an honor to the housewife's skill and thrift.

The first from church.

In the midst of our photographic frenzy, the sun slipped into a bank of clouds, and down on Volendam and us descended one of those violent summer storms, such as had greeted our first visit. The mackintoshes which we had carried all over Holland, to the exasperation of our tempers on those sunny days, solely because "everyone" assured us that "it always rains in Holland," we had sent back to Edam along with our other luggage when we heard we must return there to sleep. Surely, surely, no hard-hearted landlord would turn us out in such a storm, and the storm, which ended our pictures, might yet prove our benefactor. One could not see fifty feet through the gray wall of rain, and the last tram had gone! But the house-boat would make the trip in its leisurely fashion and utter disregard of schedule in about half an hour, and by that time the rain would have ceased!

The rain did cease almost as suddenly as it began, the sun peeped out above the horizon for one last mischievous glimpse, just as the inquisitive gables peer over the dike at the sea. It found a reflection in every tiny pool of water left by the rain and sent a golden pathway across the wet meadows and shining canal. The house-boat cabin looked uninvitingly close and crowded in spite of its proffered opportunity for a close

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After church.—A long, black-garbed procession swinging the town's length.

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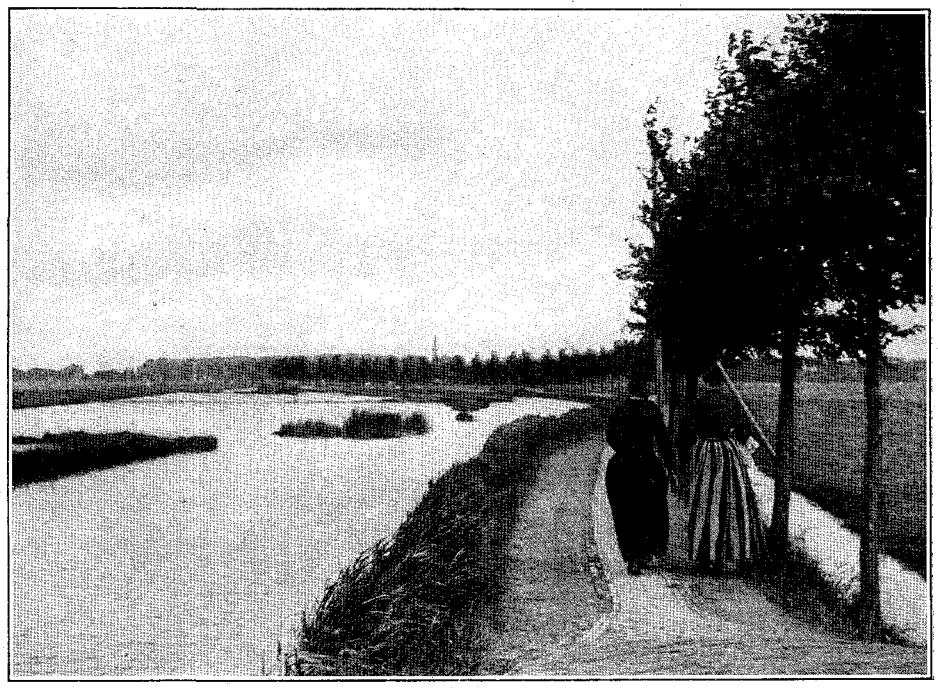

The Volendamer *Pad*.

study of those remarkable white lace caps, and the brick pathway beside the canal, which leads to Edam, shone alluringly in the half-light. The walk at that hour was compensation for our banishment.

Sunday morning found us early on the Volendamer *Pad*, but not too early to meet some of the fisher folk, already on the way for a holiday at Edam, or even perhaps Amsterdam, though it is rarely one notes their costume on the streets of that busy city only an hour or two distant from them. Arrived on the top of the dike, we found it deserted save for a few little children playing on its stone steps, and a stray dog or two and sleepy kitten that refused to "make friends." The masts still rose like a winter forest in the harbor; the people had not, then, sailed away overnight, yet there was no suggestion of the busy scene of yesterday. The boats rocked ever so lazily and lightly, the ducks prinked and preened on the water's edge, the dike was empty of idlers or workers, the narrow lanes between the huddled houses were silent, the doors all closed, as slowly we took the winding way to the church. Coming out in the small open space before the bridge which leads to its main doorway, the mystery was solved for us—devout Volendam was at prayer. The church—a Roman Catholic one and something of a surprise to the traveller full of memories of Motley and expecting a very Protestant Holland—had looked large yesterday for the size of the village. To-day it was small for the population, and some of the worshippers kneeled on the broad low step.

Evidently the place was a vantage-ground for irreverent artists and photographers, for every sheltered corner held an artist busily sketching, or a photographer patiently waiting, with black box perched in a favorable nook. Two young English students—feminine, of course, for what mere man would dare it—had poised their kodaks on the very posts of the bridge, somewhat to the distraction of the doorstep congregation, and peering earnestly and anxiously into their respective "finders," were eagerly awaiting the critical moment when the great throng should stream from the building—totally unconscious that behind them an artist was sketching the scene mischievously and zealously, and a fellow-photographer wickedly perpetuating them and their summer finery—caught in the act.

Within the church a bell rings, a cloud of incense floats from the open door, a voice

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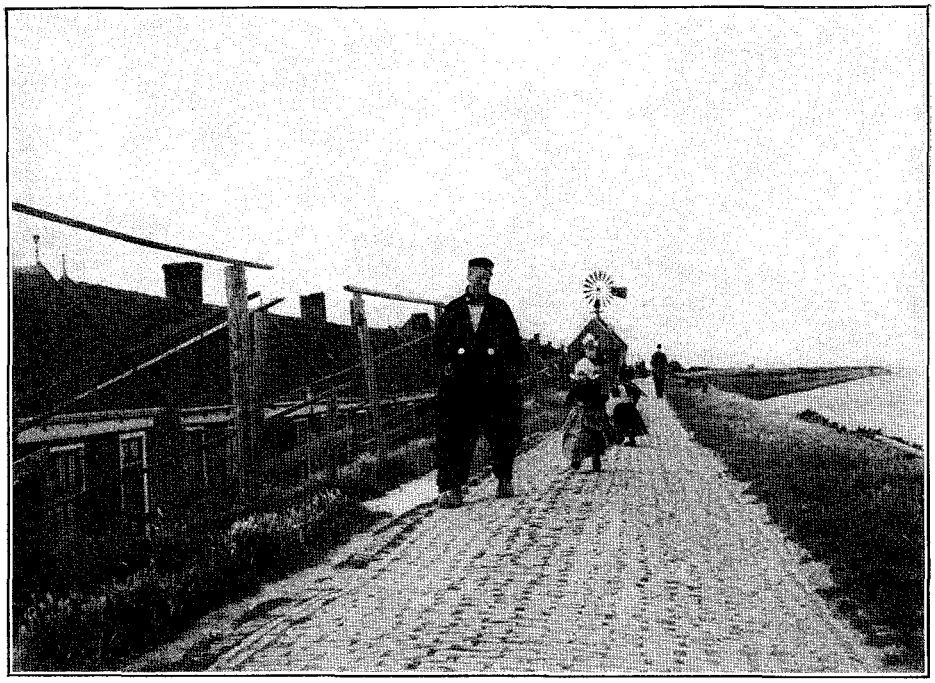

On the dike.

and silence, then a low murmur and a bustle as of many people moving slowly. Service is over and the photographer's moment has come. Out they pour from the open doorway and clatter, clatter, over the brick walk and wooden bridge come wooden *klompen* and leather Sunday *schoen*, the men in the lead, as custom is in all lands and creeds. Young lads these, with smooth, boyish faces, but tall as their stalwart fathers, striding along swiftly with hands thrust deep in trousers' pockets and a saucy tilt to the high blond head. Churchly duties are all over and a long sunny holiday in prospect. Behind these their elders, family men undoubtedly, for many lead a tiny son by the hand, a miniature copy to the tiniest detail of costume, and closely after them the slow, uncertain steps of the very old and feeble mingled with the hurrying pace of the women now on housewifely cares intent. Rapidly they go up the narrow wooden steps and along the dike, their main thoroughfare. Quietly, except for the noise of wooden shoes, and with little conversation apparently, each on his own thoughts and plans intent. A long, black-garbed procession, swinging the town's length, and one has time to note that the Sunday dress of masculine Volendam is not so gay as the magenta of his working days. Maybe his breeches are a bit broader and baggier than yesterday, but they are always black, of heavy cloth or velvet, fastened on either side of the waist-band with huge silver buttons—made from old coins most frequently, and prized heirlooms handed down through generations from the days of some long past dynasty or vanished mint. A short black jacket hides the shirt completely, but is sometimes open at the throat to show a huge green cloth cravat or muffler; a cap of fur or felt, hot and heavy looking, and low black leather shoes drawn over thick woollen stockings complete the costume. The younger boys wear wooden shoes in place of leather, but otherwise there is no difference for young or old.

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description, as feminine belongings usually are; but the white lace cap which covers the head from eyebrows to nape of neck and from ear to ear, curving out in rounded wings on each side of her cheeks is always a conspicuous and inevitable portion of a woman's attire. It may possibly be that on Sunday this cap is a trifle whiter or stiffer or daintier than on week-days, but the difference is not very apparent.

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The ladies assure us there is a vast difference in the quality of the net and the amount of handiwork employed, but the lens made no special note of that. In shape and outline the camera finds great distinction between these caps and those of Katwyk or Marken or Bois le Duc, but between Sunday and Monday caps in Volendam it records none whatever. For the rest of the costume feminine Holland asks above all things, apparently, a very flat, narrow chest, surmounting enormous hips, and Volendam usually hidden, and at Volendam is cut quite close and entirely covered by a tight-fitting thick black silk cap, concealed beneath the snowy white lace. The younger girls, from the tiniest toddler to the young *meisje*, old enough to wed, wear dresses and caps the exact counterpart of their grave mothers, no less full of skirt or narrow of chest, but much gayer in color. A group of tiny maidens in in a stiff breeze on the dike resembles nothing more than a swarm of butterflies.

Volendam spends most of Sunday, after

On the dike.

The women's costume is a trifle too complex for verbal description.

is no exception to this fashion rule. The invariable black "best waist" of the elder women is usually brightened by a square yoke of lighter color and material, and the dark apron or overskirt is topped by six inches or more of gay plaid, or bright colored band, worn over an underskirt of dull blue striped or black material and uncountable petticoats. About the throat a collar formed of many rows of heavy, dark red coral beads is fastened by huge silver clasps, and the number of rows, the size and quality of the beads are matters for feminine pride. Long hair is not the glory of woman in Holland save, perhaps, at Marken. It is service, in the open air. Up and down the long dike-street, singly and in groups, chatting in open doorways, lounging about the harbor or on the grassy slope of the dike, you may see and study the people, costume and face, at leisure. Beautiful in outline, in grace of movement or in feature, the women certainly are not, though occasionally, here as elsewhere, one meets the exception which proves the rule. The lens takes no note of rosy cheeks and fair complexions, of bright blue eyes or red lips, and if there be real beauty in the Volendamer maid, it must be left for portrayal to the artist's colors and brushes. He can juggle a bit with

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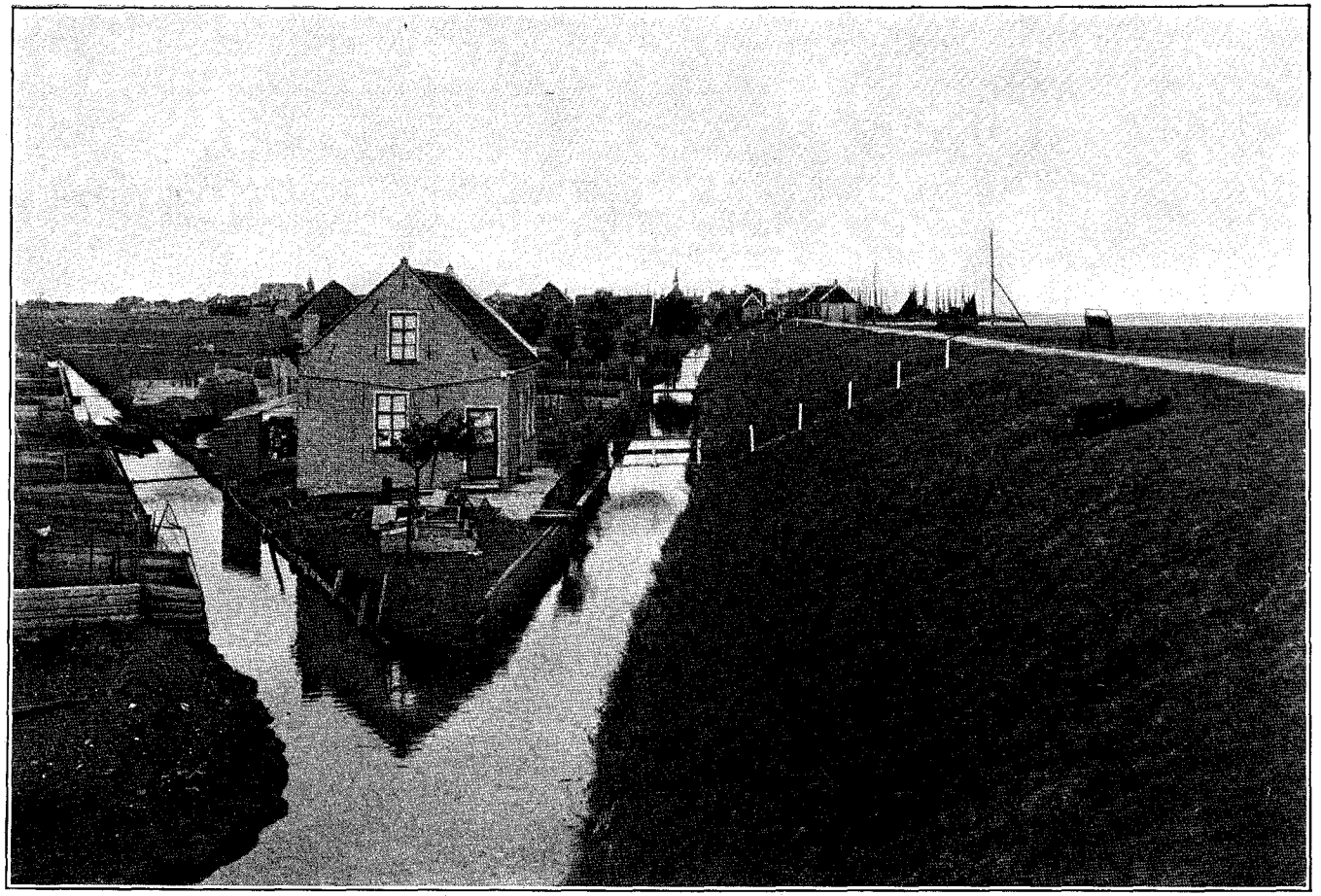

Behind the dike.

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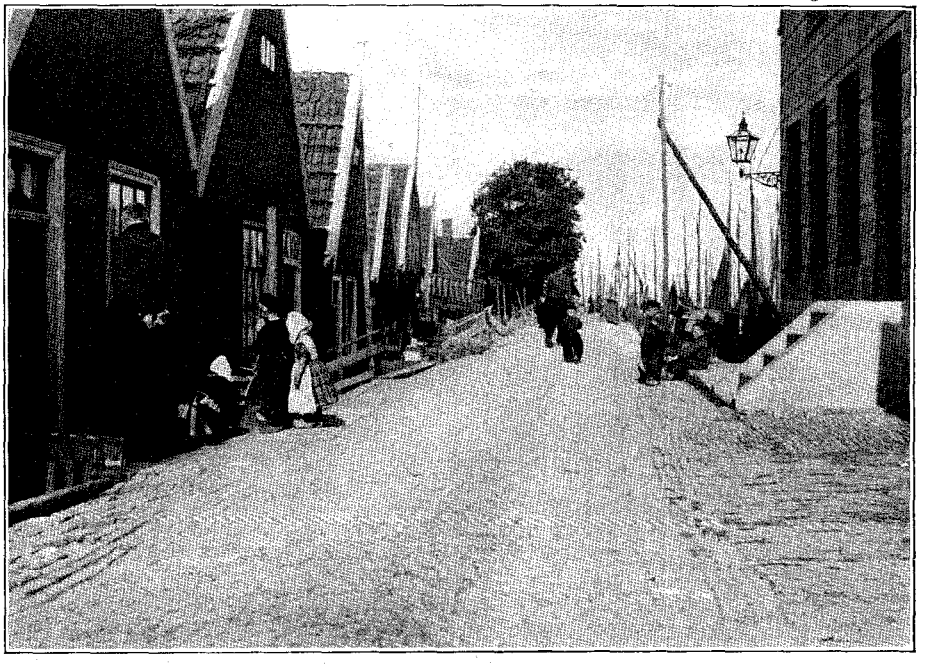
a harsh angle, a bad line, but the lens is uncompromisingly, sometimes exaggeratedly, honest, and like the person we all know well, who "invariably says just what he thinks," it suffers for its too great frankness by a loss of popularity.

But the men are magnificent photographic subjects. Not regular of feature, perhaps—one doesn't expect to find Apollo a fisherman—but big, fine-looking fellows, tall, broad of shoulder, straight of back, grave and dignified in face and movement, as are so many men who look longest at the sea. Scarce one of them can enter his own doorway without stooping low—no difficult task for these stalwart men apparently, for one sees many a heavy six-footer double up his long length in many folds and squat in what seems the most tiresome of positions for hours as he chews his cud of tobacco and swaps stories with his fellows on the harbor dike.



The dike, the main street of Volendam.

All the long summer Sunday afternoon some of them crouch there as if afraid to leave the vicinity of their beloved boats; and all the sunny hours the younger people saunter up and down the brick path, never apparently man and maid together, though you meet frequently a married couple surrounded by a group of little children, but boys and girls quite separated in groups of twos and threes, arm in arm, and chatting gayly as they go; stopping now and then at an open window or doorway, hushing their laughter and stepping softly as they cross the heavy sail-cloth spread over a thick bed of sand before a house where someone lies desperately ill, for illness and accident come also to gay Volendam as elsewhere; pausing on the dike edge amid the grasses to watch the slow sails drift along the sea, or the black and white cattle lazily crossing a distant pasture.

You may follow their footsteps if you will, but you are apt to find yourself soon back at the harbor watching those big brown boats and their sturdy owners. You know very well that in the morning men and boats will all be gone. At luncheon you had heard a newly arrived artist bewailing his fate. He had found "such an extraordinarily fine model" the day before and had his work "all blocked in now," but the exasperating man had told him he would leave before morning and not be seen for another week. And if the artist desired sympathy he got none of it, for all the others said,

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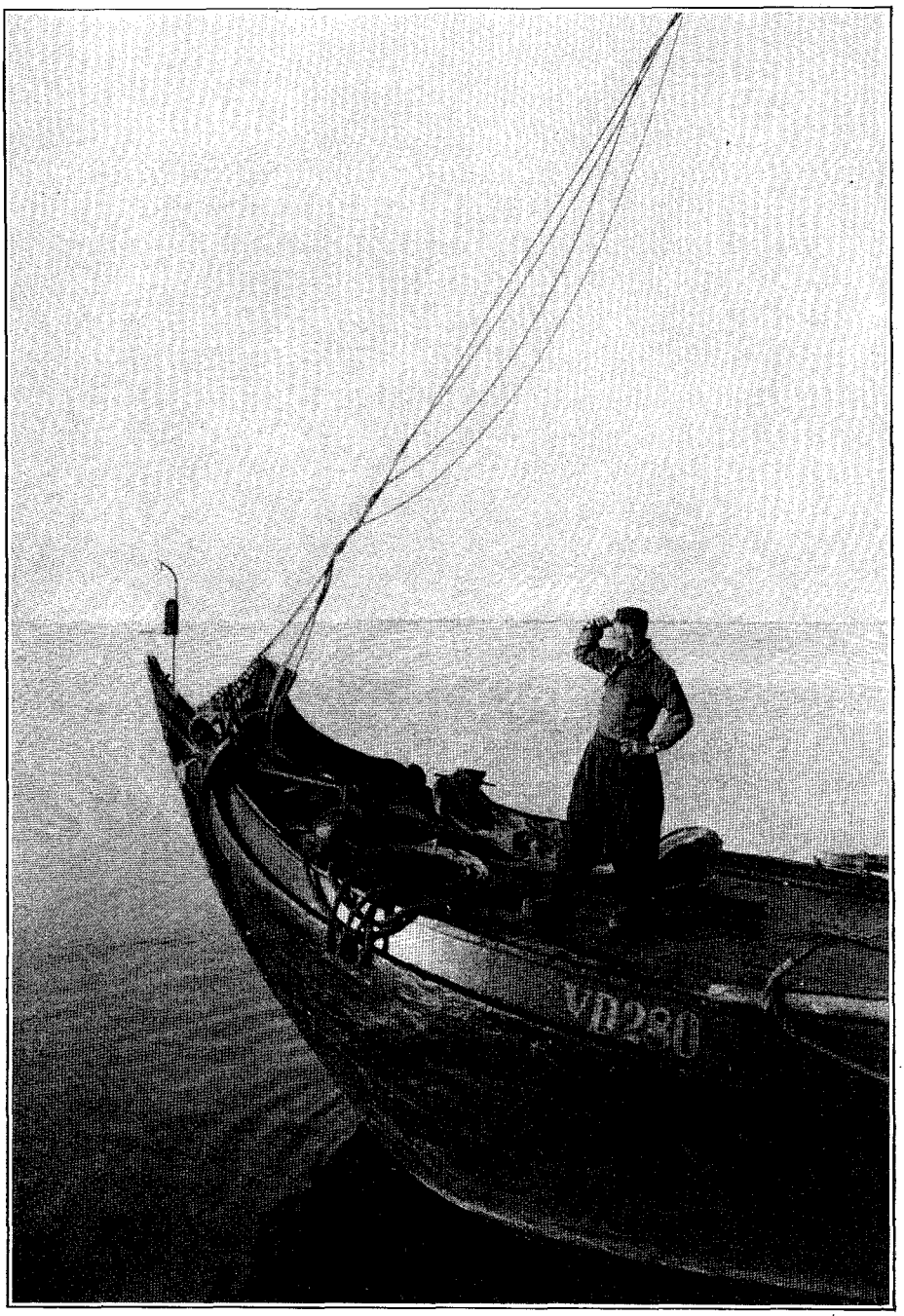

A fisherman of Volendam.

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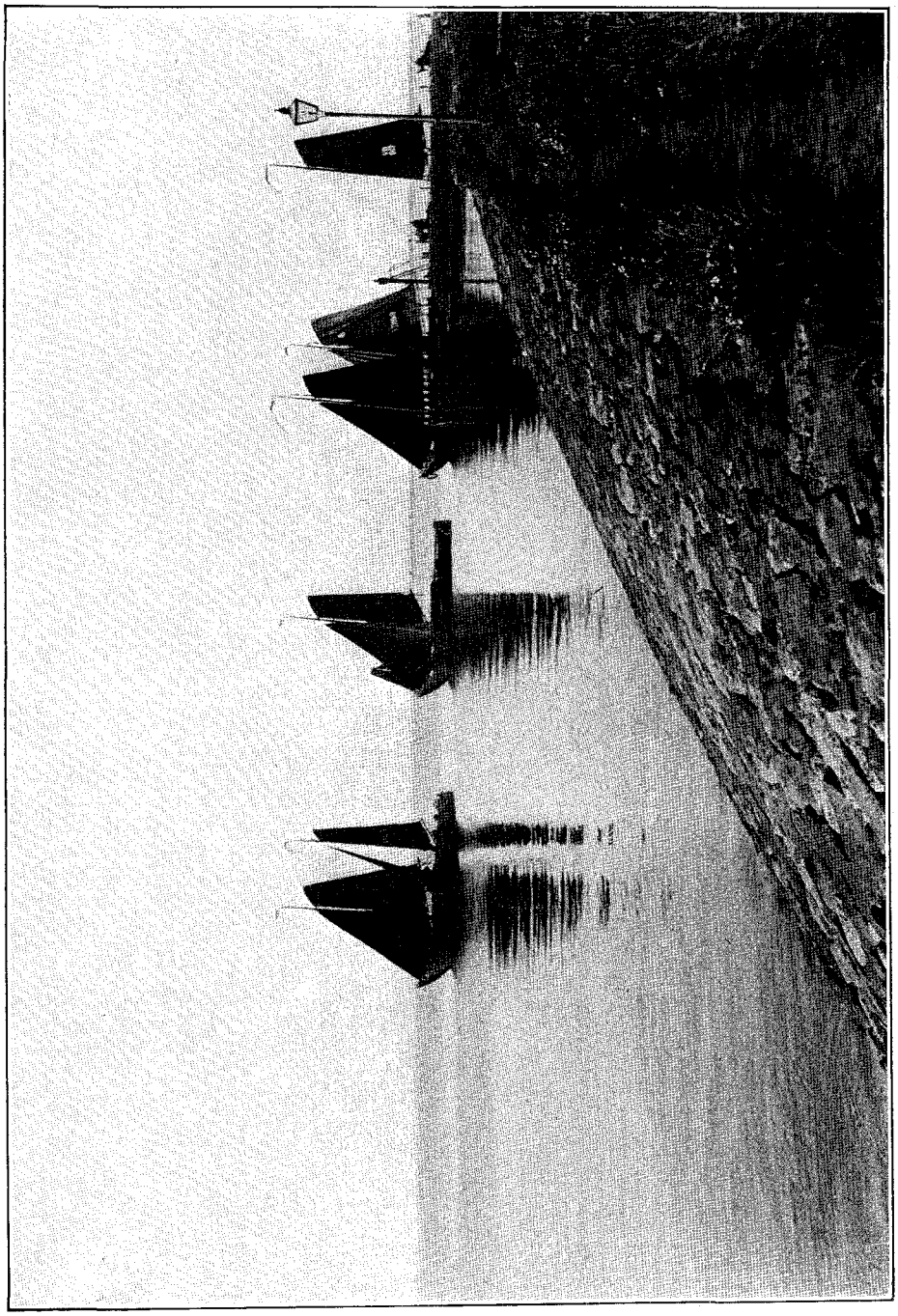

Off for the fishing grounds.

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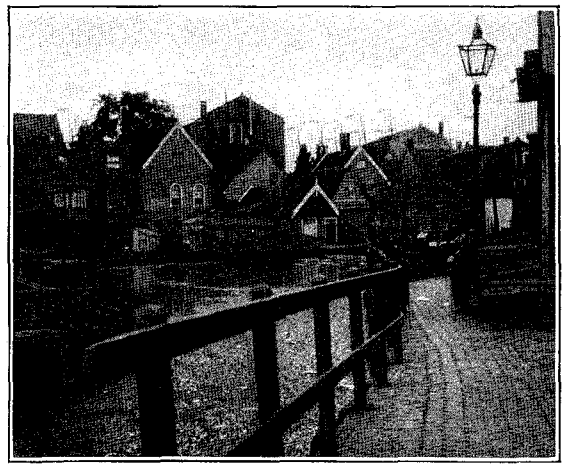
"Why, certainly," and smiled as those do who have already learned their lessons.

Somewhere between angelus bell and matin call, and the hour is left for wind and tide alone to decide, all these boats will slip, one by one, from the little harbor and hasten to their week's work on the breast of the open sea. When they return *we* shall be outward bound on the Atlantic.

The angelus sounds, caps come off, and lips move in silent prayer, even as laggard feet carry their owners to church or home. One by one the tall black figures disappear in the low doorways and soon emerge, brisk and business-like, in the magenta shirts of working days. Evidently there are final preparations to be made for the morrow, and many of the men sleep in their boats.

Disconsolately we go to bed. Shall we or shall we not get a glimpse of those dusky sails trailing out over a silver sea? Will they vanish in the darkness and silence, or shall we find some still waiting for us at dawn? Fate is kind. A glance from our window at daybreak reveals, above the intervening roofs, the pennants still floating from innumerable mast-heads, and a very few minutes thereafter sees two enthusiastic photographers hurrying, single file, along the outer dike to the harbor opening, each armed with a camera and on the alert for any opportunity, the swing of a boat from its mooring, the hoisting of a sail, the drift of the heavy craft with the outgoing tide, the ripple of lazy water from its prow. Faster and ever faster they are creeping from the harbor; already some are trailing out across the glittering pathway the low sun makes through the morning mists, as it peeps over the edge of the world. They pass and repass, jockeying to catch the first light wind, now close overlapping prow and stern, now separating as, one by one, they catch, in varying degrees, the lift of the breeze or the pull of the tide. Out from the narrow entrance in single file, the maroon and umber sails catching a glint of orange and amber on their folds from the golden sun, the hard, dark wood, smooth from long service, reflecting, at times, the rays which caress it, the tall, black figure of the captain silhouetted sharply against a gray-blue sea and sky, as he stands at the prow scanning the distant horizon, the long line passes us until finally the last "Good luck," the last farewell, is called and the harbor lies empty save for the ducks, who always tenant it. Volendam is again a village of old men, women, and children.

Lonely and quiet it seems in spite of the busy women industriously scrubbing and rubbing, in spite of the little children playing on the steps of the dike. A little later, perhaps, one will settle to definite work again, out on the breezy meadows, perhaps, or in the quiet studio, but not just yet with the memory of all those boats and those warm brown sails. Our own gay young *schipper* sails over most opportunely from his home at Marken and we gladly step into his boat and drift out of the harbor into the enticing reaches of the Zuyder Zee.



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Drawn by Olive Rush.

"Isn't he splendid!" —Page 343

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HUNGER

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVE RUSH

"IT'S a queer thing, anyway," said Eleanor, with sober eyes. She dropped down on the club-house steps, and pulled absently at the scarlet leaves in her belt. The pale October sunlight struck gold sparkles from her ruffled curly head; her sun-browned childish face was grave with thought. "Do you ever do that, Ned?"

"Do what, old lady?"

"Dream the same thing, over and over. I've dreamed this one three times now in the last four months, just since we were married, and dozens and dozens of times before. I can remember it as far back as the winter Grand-aunt Isabel took me to Italy with her. I was only five then. And it was always coming when I was with the sisters. I used to wake up and think it was one of them bending over me—the gray dress and all, you know. But one day I asked Sister Hyacinthe, who had charge of us minims, and she said that I always slept like a dormouse——"

"I'll wager."

"And that she hadn't gone to my alcove a single time in all the four years I'd stayed there. So it must have been just that same dream."

"Very likely." Her husband considered the wide, undulating green with placid gaze. "Watch Jimmy Curtis wallop that ball. He plays golf like a pleased Comanche."

"I can't help wondering why it keeps coming back," Eleanor went on, half to herself. "It makes me feel so dissatisfied, somehow; for I know that she's longing to ask me some question; and I can't answer."

"Why don't you wake up and talk back?"

"I do, goosey! That's what makes it so exasperating. My eyes are just popping out, wide awake, every time; but my tongue won't budge. I can't talk a bit, not a solitary word."

"Be sure it's a dream." Ned's wide blue cherub eyes lifted pensively to the tinted hills; his left shoulder lifted, too, in swift prescience of the wrath to come. But for once his ear escaped unchastened. Eleanor went on, unconscious of his gibe.

"She's always so eager! She stoops over me as I lie there, and peers down into my face as if she wanted to look clear through me, body and soul. I never see her so very clearly; she has long brown curls, and they blow across her face. But I don't need to see her, to know how curious she is. Her body leans over, as if it tried to see, too. Her hands are eager; they're warm and soft, and all sweet with some queer old-fashioned perfume, and they sort of flutter, she's in such a hurry, and I can always feel her eyes just begging me to tell her, quick, before she must go away. She's always hurrying—and yet she wants so to stay."

"He won't get out of that ditch if he digs till Christmas," murmured Ned. "Yes, it is queer, how dreams tag after you. I used to have 'em myself, when I was playing on the team. Used to wake up in a cold sweat, always in the last half, with the score a tie—and me fumbling the ball! Ugh, I wouldn't get over it all day! If it worries you, don't think about it, nor talk about it. Then it'll go away."

He scrambled up and drew her to her feet. Shoulder to shoulder, boy-husband and girl-wife might have posed as noble fragments from some antique shrine, miraculously copied in warm young flesh and radiant bloom. The girl, for all her dryad fairness of white-rose coloring and rounded lines, was moulded to a strength as poised and exquisite as that of the splendid body beside her. The boy's eyes met hers tranquilly. Their level gaze mirrored the lucent innocence of her own.

"I wish I knew what she wants," she pondered, as they sauntered down the wide, empty piazza, brown fingers interlaced and swinging. "If only——"

"Oh, dreams are all tommy-rot, any-

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way. Don't be so quiddly, Nell. You'll be shaking me awake to meet your gray lady every night in the week."

"My gray lady isn't half as quiddly as your falling down on a football play." Eleanor rammed her arms belligerently into her white coat. "And I'll wager I can beat you down to the gate. Let's start on this crack. Pig, don't you *dare* put your foot past it! One—two—three—a-ah!"

With a breathless spurt, she gained the high arch, half a yard ahead.

"I just let you beat to please you," puffed Ned, with large masculine indulgence. "Say, sis, I can stop that dream for you." He looked down at her, his eyes rippling. A charming, shamefaced pink flared in his tanned cheek. "Look sharp, now, I'm giving orders. You're not to dream about anybody or anything on the face of the earth hereafter, world without end, except—Me. Promise, now."

Eleanor considered.

"Turn about's fair play. How's that?"

"Sure thing."

They halted in the shadow of the gateway to crook ceremonious fingers upon their compact, their faces set in solemn grins. Then, instinctively, they leaned to each other. Shielded in vine-bound shadow, they kissed like royal children, serenely blind to the unfathomable riches of their heritage, unknowing and content.

For all her promises, her questing dream followed Eleanor and clung in her thought until it came to be a part of life, an ever-recurring figure in the fabric of her days. In time, she came to take a fanciful delight in it; for it drifted, a haze of mystery, across the happy, monotonous surface of her world; and with it fleeted, like melting iridescence upon a bubble blown, vague, gleaming recollections of other scenes where it had shadowed forth to her. The wide, cool, frescoed room, all faded Loves and tarnished Graces, its carven windows each a setting for a far blue jewel of Italian sea; the narrow, cloistered niche, one maiden candle burning white before the little shrine; the dim, home chamber where she had slept, the night of her betrothal, in Grand-aunt Isabel's tender arms; all these dear images blurred and blent until they flowed, a luminous aura, about the clearer image of her dream.

It was never a weird vision; it brought no thought of pain. Always it wore but the one gentle semblance. She would fancy herself in her own bed, lying broad awake in the gray day. Every sense would be aroused and eager; the assurance of reality would be so strong that, days after, she could recall the broadening path of light through the narrowed shutter, the faint cold morning smell of the rain-wet garden beyond. Yet her eyes never paused to prove their vision; for always beside her leaned the Vision itself; and every power strained with aching effort to meet its plea.

The figure was that of a young girl, younger than herself, beautiful with a beauty that glowed like a pale star through the twilight mist of dreams. Brown, heavy hair lay in great soft curls on her fair shoulders, and blew in airy rings around her face. A long majestic gown of velvet, ashen gray in shadow, paling to silver, dragged on her slender body and sheathed her little arms. Her hands were strung with jewels and smothered in falling lace; broad dulled chains of cameos shone on her neck and bound her tender wrists. In all her wide-flowing magnificence, she looked like a child playing at queen. For the first moment, Eleanor would feel herself patronizingly old and wise before her. Yet the eyes were never the eyes of a child. Nor was the answer that she had come to win a childish thing.

She hung over Eleanor, strung taut in every delicate muscle, her round throat tense, her young breast quivering. Her little hands hovered and groped, entreating; her body leaned and besought. Her brown eyes seized upon Eleanor's, clung to them, searched them with a gaze so urging and so passionate that Eleanor, bound and helpless in her net of silence, would fight for speech until her very soul rose up, in frantic, impotent aid. There was no anger in those dark, peering eyes; their look held neither wonderment nor fear. But all her beautiful, mysterious being throbbed with that one mighty impulse—*that utter eagerness*, that desperate curiosity which fuses body and soul into one flaming effort, leaping unavailingly upon the miracle which it will understand.

Shaken to consciousness by her longing to help, Eleanor would find herself awake in truth; and as her eyelids lifted to real day, the little pleading shape would glim-

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mer from her sight. Yet the illusion was so strong, so clear, that she could feel that slender, hovering palm against her hair, the sweep of hurrying, scented robes against her knee. And always there lingered, like an echo of far bells, the ghost of a dim, sweet perfume, laden with mystic remembrance; the very perfume of dreams.

At length the vision came less frequently: and presently even the memory of it faded from her thought. For now her life had flushed awake, in sudden morning radiance, and her new day, so crowded and so joyous, held no more room for dreams. Yet she herself was not awakened For all her days were dream days now, glorified, expectant, enthralling. The hours slipped through her waiting hands like beads upon her girlhood rosary. And all her dawns were rose-blown; and all her dews were pearl.

Once only, during her short, happy convalescence, the vision came to her again. As ever before, she roused to feel the fall of the light hand against her cheek, cool as wind-tossed apple-blossom, to see the frail, gray shape hovering near. But now those eager, questioning eyes were not for Eleanor alone. For as Eleanor awoke, she turned from her side and caught the baby up from his pillows, then drew back, glowing and triumphant, the tiny, yielding body cradled high in both slim arms. And from the beautiful searching face that bent above the child, there streamed an ecstasy that lay as white as joy upon the little face.

"Isn't he splendid!" Eleanor's heart of pride beat out the rapturous up-blown words. But even as she spoke, she knew again her dream. For the night-nurse dozed by the shaded lamp and the baby lay as he had lain, in her own breast.

The boy grew and flourished. He was a square, adorable princeling, brown-eyed, golden-headed, with a cheek like a pussy-willow bud, and the disposition of a well-bred puppy. His father, overgrown boy himself, alternately worshipped him and tinkered with him as if he had been a fascinating wound-up toy. Eleanor, for all her strange new mother-wisdom, hardly believed in him; he was entirely too good to be true. The months of his life lengthened past a year, and she still walked softly before the glory of her child.

It was easier for Ned to grow used to him than for her, she thought sometimes, a little wistfully. He had his father and mother and a phalanx of adoring sisters to share his transports; he could strut and boast to his heart's content, sure of an audience even more shamelessly exultant in its pride than he. Eleanor, on her side, stood alone. Her girl-mother had died in her babyhood; her father's name brought no recollection. Out of all her house, not one of her own blood remained to rejoice with her but the Grand-aunt Isabel, whose patient love had always been her refuge. So to Aunt Isabel she went, secure in an understanding that could never fail her. But the elder woman's largess of sympathy was tempered with gentle amused indulgence for her vain delight; and she owned herself still unsatisfied.

"If I just had somebody my own age, to show him to!" she longed. "Someone who didn't care which side he took after, nor whether he was going to have Grandfather Coleman's gout or Grandfather Underwood's nose, or would grow up High-church Presbyterian or Low-church Unitarian, but could just look at him and rave over him, and see how absurd and cunning and gorgeous he really is! If only——"

Her wistful eyes brightened with sudden tender laughter. "I just wish I could show him off to that dear little dream I used to have! *She'd* know how splendid he is! She thought he was the whole thing, that one time she did look at him. I almost——"

"Where did the kid go, Nell?" Her husband, lounging on the warm turf beside her hammock, cocked a drowsy eye.

"He posted off down the porch a while ago. Where are you, Neddy, son?"

The baby trotted ponderously around a corner of the piazza. His dumpling cheeks puffed with beatific smiles; his tight-curled head shone like a dandelion against the vivid grass.

"Where have you been, young man? Who have you been larking with, to make you look so cheerful?"

"Lady," said Neddy affably. Lady was his gallant term for everything in petticoats, from his stately grandmother to the giddy young thing in tissue frills who hung from his father's shaving-stand.

"What lady, my lamb?"

Neddy puckered crescent brows.

"Gone-away lady," he formulated pres-

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ently, podgy hands outstretched to speak illimitable distance. "Way-way by. All gone!"

"The gone-away lady, is it? He's forever chortling about her," yawned Ned. "When I went up to the nursery last night he was standing at the window in those bear-cub pajamas of his, throwing juicy kisses to his gone-away lady. Somebody who stops outside to make love to him over the hedge, I suppose. It's disgusting, how daffy this entire neighborhood gets about him; and he nothing but an every-day common or garden child, you might say. Don't squeeze him so tight, Nell. You're scrouging his nose all to one side. Oh, I don't know that he's so dead common, after all. He does pretty well, for the likes of us. What is it, sis?"

Eleanor set the child on her knee. Slow wonder deepened in her eyes.

"Nothing. I was just thinking——"

Her voice trailed away in bewildered silence. She gathered her baby tightly into her arms, and laid her face against his dimpled shoulder. The lace and lawn against her cheek were faintly redolent of soft, mysterious perfume, unknown, yet keenly, poignantly familiar. She groped for recollection; but this fleeting phantom token, too evanescent to be called a fragrance, held for her no conscious memory. Only she glimpsed the shimmer of wan dawnlight upon a misty, gray-robed form. For an instant, she felt the hurrying touch of slender fingers upon her own.

"Come to your stern parent," commanded Ned, stretching out mighty arms. "Upon my honor, Nell, he's grown three inches since yesterday, lengthwise and crosswise and straight through. He must measure just about a yard each way. Twenty-seven cubic feet of angel infancy! Sounds like a baby hippopotamus. Here, you cannibal, are you eating grasshoppers again? Shame! Nice manners to gobble your little playmates like that!"

It was perhaps a fortnight later when Eleanor went again to spend a dutiful hour with Grand-aunt Isabel. Her afternoons there were always a happy interlude. The old house was her comrade; every turn in the deep, ancient staircase welcomed her; every tarnished mirror and wide-swinging door gave her familiar greeting. Aunt Isabel herself, imperious, merry, keen of sight, and keener still of tongue, was the ethereal spice that gave the final delicate zest to her atmosphere, and made its aroma of gracious age and high tradition a savor, not a cloying sweet.

As Eleanor entered, she turned from her heaped sewing-table with a brisk nod of her silvery capped head.

"You're just in time, child. March over here and sort those silk pieces for me. I'm planning an hereditary slumber-robe for that incomparable infant of yours, and it's to have bits of every wedding-gown and brocaded vest and damask petticoat that's peacocked through the family in four generations. You needn't smile, Miss Impudence. True, I'm piecing scraps, instead of cutting my days out of a full pattern, like you. But never mind. You'll be rising eighty in a year or so yourself, and you may well be proud if you turn out as neat a stent as mine.

"Put the stamped velvets all to themselves, dear. They're sniffy bachelor aristocrats, anyway; they won't like to rub elbows with the limp lady-silks, nor even the dowager damasks. Yes, they're magnificent fabrics, and just as masculine as if they wore side-whiskers and fat gold chains. That black piece with the little red lozenges standing up on their toes was the vest Uncle Dudley Coleman wore the day they tried to hiss him down in the Senate for his speech against the Dred Scott decision. I'll wager Uncle Dudley was standing on his toes just about then, too. The Colemans had faults enough and some to lend to the neighbors, but cowardice wasn't in the family motto. That pale-blue piece with the brocaded pink curlycues was Cousin Amariah Bradbury's. Do you remember when Amariah proposed to me? N-no, I suppose not. It was the spring of '42, I think. Amariah wore that very vest, and I recall how the blue matched his eyes, and the pink was just the shade of his little sprouting curly mustache——"

"Aunt Isabel, aren't you ashamed!"

"Indeed, I'm not, Sissy Pert. I'm proud of my memory. When I consider how many there were of them, that spring alone, I wonder that I can recall their names, even. That brown piece with the autumn leaves in raised work was Gran'ther Davenport's fourth-wedding vest. I always

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felt that Gran'ther showed a rare poetic spirit in choosing that pattern. The puce satin was father's. I've gone to sleep in church with my head on the watch-pocket many's the time. The silvery stripe with the embossed cherries—that was your Uncle Richard's. No, dear, I don't remember whether he wore it the night he proposed to me or not. I wasn't interested in velvet waistcoats just then. I was so afraid one minute that he *would* ask me, in spite of all I could do, and so terrified the next for fear that he *wouldn't!*"

Her transparent face sparkled with April laughter.

"Ah, well, he sputtered it out at last, though I had to prod him on shamefully. But I've been thankful for sixty years that I did. Those plain velvets should go in a separate pile. The lilac one I wore when I danced with old Admiral Von Deyn at the Embassy, and he trod on the edge of my hoop and nearly tilted me over. The cinnamon was Augusta Chandler's; it was hideously unbecoming, and not at all what she wanted, but it was a great bargain, and Augusta never could resist a bargain. I sometimes think that was why she married Philemon. The peach-blow your Uncle Richard brought me from Paris. I had blond undersleeves, and a large Honiton bertha, and your Uncle Richard used to say——"

The sweet old voice rambled on contentedly. Eleanor did not hear. In the midst of the pile before her lay an odd exquisite bit—a velvet, ashen gray, gleaming silver as she turned it to the light. She picked it up eagerly. The downy fibres seemed to catch and cling upon her fingers. She laid her cheek against the luminous folds. Again that vague wonder encompassed her; for, as if woven into the glinting warp, there breathed forth a far, dim perfume—the wan, elusive perfume of her dreams. It swayed her like a wind of magic; it swung her past her broad, familiar world, into another world, star-distant.

"What have you found, Eleanor? Oh!"

She put down her work and looked at the girl for a moment, without further speech. Then she took the velvet tenderly from Eleanor's hands. A shadowy pink warmed her soft withered cheek.

"That was one of Evelyn's dresses, child. I don't believe you ever saw it before. It was part of her trousseau—the most ridiculously unsuitable thing for a girl of nineteen. But she always loved such sumptuous, solemn clothes, the little dear! And your father loved to see her trail around in them; he'd have dressed her in cloth of gold, if he could. She loved her jewelry, too; I never saw her dressed for a party that her little neck and arms weren't decked with the cameo chains your grandfather bought for her. Perhaps it was childish of her to care so much for things to wear. But then she was only a little girl, younger by four years than you are now.

"Sometimes I can't help wondering what the Lord was thinking about to let her die. You two would have had such good times! I don't believe she ever would have grown up; and as for mothering you—you'd have been the mother, not she. But she was so cunning and winsome and whimsical and sweet! She had the oddest impatient curiosity about things, just like the child she was. She couldn't bear to read a story through; she must know how it ended before she was half-way down the first page. She hated a concert or a play—'Because you can't skip.' She was forever hurrying. Happy? Yes, dear. The happiest little creature that ever drew breath. But sometimes when I remember how eager she was, how she used to snatch at life, I wonder if—perhaps—she knew.

"She was curious about you, too, in that same whimsey way. She used to pick you up and kiss you and beg you to make haste and grow up, 'Oh, hurry, *hurry*, mother's love!' she'd say, over and over, 'so I can see what you're going to be like.' She used to beg you to be sure and have your father's eyes, 'But you can have my mouth, if you want it,' she'd assure you politely. And she was forever fretting about such nonsensical things, whether there might be some awful chance that you'd grow up to have shiny black hair, like Cousin Augusta's, or what if you should like cup-custards. 'Think of it, Aunt Isabel!' she'd wail, and she'd laugh, but with those curly lashes of hers all blazing with tears, 'Think of a child of mine liking them, actually *liking* them!' Oh, she was the dearest little foolish lovely thing!"

She laid the velvet on Eleanor's knee, and turned to her stitchery once more with a slow, tremulous sigh.

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Eleanor worked on steadfastly, her heavy lashes drooping. The many-colored tangle yielded to flawless order beneath her flying hands. The long, fair afternoon waned; the two still sat together, speaking now and then a peaceful surface word, but for the most part in the tranquil silence of content.

"I'll have to run home to the boy, now," said Eleanor at length. She folded the last roll and bent her tall head for good-by. "Mind you don't sew too hard on this quilt, even if it is for the Incomparable. And," her strong young voice wavered with a sudden wistful thrill, "I wish you'd put all the pieces in."

"I will, child." The elder woman kissed her abruptly. Her keen eyes never lifted from her work; her tone fluted with swift understanding. "Be sure I'll put all the pieces in."

The new moon traced its gleaming paraph above the darkling elms as she went up the path to her own door. A belated robin piped importunate confidences to the daffodils; the garden breathed deep in balmy April dusk. Eleanor pushed by its loveliness unheeding. Her eyes were dark with shadowing thought. For the first hour in all her brooded, shielded life, she found herself bewildered and alone. Through even the white glory of her happiness it clouded upon her; the pitiful, unknowing loneliness of the motherless child.

She climbed the stairs to Neddy's room. The nurse brushed past her in the dark hall. She turned with a quick word of surprise.

"Why, Mrs. Underwood! Why, I didn't know that you had gone out again! Did your friend want to stay with Neddy?"

"My friend? I've been gone all afternoon, Miss Trescott; and I brought no one home with me. Who do you mean?"

The nurse looked back at her helplessly.

"Why, the lady who is in the nursery with him now. I started to go in a while ago, but they were having such a lovely romp, I hated to spoil it. No, I only caught a glimpse—a slender little thing."

Eleanor thrust past her to the door. Her body throbbed with frantic haste. Intolerable hope surged through her veins. Her soul leaped within her in a terror of anticipation. She urged toward the door as one long blind might urge toward the promise of sight.

Neddy lay curled in his crib, rosy as anemones, his fists shut tight, the lashes golden on his milky cheek. She bent and snatched him up with trembling arms. The nursery lay hushed in fire-lit peace; she stood alone with her child.

Yet, for a breath, as she entered the room it had flickered upon her sight. The sweep of long gray gown, the bronzed hair, the clasping, hovering hands.

Neddy opened a brown, sleepy eye.

"Gone-away lady," he murmured, with a chuckle of content. His fat hands lifted and clung around his mother's neck. "Way-way by. All gone."

Then, with the weight of the warm little body against her arm, the joy of the silken head against her breast, great understanding came upon her. And she cried out, with an exceeding piteous and tender cry:

"Oh, you poor little love! You poor little hungry, eager thing! He's yours, too, dear. Yours and mine. I know all about it now. You'd waited till you were just starved, you wanted to have him so. And you couldn't stand it any longer. You just *had* to see him, and love him—and know."

"Lady," sighed Neddy. His petal cheek tucked down warm against her neck; and in a breath he slipped away, far on a sea of dreams.

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THE DISCIPLINING OF PETER

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

SOMETHING in the way Peter looked at her as he came in from the office just before dinner attracted his wife's attention. "What mischief has he been in now?" was her swift thought. It was not that she feared any great calamity, nor did he seem to be reassuring her about anything; only the slightest hint of propitiation in his eye made her think of a nice doggie who comes in wagging his tail quite hard when he has done something he knows he is likely to be scolded for, gently.

Mrs. Peter Wyckoff made no pretensions to clairvoyance, but any woman comes to understand her husband's idiosyncrasies much better than he does himself, after only two or three years of married life, and even in modern times of detachment and "individuality"; and she took no more credit to her own powers of penetration in knowing Peter like a book than in her instinctive perception of guile in the butcher or the grocer—it was all part of her daily experience. All she had to do was to keep quiet, and after a bit everything would be revealed to her—fairly tumbled out upon the floor. So she smiled gayly at Peter, and gave no sign.

"Any news?" she asked presently, in the usual form of her question which meant, if expanded to its full dimensions: "Did you hear any gossip around the office to-day about any of those big stories, political or social, which never get printed because it wouldn't do, but which are the most interesting things in the world because they show the network of strings and pulleys that moves the whole panorama, and which the great public never sees, but only the people in diplomacy and the people who make the newspapers?"

"No," said Peter, lightly, yet with that almost imperceptible something in his tone which Edith had noticed when he came in. "Nothing at the office. But I did strike something on my way home."

Edith waited, silently preparing her batteries of remonstrance for action, for she somehow felt that it would be necessary for her to disagree with her husband, whatever he had to tell her.

"I found three of the most corking old bureaus you ever saw"—Peter hastily discharged his cargo of intelligence—"one of 'em a swell-front with the original glass handles, and the other almost as good, and for about one-third of what John would ask for 'em. They were standing on the sidewalk in front of a new place—just opened, I guess, and the man was anxious to make a sale—and I knew if I didn't take 'em when I saw 'em, some dealer or other would come along and snap 'em up, so I told him to send 'em around to-morrow."

"But Peter!" she said in dismay, "where are they to go? You know there's no room for three more bureaus in this apartment!"

Peter's enthusiasm was dashed, but he held his ground. "Oh, can't you try to work 'em in somewhere?" he pleaded. "Why, it was like finding 'em in the street, at the price he asked for 'em—I haven't paid him anything yet. But I should feel I had committed sacrilege if I didn't buy such a bureau as that with the curved front, inlaid, too—with the glass handles still on it, for eight dollars!"

"Now you're talking like a dealer," she said. "Are you an old furniture dealer, or a newspaper man? Anyway, it's a choice for you between sacrilege and murder, then, for I shall die with discomfort if you keep on. I'm very serious, Peter; this thing has got to stop. It's all very well to be a collector, but you haven't got the money to collect the really precious things—they cost too much, nowadays. And so, you're only a magpie. You buy things and things and things, just because—oh, I don't know why you do get them, I'm sure. And you're spoiling all the artistic value of our pretty apartment by getting too many things in it. I don't want to live in a shop, but in a home where everything means something. And

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three more bureaus would be quite out of place, even if we had room for them, which we haven't." She knit her smooth brow into a network of lines. "There's a little table in the small bedroom that we don't care about," she went on, one or two of the lines fading out in the concession. "We can give that away and put one bureau in its place, I suppose, but the other two must not come."

Peter capitulated easily, when it came to the point, for he really did love his wife and prefer her comfort rather than bureaus, or porcelain of Cathay. "Oh, well, I can tell Casey I don't want but one, of course, if it will make you any easier in your mind," he said.

"And you must promise me now, Peter," went on his wife, quietly rivetting his fetters, "that you won't buy anything more unless I know all about it beforehand. Will you? Promise me, now!"

"All right," assented Peter, rather hastily and without great enthusiasm; "I'll promise, so cheer up. Don't take it so hard, dear. And now let's talk about what we're going to have for dinner."

While Peter was sitting at his desk in the office the next morning, his eye fell upon the date line at the top of the newspaper in his hand. June third. He had read it unconsciously a dozen times before, that day, but suddenly it meant something to him. Four days more, and then, the Seventh of June. And what was the Seventh of June? Why, the fifth anniversary of his wedding day!

The newspaper was still held before his eyes, but his eyes looked through it—back through five years—the happiest five years of his life. He remembered that he had thought he loved Edith with a perfect adoration on his wedding day, and yet each following year had shown him how to adore her more completely. He recalled the various anniversaries—the first, when they spent the day together in the country; the second, when they went shopping for a sideboard and six dining-room chairs, and didn't get them (but the sideboard had come later, Peter reflected in parenthesis); the third anniversary, when they had been separated by force of circumstances; the fourth, last year, when they had reflected, together, upon what old married people they were, yet how surprisingly young they felt in spite of their great age; and now the fifth anniversary was at hand—how could he mark it for them both? He had always given her a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley on those days because she had carried them for her bride's bouquet, and he had written her a little verse each time, and she had liked the verses, amazing as it might seem!

But the fifth anniversary—that was different, wasn't it? Peter seemed to remember some sort of decimal--or half-decimal —classification in wedding anniversaries. Five years, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five —yes, a fifth anniversary had some special significance, certainly; and he wouldn't let it go with any lilies-of-the-valley and machine-made poetry. She should have something entirely different. What would she like best?

Now, marriage is a great mystery, and the spiritual osmosis that takes place between two whom God hath joined together is a phenomenon as wonderful as the drawing and withdrawing of the tides. Peter's mind projected itself into Edith's head, and he considered it from her point of view. But inasmuch as Edith was wont to do the same thing, her mind absorbed Peter's ideas, and his preferences seemed to be her own. And then each, conscious of this ebb and flow between them, tried hard to turn their ideas around again, so that each might be sure what the other would really prefer without the subtle influence from outside. And the result was such an inextricable tangle of what he would like because he thought it would please her, and what she preferred because it might be his own secret wish, that Peter and Edith usually found themselves on a finer point than the needle of the theological disputants.

Out of it all emerged the clear idea that if he should find anything that pleased him extravagantly, it would please her just as surely, because they had reduced their perplexities to their lowest terms, on several occasions, by this simple rule of selection, which might seem to the blind glance of the outsider to be pure selfishness. Therefore, with all this complex formula winding its convolutions in his mind, Peter decided to search for some ornament for the house as a proper gift for the fifth anniversary. Thus may the simplest egotism rest upon an elaborate foundation of altruistic subtlety. Oh, yes, marriage *is* a great mystery.

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So Peter made a flying visit to several of the old furniture shops that afternoon. He felt that he should recognize the exact, ideal, inevitable gift if he should see it. He went to the head waters of Fourth Avenue and dropped down stream as swiftly as he could, touching at all the landings where spoils of antiquity more or less remote were displayed; but never had the quest seemed more discouraging, never did so many expensive banalities offend his faith in the existence, somewhere, of exactly the right gift for Edith on their fifth anniversary. Tommy Shea, that shrewd Irishman who always might be depended on to have at least one bit of bric-a-brac worthy of a Bond Street shop, could only offer a pair of exquisite crystal girandoles (Edith already had beautiful old Sheffield candelabra) and a little goose-necked, backless seat which, though wonderfully fine, was held at a price so wonderful that Peter shook his head. Old Mrs. Siebold's shop was a desert; Bostwick's and Bouvier's emporiums were equally wastes of glittering and extravagant stupidity. Aaronson, it would appear, must have taken the whole product of the factories where the Neo-Adam painted chairs and the Parisian Lowestoft and Worcester come from. The little Italian dealer who had lately shouldered himself into the neighborhood had a deadly array of what Peter classified as Philadelphia-Victorian furniture, and a few old plates and teapots which would have disgraced a country dealer's stock. The big Italian shop across the way was full of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, in copies assorted to suit any taste, but Peter rebelled; and he entered old John Rorke's shop, at last, in a pretty bad temper.

It was a quarter of six and John was filling his pipe, anticipating the gracious hour when he might exchange his surroundings of Napoleon, the combined Georges and Louis', and the American colonies, for tobacco and the evening newspaper in a chair on his door-step. Still, fifteen minutes remained, and the pipe slipped into his trousers pocket. "How d'ye do, Misther Wyckoff," he said, patiently.

"John, have *you* got anything fit to look at?" asked Peter, sadly. "I want to get some little thing different from anything else, for Mrs. Wyckoff," he added, in fine reliance upon John's receptive intelligence.

"Th' place is full o' thim," replied John, gently. "There's scarce wan thing alike—niver two, in arl th' shop. W'u'd it be a foor-posther now? Or a Bhoxer spear? Or a snuff-box gyaranteed to hav' been carried by wan o' th' laadies o' th' coort o' th' Graand Monarky? Why, we've naught but rarities, Misther Wyckoff. Ye'll find ut, no fear, av only ye'll luk around."

Thus John, half in formula, half in good-humored mockery of Peter's disconsolate air. Together they penetrated the labyrinth of the shop.

"W'u'd it be china?" ventured John, reaching over the back of a chair and bringing up a great blue wash-bowl, made in Staffordshire for what the British manufacturer had still thought of as the "colonial trade." "Washin'ton weepin' at th' tomb o' Layfayette, or Layfayette weepin' at th' tomb o' Washin'ton, I disremember which," he admitted. "Luk at th' daark blue—ye know how scaarce it's gettin'."

Peter grumbled dissent. "Oh, no, that old blue makes your house look like a bathroom if you hang much of it up," he said. "Besides, I want something different, I told you. What's in that case?"

"Ah, a bit of a fan, now?" sighed John. "Sure 't was th' proide o' th' old sea-captain's sweetheart—this wan," he said, pushing aside a coppery Sheffield toast-rack and a discolored miniature or two, and lifting a tiny Chinese painted paper fan, its blues and greens and rose-pinks doggedly vivid after many years. The dusty wisp of ribbon, faded from purple to pale gray, broke with the slight strain, and the slender sticks fell apart.

Peter's eye lingered regretfully. "No-o," he said, "it's too ricketty, and pathetic."

John's philosophy was more lightly affected by the plaintive fragrance of forgotten keepsakes. "Av ut's a raal heirloom ye'd like," he suggested, as his eye roamed to a cumbrous object against the farther wall, "taake a squint at tthat oold bit beyant. Ah! ut may have come fr'm th' Deserted Village itself—ut may be th' very same wan—'conthrived a dooble dibt to paay, a bid be night, a chist o' dhrawers be daay'—w'u'dn't Mrs. Wyckoff like to have Gooldsmith livin' in th' house wid her? Ut's not iv'ry daay ye c'n find a fooldin' bid o' th' eighteenth cint'ry!"

Peter laughed. "Mrs. Wyckoff's down

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on folding-beds, John, even if we haven't a big house. But there must be something different—what's that thing in the little frame?" he demanded, pointing to something almost hidden in the shadow of an "ancestor." (John was accustomed to refer to all the wonderful gallery of dingy old portraits which covered his walls, as "ancestors." "They're arl authentic poortraits," he said, "an' how do I know but their actule discindants is among my custhomers?")

John's eye settled on the little frame. "Ah, there's your threasure," he declared. "An' th' ignobilly vulgus p'raadin' past ut f'r five years!" he added, reflectively, as he reached it down. "Misther Wyckoff, ye've th' divil's own eye f'r a barrgain!"

Peter held the little print, framed in simple strips of old moulding, and examined it carefully. It was about the size of a wedding card, and showed a mourning figure leaning upon a carved stone sarcophagus surmounted by a palette and brushes and a heap of bay leaves. The draped figure was full of lovely curves, and a chubby little torch-bearer hid his face beside his extinguished flambeau. A panel upon the sarcophagus bore the inscription:

SUCCEDET FAMA
VIVUSQUE PER ORA
FERETUR

and upon the broad base of the sculpture ran the legend:

"The Executors and Family of Sir Joshua Reynolds return thanks for the tribute of respect paid to departed Genius and Virtue, by your attendance at the funeral of that illustrious painter and most amiable man, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Saturday, March 3, 1792."

In the lower left-hand corner minute letters showed "E. F. Borney del." and at the right, "F. Bartolozzi R. A. sculps." And below, upon the margin of the little brown print, the good black ink of the personal inscription was clear: "To Richard Clarke, Esq^re."

Peter's admission came, slowly. "Well, John, this *is* different. Yes—it must be genuine—nobody would take the trouble to imitate this particular thing. And I should think it was probably engraved by Bartolozzi himself—he would scarcely have let one of his pupils do Sir Joshua's funeral cards. . . ."

"'Tis as raare a bit as I iver had in th' shop," affirmed John, solemnly. "Ah, 'tis a far cry fr'm St. Paul's an' Sir Joshua's funeral to Foorth Avenyer! I moind, now, there was an arrtist man in here last winther, an' I thought he'd buy ut; he was tellin' me he'd seen th' companion piece, an invitation to th' funeral, in a foine collection in England. But he didn't taake ut, so here ye find ut still. An' f'r an oold song—sixteen dollars. Sure, I ought to raise that price—'twas maarked so long ago."

"I'll take it," said Peter, briefly. "I daresay you gave about a dollar for it, but never mind that. It's just the sort of thing I wanted, and I know Mrs. Wyckoff will be delighted with it. Now, I want you to hold it here for me until next Tuesday, the seventh, and deliver it at my apartment on that day. It's a surprise for her. Will you remember the right day?"

"I'll do ut, sir," said John.

Peter glanced at his watch. "Gracious! I've been here almost an hour, John, and kept you from your dinner. And I shall be late for my own if I don't go this minute. Put that thing on my account, John, and don't you forget to deliver it on the seventh."

On the following Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Wyckoff heard her Mary in animated conversation with the butcher boy through the medium of the dumb-waiter shaft, and remembered she had told the maid to give the said butcher boy careful instructions relative to certain supplies. At the same moment the door-bell rang. Edith, unwilling to have the conference interrupted, opened the door herself. There stood the familiar figure of the red-headed errand boy from John Rorke's antiquity shop, with a paper parcel in his hand. She backed away instinctively.

"Something for you, Mrs. Wyckoff," said the boy.

Edith's heart sank. Peter had been doing it again, and after he had promised her he wouldn't! He had been buying something without consulting her. Whatever might be in that parcel, she hated it. While the boy extended it to her she made up her mind. Peter stood in need of a little discipline, and she must inflict it on him.

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"No," she said to the gaping boy, pushing away the parcel. "I haven't bought anything. It must be a mistake. Take it back to John and say Mrs. Wyckoff doesn't want it and sends it back."

When Peter came inside the door that evening his first impression was that there had been a change in the weather while he had been coming up stairs—and he had come up with his mind so full of the surprise he had planned for Edith on this, their fifth anniversary. He went to the open window and felt the same mildness of early June through which he had been walking home. But what *was* the matter? Slowly he became conscious that it was Edith. Her voice and manner were different—constrained; her thought did not flow into his own with the usual smoothness; it was as though other persons were in the room. She spoke no word of reproach, yet Peter perceived, with that sixth sense which is given to husbands after a short experience, that somehow he had offended again. Surely she could not still be cherishing ungenerous wrath over the matter of the bureaus? No; that wasn't Edith's way. When a matter had once been fairly "had out" between them, she lived up to the reconciliation. And yet this air of sweet resignation under injury was distinctly significant.

"*I* don't know what's the matter," thought Peter, somewhat at bay in his own mind. "And if I ask, it will only make it worse. This is a fine way to keep a wedding anniversary! Well—suppose I just say nothing, and maybe the air will clear itself, pretty soon."

But the fog did not lift all through the evening, and in this unwonted atmosphere of detachment from each other Peter and his wife lived for three days. Peter, with his philosophical temperament, stood the strain better than Edith, who, in her secret soul, was growing more and more resentful of what she called his "callousness." As she thought it over and over, she began to believe that now she was beginning to understand how most married people live in that dry relationship of the matter-of-course which, she had promised herelf, would never be her lot to endure. That he should be so indifferent to her reserve, so unconscious apparently of her withdrawal from the mutual understanding, even in trifles, which was their normal state of existence—ah! Edith began to feel herself an Injured Wife.

On the evening of the third day in this æon of bitter emptiness, Edith remembered an invitation which had come the preceding day, and had been disregarded in the general sense of dismal vacuity in which she had been living. It must be acknowledged at once, and she went to her desk As she wrote the date line, after a glance at her calendar, her cup spilled over.

"O Peter!" she quavered, her eyes brimming, "we *are* old married people now, who don't care any longer. For this is the tenth, and we have both forgotten the Seventh! O Peter! It's the first time!"

He was at her side in an instant. "Why, dear, what does it all mean?" he said softly. "What has happened to us in the last few days? And if you forgot the Seventh, *I* didn't. But you never said anything about the little gift I sent to surprise you, and it was all so queer and wretched—how did it happen? And what has been the matter for three days?"

Edith lifted her head from his neck. "What little gift?" And then, in a flash, "Oh, was *that* it? Peter! And I was so stupid and sent it back without looking to see what it was! For I thought you had been buying more things without telling me, and—and——"

And plunged in such chagrin, self-accusation and penitence as usually pursue mistakes rather than sins, she lay upon his shoulder in childish penitence after the long strain and emptied out her woe in confession.

"And I'm *so* ashamed, Peter, and it was all my fault. I oughtn't to have doubted you. But, oh, how are we going to get it back?"

"Why, that's easy," he said. "I'll stop in at John's and bring it over myself to-morrow night."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I can't wait. I'll go over myself to-morrow morning!" And directly after breakfast over she raced to John Rorke's shop.

She found that experienced old connoisseur in bric-a-brac and human nature reading the boxing news in a newspaper with black headlines. As she whirled into the shop, John rose with a bow from a great gilded Venetian arm-chair against whose faded crimson velvet and embroidery his rugged gray head looked imposing, and aloof, and stern.

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"O John, I want that print you sent over the other day. It was sent back by mistake," she fluttered.

John turned grave eyes of reproof upon the young lady.

"Why, ut's not here, mum," he said. "Ye sint ut back an' sid ye didn't want ut. Mrs. Eliphalet Jinkins Brown come in just whin I had ut unwrapped an' she w'u'd have ut. I toold her ut might be carled f'r be a gintleman that said he'd buy ut, but she w'u'dn't taake no refusal, so I sint ut up to her. 'Tis soold an' gahn," concluded John with an air of doomsday.

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried Edith. "Indeed, John, I just *must* have it again. It was only sent back to you by a stupid mistake."

John looked at her intently. He had no notion to displease such a valuable customer as Mrs. Brown with her long purse and her fancy for bric-a-brac, even though he would have been glad to oblige so old an acquaintance as Mrs. Wyckoff. The old man liked to see her flitting about the shop, although she and her husband brought him more friendly chaff than money. He regretted having mentioned Mrs. Brown's name; it had only escaped him in the surprise of Edith's attack.

"But ye sint ut back yersilf, mum," he returned, quite decidedly, "an' with th' missage that Mrs. Wyckoff hadn't bought ut an' w'u'dn't have ut. Didn't ye, now?"

"Yes, but——"

John took up his paper as a judge might turn to the next case.

"'Tis soold, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said, "an' tthat's th' ind of ut."

"No, it isn't John," said Edith, quietly, as she walked out of the shop. Quietly she consulted the nearest directory, under the B's. And with unfaltering faith she made her way uptown to the imposing portal bearing a door-plate, in the old fashion preserved in modern times by a few New Yorkers, inscribed with the formidable name of Eliphalet Jenkins Brown.

The door was opened by a man-servant with a fine Church-of-England face, who took in her card, and while Edith sat in the big drawing-room overfilled with the most expensive furniture and ornaments, she tried to compose a little speech which should appeal to the heart even of the affluent collector. Surely, with all these things, Mrs. Brown wouldn't wish to keep a little print that didn't belong to her, and Peter's anniversary gift, at that. But, of course, she couldn't speak of such a thing to——

Mrs. Brown, entering with Edith's card in her fingers and a very rich expression upon her face, seemed to be bigger than almost any single object in the room—even the Italian cabinets or the great round crystal chandelier; she crowded the room perceptibly as she paused just inside the door.

"Mrs. Wyckoff?"

"Yes, and you are Mrs. Brown. I trust your interest in the subject I have come to ask you about may excuse the call of a stranger."

Mrs. Brown waited very stolidly, scenting a charity subscription, while Edith rehearsed her story, but at the end she stood as impenetrable as that heathen deity who had no ears, yet to whom the people had to pray, just the same, lest he should visit them with wrath for presuming to neglect his worship.

"I never heard such a preposterous story in all my life," she said, at last, speaking down from the great height of her irregularly invaded domestic seclusion. "And I certainly never heard of you, Mrs.—a—Wyckoff. Your name misled me for a moment; I thought it possible you might be somebody I knew. I presume you are a—a dealer in bric-a-brac yourself, but how you came to know about my buying a print from John Rorke I can't fancy. I suppose you must have been in the shop while I was there. But you'll find you can't take advantage of *me*."

Edith was crimson with wrath and mortification, and her voice trembled as she said:

"But I am not a dealer at all, Mrs. Brown, and I have told you the exact truth about the whole thing, and I cannot understand why you should speak to me as you do."

Mrs. Brown rang the bell. "Oh, I know your tricks, you dealers! It's as much as one's life is worth to go into your places. But I've been collecting too long to mind most things you try to do to me because you know I'm a rich woman, but I never did have one of you follow me into my own house before!" The butler appearing, "Andrew, show this person out," concluded Mrs. Brown, relieving the general congestion by sweeping from the room, and Edith,

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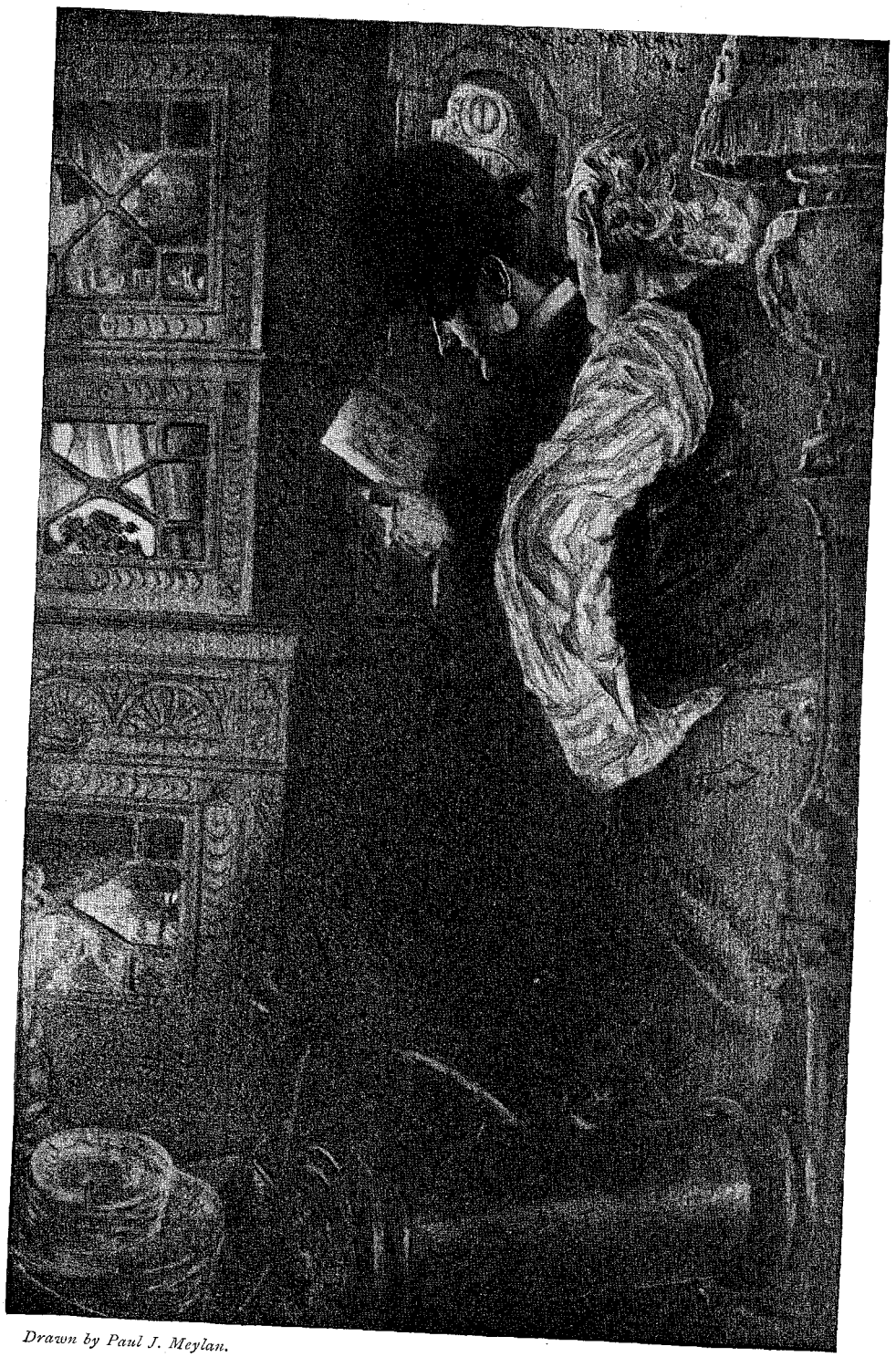

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

"Well, John, this *is* different."—Page 350.

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with blazing eyes and tears on her lashes, ran down the steps and got home she never quite knew how.

Peter was very wrathful when he heard of her adventure. "What an outrageous old woman she must be!" he reflected. "Well—never mind. I'll take a hand now. It looks to me as if she needed a little plain talk from a man—oh, polite, of course"—in response to Edith's look of apprehension—"polite, but very plain. I've known her husband, in the course of my work, for several years, and he's a very square old chap, even if he is in the money business in Wall Street. He's a very human kind of man. I could *talk* with him. Of course, an old lady who's got something which doesn't exactly belong to her is different, but I think I can manage it."

At ten o'clock the next morning Mr. Peter Wyckoff rang the bell at Mr. Brown's, and asked for Mrs. Brown. Yes, she was at home. The man took his card and he walked into the drawing-room where, as he remembered the rudeness Edith had suffered in that place, his jaw grew very square and he did not sit down.

Presently the servant's hand drew aside the heavy curtain at the end of the long room, and Mrs. Brown sailed in, looking as big as an old-fashioned frigate in her light colored morning gown, with its successive tiers of ruffles mounting above each other like so many gun-decks cleared for action.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," said her visitor, advancing. "I have called to see you in relation to the Bartolozzi print which John Rorke sold you by mistake the other day."

Mrs. Brown stood in ominous silence as he paused, so he went on:

"I bought the print myself from John some days before, as an anniversary gift for my wife, and left it to be delivered on a certain day. Mrs. Wyckoff sent it back through a—a misunderstanding, and only day before yesterday did we learn that John had had the assurance to sell it to you."

"Oh, I've heard that foolish story before," broke in Mrs. Brown. "Somebody came in here yesterday—fairly forced herself into my house——"

"I beg your pardon," said Peter quickly. "I think you are mistaken about that."

"What do you mean, sir, by coming here and insulting me?" demanded the lady in a voice almost louder than Peter's impulse. "How do I know who you are that I should listen to your absurd stories? What do——"

"Hey, what? what?" came a fat voice from the back room. "What's all this, Maria?" The curtain was flung aside and a short, solid, pink old gentleman waddled into the room, newspaper in one hand and eyeglasses in the other. "What's the trouble now? Who's this young—why, it's Mr.—a—why, yes, it's Mr. Wyckoff! Well, well, what seems to be the matter now?"

Mrs. Brown's astonishment checked her wrathful flow of words. "Do you know this man?" she said.

"Why, yes, know him very well," answered her husband, staring. "You've got his card there, haven't you? It's Mr. Wyckoff, of the *Elector*—comes down to my office very often. But what's he want o' you, Maria? Have you been gettin' your name in the papers—hey, what?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Brown," interposed Peter, "I don't come to see Mrs. Brown from the paper—simply on a personal matter of business. I didn't expect to have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, got a touch of influenza and my doctor is one o' the worryers, and wants me to stay in the house for two days. It's 'most killin' me, but I s'pose I've got to do it. So you came to see Mrs. Brown on business, hey? Well, I didn't know she'd gone into business, but I've told her she'd better, with all this truck around here," relaxed Mr. Brown jocularly. "She's got the house so I tell her it looks like an old furniture shop, and I'm glad if she's goin' to trade a little."

Mrs. Brown became rigid again. For a few moments the silence was awkward when the banker blurted out:

"Sounded to me as if Mrs. Brown wasn't quite satisfied about somethin', so I came in. What's it all about, Maria?"

Mrs. Brown's face grew more angry, but she hesitated and still hesitated. Her husband was frankly puzzled, but he turned to Peter and said:

"Well, Mr. Wyckoff, suppose you tell me. You're used to puttin' things in few words. Let's have it."

So Peter told the story, beginning with his purchase of the print and ending with Edith's call of the day before. He couldn't bring himself to spare Mrs. Brown that final detail, in laying the case before the old gentleman's tribunal. "And because I was

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sure Mrs. Brown could not really wish to take advantage of Mrs. Wyckoff's misunderstanding," he concluded, "I came here to tell the whole story of how the print happened to be in John's shop the day she saw it there, and ask her to help straighten the matter out."

Mr. Brown looked very serious. "Well," he said, rubbing his nose with the rim of his glasses, "looks to me as if you'd been buncoed by that dealer, Maria, and you've got to make the best of a bad job. Mr. Wyckoff's entirely in the right, as you can see, and you must send the picture back."

"Didn't I buy it, I should like to know?" demanded his wife, her pride against the wall.

"Why, I think likely—you'd buy 'most anything," returned the banker, grimly. "But John had no business to sell it to you—it wasn't his to sell—didn't belong to him. How'd I look sellin' Northern Pacific twice over, just because I thought I could make money by doin' it? I'd get into jail, and that's where John ought to be. The picture had been bought once by Mr. Wyckoff, and John couldn't sell it over again."

"But I didn't know that," protested Mrs. Brown more feebly, "and I must say——"

"Well, you know all about it now," returned her husband, inexorably, "and that old rascal of a junk-seller, John Whatyemaycall'im, must give you back your money. You'd better sit right down now and write him a letter and tell him to send up and get the picture that wasn't his to sell. Lord! they talk about Wall Street bein' a den o' thieves!" exploded Mr. Brown. "I tell you, there's no place in New York where they play so square a game. Think o' that old scoundrel sellin' his junk to two people, and takin' their money, without turnin' a hair! Yes, Maria, you sit right down and send him a letter askin' him how he dared to swindle you like that. You tell him to send up quick for the picture, and to give you credit for what he charged you for it, and to send the thing over to the lady it was originally bought for, Mrs. Peter Wyckoff. That's the way to talk to him."

Though Mrs. Brown saw her Bartolozzi print disappearing, she grasped at the chance to pour out her wrath on somebody, and departed into the library with a frigid bow to Peter.

"Oh, I tell you, Wyckoff, those an-tique dealers beat the Dutch. They're the worst set o' swindlers in town, I do believe. Have a cigar, won't you?" He produced a substantial roll of tobacco like that which he was smoking. Peter took it in order that the rapid stream of the banker's oration might not be diverted.

"They're awful, I tell you," he went on. "One of 'em sold Mrs. Brown a writin'-table the other day that he said used to belong to Lady Hamilton; said it came from his brother's shop in Dublin, where they never told lies, and there was no doubt about it's havin' belonged to her, because there was a torn sheet o' paper in a secret drawer with Lord Nelson's autograph on it, and he'd throw in the autograph. He charged that poor woman *three hundred dollars* for it, and she swallowed the story whole. My wife's an awful good woman, Wyckoff, but she does get hung up by those fellows to beat the band. Seems 's if she'd believe any story they tell her."

Peter laughed a little. "If anybody buys old things on account of the stories, I'm afraid they stand a good chance of paying high for romance," he assented.

"But your wife isn't gettin' wound up with this sort o' stuff, is she, Wyckoff?" went on Mr. Brown earnestly. "Because it's a disease, I tell you, this 'collectin',' as they call it; a regular bug they get into 'em, and it's dangerous—dangerous. If you see any signs of it, you'd better take a high hand with her right now, for it grows worse'n weeds."

Peter's smile was sheepish. "Oh, no, Mr. Brown," he said. "My wife's a very sensible woman—doesn't lose her head. She likes old things, but we live in a small apartment and there isn't room for very many old tables and chairs—and bureaus," he added reminiscently. "Besides, we haven't got the money to go into this thing very hard. It costs too much."

"Lord, yes, it does cost a pile o' money," returned the banker. "Mrs. Brown has got the whole place stuffed so full I declare I can't find room to take off my boots anywhere. You ought to see our bedroom! And look at this parlor—I don't begin to know how much these things cost."

Peter cast a rapid glance about the drawing-room, and decided tacitly that it was just as well Mr. Brown didn't know too much of the amount of money represented

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by its cluttered splendor. The banker turned back into the library and threw the end of his cigar into the fire with a sigh.

"But Mrs. Brown'll straighten out this business o' yours for you all right," he went on, lighting a fresh cigar. "And you watch out sharp for that old thief that sold it to her. Never heard o' such a job," he growled. "But we've caught him, and Mrs Wyckoff'll get her picture all right. Mrs. Brown'll make it clear to him, just's as I told her to. Oh, she's a good enough business woman, Mrs. Brown is, except when it comes to buyin' Lord Nelson's autograph, or things like that."

Peter thought it quite possible that Mrs. Brown would forgive him if he did not make his adieus to her in person, so he left the banker over his newspaper and proceeded to the office, whence he informed Edith by telephone of his successful attack upon the spoiler of her happiness. She passed a blissful hour in the knowledge that Mrs. Brown had been obliged to disgorge her plunder, and after luncheon walked solemnly over to John's shop, filled with lofty reproof which she proposed to visit upon that wicked old gray head.

She found John very glum. Mrs. Brown had sent down the print with her very sharp note, and the old man was reflecting upon the uncertainties of the bric-à-brac business where ladies were concerned. Edith began with the calmness of triumphant virtue:

"You know I told you, John, when I saw you yesterday, that you hadn't heard the last of the print. Was I right?"

John leaned both elbows on the back of a carved Flemish chair, and his grim chin broadened in a quizzical smile. "Th' laadies is always roight, Mrs. Wyckoff," he said quietly. "'Tis their inayleenable privilege."

Edith found herself laughing. "But you know you did wrong in selling it twice."

"'Tis hoodooed, I tthink," said John calmly. "I've had ut f'r five years, an' nobody'd buy ut. Th' English arrtist man said he'd take ut, an' didn't. Misther Wyckoff tuk ut, at last, an' thin ye w'u'dn't have ut, an' sint ut back. Mrs. Brown tuk ut, an' now she sinds ut back. Arr' ye sure ye'll kape ut, av I sind ut over, ag'in? Ah! ut's th' laadies that change their moinds! 'Uncerrtain, c'y, an' hard to plaze,' as Sir Walther siz. An' they wuz that way, aven in classicle toimes—'Varyoryorum it metabilly simper' was sid o' thim be th' pote whin Room was young. Ye'll get th' print in an hour or two, Mrs. Wyckoff, an' I hope ye'll lave ut stay in th' house this toime. Av ut comes back ag'in to me, I'll taake ut t' Father Burke, me spiritule gyardeen, an'

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ask him to put holy wather on ut, so I will. 'Tis a hoodoo, I do belave."

That evening they studied the print together. "What lovely curves in that bending figure!" said Peter, "and how it carries one back to the gentle, old-world leisure—those old-fashioned phrases of thanks to the gentleman who had honored the family of 'departed Genius and Virtue'!"

But Edith sat very still, and something in her quiet struck through Peter, silent yet vibrating like a deep note. Suddenly, to both of them, came a sense of what it all stood for—the carved stone, the mourning figure, the inverted torch, the classical epitaph, the formal phrases of courtesy at the passing of a soul. The greatest painter of his time, his honor and joy and life burned out, and the pale ash transmuted for them here, sitting in the first circle of their terrestrial dream, into a faded brown print. "*For us also the trap is laid.*" They looked solemnly into each other's eyes.

"It wasn't worth while, was it, dear?" said he.

She clung close to him as she murmured, "Three whole days gone out of our life!"

MINIVER CHEEVY

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
  Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
  And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
  When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
  Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
  And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
  And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
  That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
  And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
  Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
  Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,
  And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the mediæval grace
  Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
  But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
  And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
  Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
  And kept on drinking.

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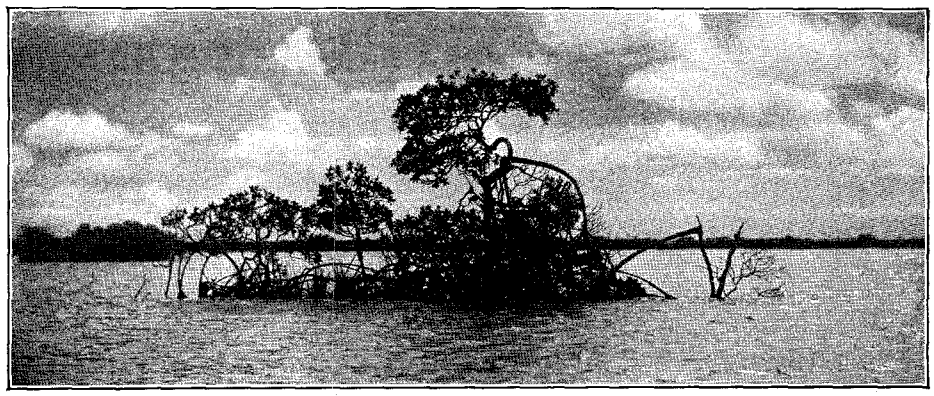

A mangrove key.

One of the ten times Ten Thousand Islands. The regions marked on the maps as Whitewater Bay, Shark River, and even the south-west coast of the peninsula, are merely myriads of these islands, from yards to acres in extent.

THE PASSING OF A WILDERNESS

By A. W. Dimock

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

"THE next act, ladies and gentlemen, will be the shooting out of the lights by Mr. J. E. Wilson, of the Ten Thousand Islands." The speaker was a well-known Key-Wester, and his companion the most picturesque character on the west coast of Florida. He was a genial man, but mothers made use of his name to scare their babies into good behavior, and men who were looking for trouble found him most accommodating. On the occasion referred to, although the lights did not go out the audience did—with precipitation.

Some years previous the Key-Wester, as deputy sheriff, had visited Mr. Wilson at his plantation in the Ten Thousand Islands with a warrant for his arrest, but when he attempted to execute it was promptly disarmed and set to work in the cane-field. He was so impressed by Mr. Wilson's resourcefulness that when, two days later, he was released and his gun, unloaded, restored to him, he departed with professions of friendship for his host, and returning to Key West, reported that Mr. Wilson was the only man on the west coast who was doing anything, and ought to be let alone. Conditions in South Florida are primitive. Much of it has changed little since its recesses enabled the Seminoles to prolong a resistance to the United States Government that never was fully overcome. Three counties—Lee of the Big Cypress Swamp, Dade of the Everglades and Lake Okeechobee, and Monroe of the ten times Ten Thousand Islands—contain the most that is left in this country of uncharted territory and wilderness available for exploration. Outside of their county seats the population of these counties averages less than three-quarters of an inhabitant to each square mile of territory. Census statistics give ninety-five per cent. of the population of Monroe County to its county seat, which is about ten per cent. less than the estimate of the average Key-Wester, who looks upon the Ten Thousand Islands as of negligible importance. Throughout these islands society is as loosely organized as it is sparsely distributed.

One of the principal men on the coast told me that court justice was too expensive and uncertain for that country, and that people were expected to settle their own quarrels—a homicidal custom that has cost me four guides during the years of my own explorations. Sometimes these settlements started little feuds which soon ran out for lack of material, and occasionally the par-

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ticipants violated the code of ethics of the community, which was apt to be bad for them. One man shot his enemy, who had assaulted him frequently, threatened to kill him, and was a bad man with one life already to his debit.

The murder itself was considered commendable, but its method was criticised, in that he crept upon his victim and shot him in the back. Public sentiment acted through the authorities, and the homicide found himself in the chain-gang working for a turpentine company. He subsequently escaped and has for years lived as a fugitive in the Ten Thousand Islands. I have occasionally met him in the wilderness and listened to his story. He says, in a gentle voice, "I will go dead, but I will not go back." If the half he tells of the atrocities perpetrated in the name of justice on the helpless criminals of the chain-gang is true, the State of Florida might, as a matter of mercy, substitute the torture-chambers of the Spanish Inquisition for the methods pursued under its auspices. The man, by his crime, sacrificed his claim to credence, but there is independent evidence of the criminality of the system through which he suffered. An employee of my own who had served as guard to the prisoners in both turpentine and phosphate camps resigned his position because he feared being called upon to kill a prisoner and because he was afraid of being killed by a relative of some prisoner. "For, said he, "if a brother of mine were to be treated as those men were treated, I'd sure kill somebody. I'd rather be burned at the stake than go to the chain-gang in either of those camps."

A modern Seminole.

The mazes of the Ten Thousand Islands have proved a sanctuary for the pursued since before the War of the Rebellion, during which they harbored deserters from the Confederate service, some of whom continue their residence within its boundaries in apparent ignorance that the need therefor has passed. Often in the cypress or mangrove swamps which border the Everglades you will meet men who turn their faces away, or, if they look toward you,

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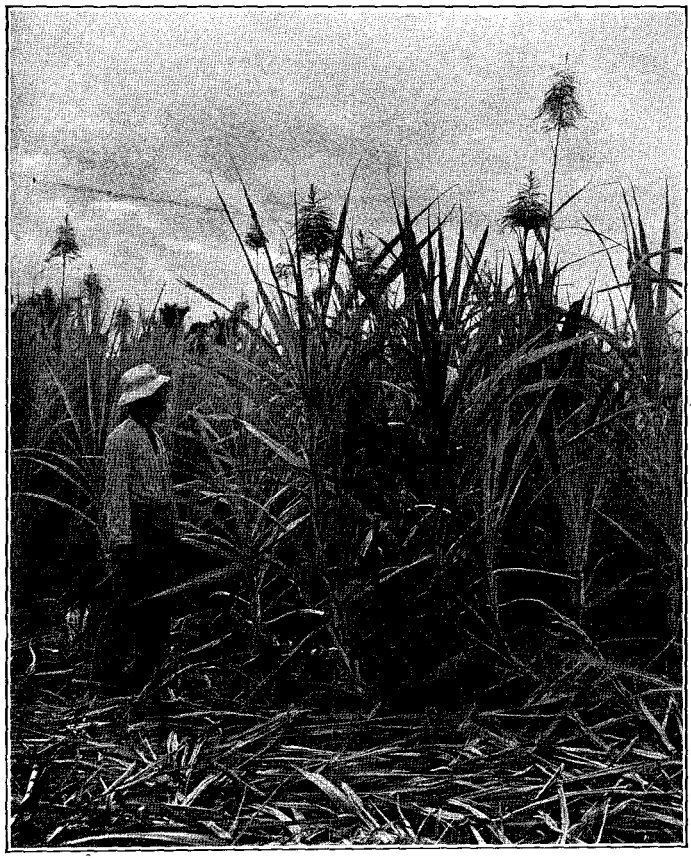
laugh as you ask their names. After they have passed, your boatman will mention names that will recall to your memory stories of tragedies. These men trap otters, shoot alligators and plume birds, selling skins, hides, and plumes to dealers who go to them secretly, or through Indians, who often help and never betray them. When I asked an Indian whom I knew well, when he had last seen a certain one of these refugees, his "*Um-um, no see, long time,*" together with an earnest shake of his head, would have been convincing if I had not happened to know that he was with the man inquired of on the previous day. Sometimes these outlaws kill one another, usually over a bird rookery which two or more of them claim. I passed the camp of two of them beside which hung a dozen otter skins, and a few days later learned that both had been killed, probably in a quarrel, but possibly by some third outlaw, tempted by their wealth of skins. The country in which they live is a labyrinth. The big rivers fork into smaller streams which divide and subdivide into creeks that, although deep, will for miles give passage only to skiffs for which a way must frequently be cleared with knives through vines and overhanging bushes. Often these creeks branch out into hundreds of shallow channels, making a thousand tiny mangrove keys in each square mile. Within these mazes are occasional blazed trails, upon one of which I found hanging to a tree an old shoe containing a bit of paper on which was pencilled "*ef u want Sum grub tom has got it.*"



The cane-field where the deputy sheriff was set to work.—Page 358.

There is fertile land on the rivers leading from the Everglades to the Gulf of Mexico, which is especially adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, but plantations on them have been generally deserted because of menacing mortality statistics. On Rogers River, the most beautiful of these streams, are three plantations, all abandoned, all for sale, and all without purchasers. On them are splendid royal and date palms, palmettoes and tamarinds, but occupants have found skull and crossbone notices upon these trees, which latterly they have obeyed, influenced thereto by seven mysterious deaths which have occurred in the vicinity. The story of the murders, and the names of those who doubtless committed them are upon the lips of even the children on the coast, but positive proof is lacking. The killing of a game warden at Cape Sable was re-

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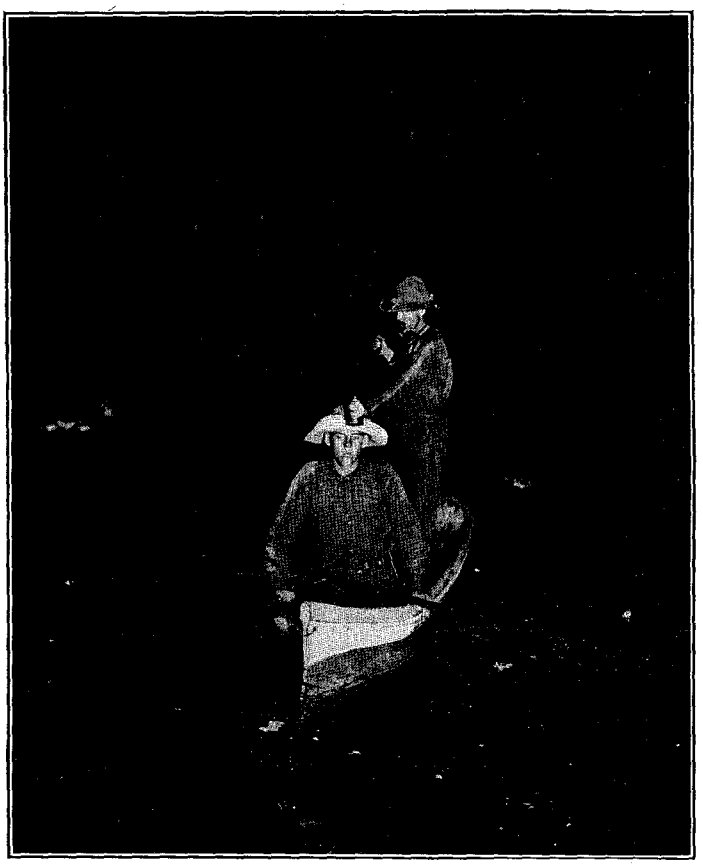
sented by his neighbors to the extent of firing a few shots at night through the house of the assassin, while his family hid behind pieces of furniture, and subsequently burning it down, but these acts were accounted for upon the ground of his general unpopularity rather than the specific deed which they were supposed to resent. His activity in matters religious and educational seemed never to suggest incongruity to the community, and indeed I have listened to a tale of homicide from the lips of one concerned therein which was interrupted that the narrator might ask a blessing upon the food placed before us. The continuation of the story was spliced on to the "amen" without appreciable pause or other indication of lack of harmony between the narration and the petition.

Sometimes in the wilderness a modest shack may be seen, surrounded by a field of cane. In its final stage the cultivation of this crop is conducted by the light of the moon and its product attracts its own market. Hunters come openly, outlaws furtively, and the noble red man brings his family and camps for weeks in one gloriously prolonged drunk which swallows the proceeds of a season's alligator hunting and otter trapping. Tragedies sometimes accompany this debauch, but these belong to the story of the Indian, who is learning to make fire-water for himself, in crude stills which he constructs from old iron cans and pipes.

The fauna of South Florida is passing away. The habitat of the disappearing Florida crocodile has shrunk to a narrow strip of land on the southern coast of the peninsula, scarcely ten miles long. Within that territory, before every crocodile cave a picket fence tells of an attempt to capture its occupant. Alligators are being slaughtered so rapidly that upon rivers frequented by them I saw ten last year for every one I could find twelve months later. So many of the inhabitants of the wilderness, both white and red, depend upon alligator hunting for their food and clothing that even the small prices, of from ten cents to one dollar each, paid for their hides probably insures the extermination of the reptile. An alligator cannot resist a bull's-eye lantern at night, but will lie fascinated upon the surface of the water with eyes shining in its glare while the hunter slowly paddles toward him. In the whole Ten Thousand Islands, filled with numberless small creeks, I seldom or never



The jack-lantern is the alligator hunter's deadliest weapon.

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found a channel through which I could force a canoe that failed to show by marks of hatchet or knife that at some time an alligator hunter had preceded me.

The egret and long white have been taught to fly high and far on their way to their nests, but the curse of their plumes clings to them and they will soon be classed with the dodo. Of the plume-bird rookeries which I visited a year ago, every one has since been destroyed. The mother birds have been shot from their nests by either white men or Indians, the difference being that the Indian leaves enough of the old birds to feed the young of the rookery, which they will do to the limit of their strength, the egret being especially prompt in her response to the pitiful cries of the orphans from other nests. The white man kills the last plume bird he can find, leaving the young ones to die in their nests, and then returns a few days later lest he might have overlooked a few birds. I was denouncing the slaughter of birds to a bright cracker friend and got "What for?"

"Why do your people destroy your best asset? Your big crop is the tourist, and nothing attracts him like the bird life that you are working overtime to exterminate. The egrets and long whites have been nearly wiped out, you can't find a flamingo in the country, and there is only one roseate spoonbill where a few years ago were ten." He replied:

"*We* don't kill spoonbills. They haven't got plumes to sell to your people, and *we* don't kill birds fer fun. It's you New York fellers that do that. Most tourists bring with 'em an automatic shotgun and a Gatling rifle and bang away at everything that flies or crawls. Two Northern men are at Cape Sable now with climbers and nets and a couple of cracker boys they've hired to help 'em find spoonbills' eggs for specimens. Every egret and long white in the country that's shot is killed on orders from New York. Your rich traders send agents down here, on the "q. t." to hire hunters and Injuns to get plumes for 'em. Sometimes they grub-stake poor men to go into the swamps and break the law by shootin' plume birds. They find a feller cuttin' buttonwood in the swamps and haulin' it out fer three dollars a cord, while sweat runs out of him and a million skeeters eat him, and they tempt him with an easy job and I don't blame him fer takin' it. I don't blame the Injuns, either. Look at that bare-legged one there. He's poled that heavy dugout forty miles, with a load of alligator hides to trade fer

A prairie fire.

Hunters set these to lure the deer. At the same time they destroy many snakes.

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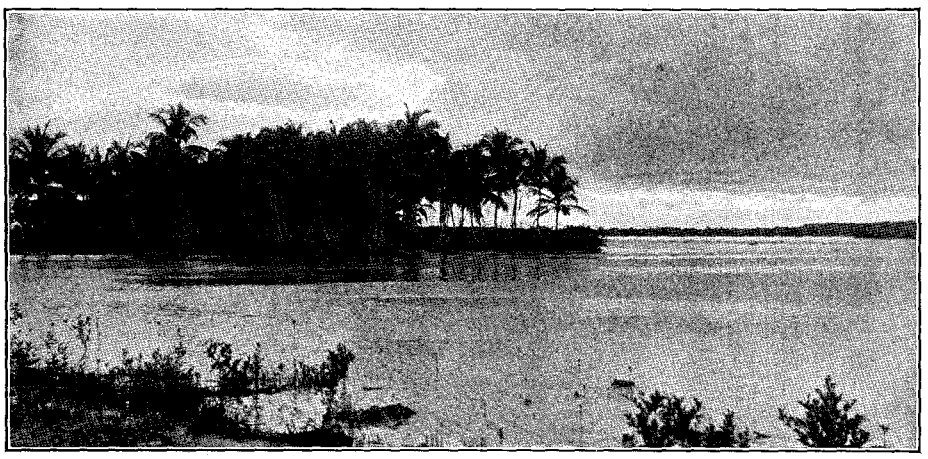

Marco Point.

Proposed site of a fashionable hotel.

bacon and grits. You've seen him at Tommy Osceola's camp up Lossmans River, where he's got twelve mouths to keep full. By and by he'll rob a rookery, and some Northern woman's hat will buy shirts fer his family. Did I tell you there's a big order from New York for ibis wings—fer hats, I s'pose? So they'll go next."

The deer of the Big Cypress and the Everglades is in no present danger of extinction. He wears no plumes and the labor of following him over boggy meadows and through mangrove thickets is too strenuous for the tourists. When the dweller in the wilderness needs *echu* (venison) he fires the prairie, and before the ashes are cold deer will be walking over them. The splendid field for exploration offered to amateurs as well as scientists by the great maze of the Ten Thousand Islands is being recognized and every year increasing scores of launches churn the intricate channels for fifty to one

In the Big Cypress.

Trees festooned with Spanish moss and covered with brilliant-hued air plants.

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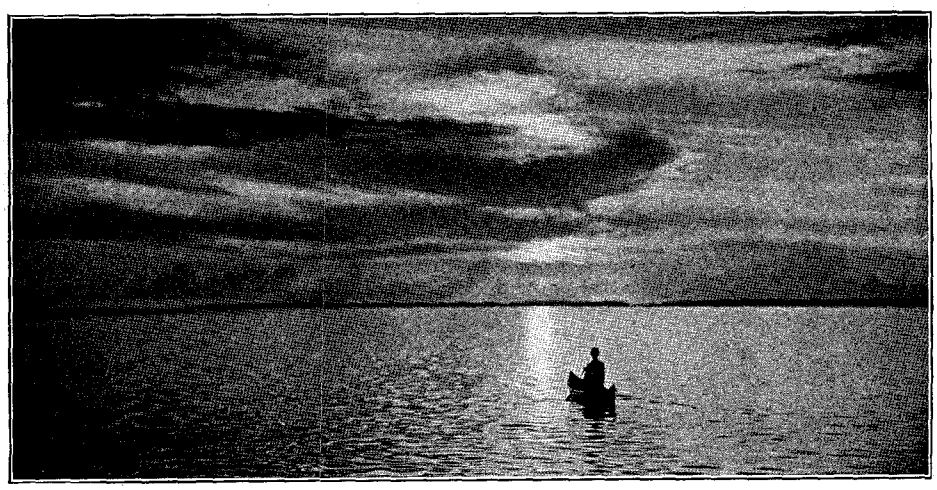
hundred miles each, daily. I thought to cruise this year in a hidden river, leading from a far corner of Whitewater Bay to the Everglades, the entrance to which I believed was known only to the Indians and a few alligator hunters. As our boom brushed the bushes that masked the narrow channel leading to the river we nearly ran into a New England colony which had been established within its mouth. There was a floating house with canaries and cats, ladies from Commonwealth Avenue sewing on the upper balcony, a State Street man smoking on the front steps, and an orchestrion giving through the parlor windows free music to the alligators and moccasins which uplifted restless heads from the river's banks. A power yacht anchored near by supplied motive power to the building and a naphtha-launch with two or three dingies completed the flotilla. As we crossed the bows of the house, a voice, hailing us from the street door, inquired if we had any late Boston or New York papers, and one from the second story asked for the latest quotations of Atchison common and coppers. In other rivers and bays hitherto sacred to solitude we found house-boats and cruising boats, yachts and launches, parties of pleasure and of exploration, piloted by old hunters who had learned that the biggest Florida game and the easiest bagged was the Northern tourist. The greatest diameter of the unredeemed portion of the Florida wilderness is little more than a racing automobile of the east coast could cover in an hour. In the southeast portion, where a year ago were impassable mangrove swamps, may be seen camps of several hundred men each, grading the road that, straight as an arrow, stretches as far as the eye can reach on its way to that Key West where it is scheduled to arrive before the close of the coming year. On the west side, near the mouth of Shark River, a big camp has begun the work of collecting the bark, rich in tannin, of the red mangrove which covers the land with its impenetrable thickets. Already in the hummock lands of the Big Cypress Swamp important plantations are being established, while lumbermen are treading on the heels of sluggish land companies which are showing symptoms of awakening from their Rip Van Winkle slumber. The State is pledged to the draining of the Everglades, and cannot long be thwarted by obstructionists. Property in favored sections has increased greatly in value. A small key in Charlotte Harbor that was once offered to me for $200 has since sold for $10,000. A big hotel is promised in the latitude of Cape Romano, a railroad is already planned to pierce the Big Cypress Swamp and the Ten Thousand Islands, and there are symptoms of railroad extension down the west coast.

When the locomotive and the tramp have intersected from the west the Key West line of the east coast, civilization will have rounded up South Florida and the wilderness will have passed.



The wilderness is passing surely as the sun sinks beneath the horizon.
Cape Sable in the distance.

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THE DAGUERREOTYPE

By Mary B. Mullett

OGLESBY shut his watch with a satisfied snap.

"Ferris," he said to his secretary, "it's two o'clock and I'm going over to the club. Don't send for me for anything short of a run on the bank."

Turning to me and clapping an affectionate hand on my shoulder, he added:

"I mean to have more than twenty minutes with you, Carter, after having had twenty years without you."

"Would you please sign these letters, sir, before you go?" asked the secretary, and Oglesby sat down at his desk and went at it.

I watched the long, white hand, travelling with curious little hitches through the characteristic signature and thought of the old college days when I had dubbed him "Gogglesby" for his eyeglasses and had known him to be in a state of chronic impecuniosity which gave no indication of the future bank president. We had been good chums in those old days, but the dividing of our ways had come at the very foot of the class-tree, around which we had marched singing, and they were touching again now for the first time.

Twenty years! That was a good long pull. I think I sighed a little as I glanced idly over the array of handsome desk appointments and reflected that Oglesby had done more with that twenty years than I had. The usual things were there, but my attention was especially attracted by a peculiar oval case of leather, richly bound and clasped with silver, which puzzled me until I happened to think that it doubtless contained a picture of Oglesby's wife. This idea rather stirred my curiosity, and as he laid aside the last of the letters I nodded toward the case.

"Haven't you a picture of your wife there?"

Oglesby's glance followed mine.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "No, not my wife."

He seemed to reflect a moment, then slipped the case into his pocket.

"I'll show it to you after luncheon," he said, and closed the desk.

It was when we were settled in a corner of the smoking-room and I had just determined to remind Oglesby of his promise that he drew the case from his pocket, studied it a moment, then handed it across to me.

Absurd though it may have been to have such a notion, I confess now that I thought Oglesby was going to confide to me some affair of the heart, and I fully expected to find a woman's face looking at me when I took the case from his hands. I smiled, somewhat sheepishly perhaps, when instead of a miniature of some pretty woman, I found a daguerreotype of a young man of the period of the fifties.

It was a fine face, with its wide, clear eyes, its straight, delicate nose, its broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humorous twist at one corner. I had no idea who the original might have been, but the picture was so full of charm and of promise that, coming as it did on top of our talk of old days, it made my heart ache with perhaps the worst of the pains which come to us with age—the pain of longing for an irrecoverable youth.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"My father," said Oglesby, and in his voice there was something else, something more, than the pride of a son in the memory of a distinguished father.

"Ah!" said I. "I'm not surprised. The face promises what the years fulfilled."

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly.

"Doesn't it?" said he.

"Do you know," I went on, "it never occurred to me, somehow, that *the* Dr. Oglesby was your father until the time of his death? Then, through the papers, I found out that I had been hobnobbing with the son of a genius without knowing anything about it. Why didn't you ever tell us?"

"Why—because—when we were hobnobbing—I didn't know it myself."

I stared rather blankly at Oglesby while my mind made futile guesses at what he meant.

"Didn't know it!" I echoed.

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Oglesby settled himself deeper into his chair and smoked thoughtfully for a moment.

"Never suspected it," he said at last. "But there was some excuse for me. I was young, and there was no one to tell me."

This simply added to my bewilderment, which must have been very evident, for Oglesby smiled as he went on.

"When I was at college," said he, "my father was a general practitioner out in Indiana. He had gone there soon after his marriage and had settled in a town which, though small, was chirping pretty loud under the impression that it had a great future before it. To-day it is still a little town and the great future is still imperceptible in the distance.

"You know, though, how things go. The increase in population was not all that had been predicted; but our family at least did what it could. It trebled its numbers with all proper despatch. My three sisters and myself tried, though with indifferent success, to swell the size of the town; but where we did succeed was in tying a dead weight of cares and responsibilities around father's neck.

"Most men would have broken the fetters as soon as they realized that the place was a living tomb for ambition. They would have kicked loose somehow. But father wasn't that sort. He was a great physician in every fibre of his heart and brain—but he was that and that alone! He didn't think about himself even enough to know that he *was* a great physician. He simply went ahead being one.

"As for the commercial side of the profession, it was not in him to consider that. People who paid their bills generally did so on their own initiative. Father grieved more, I fancy, over the defection of a single patient than over the loss of a hundred fees. He did his work—I afterward realized it—with the intense delight of a master in his craft. He never stopped to think that he was doing marvellous things, and there was no one in that little place to realize it for him.

"On the contrary, his very gentleness and modesty, his very lack of assertiveness, made him a sort of dim figure even in the quiet run of affairs at Plainville. Youngsters just out of medical school came to town and smiled patronizingly at the sight of 'old Dr. Oglesby' jogging around in his muddy buggy.

"These youngsters called him 'old Dr. Oglesby' before he was forty years old! And they 'patronized' him out of one patient after another until, with the loss of some who did pay and the deplorable loyalty of some who did not pay, his income sometimes dwindled uncomfortably close to the vanishing point. Of course, I was growing up to a serviceable age, but father's heart was set on my going to college. We used to have a family council once in a while, to discuss ways and means, and it sticks in my heart like a knife to this day the look that would come into father's eyes as he would say:

"'Donald, boy, your father doesn't amount to much, does he?'"

Oglesby was silent for a moment, and I, for my part, was too puzzled to say anything.

"Perhaps you won't understand or—it may not appeal to you," he said at length, somewhat apologetically; "but the wonder of it has never quite worn off for me. I wish I could make you see father as he must have seemed to others at the time I was in college—for we finally scraped together the least possible sum that would take me there. You could find his apparent prototype, I imagine, in almost any little town. Rather shabby, slightly stooping, likely to pass you without seeing you, but always kindly, saying little—poor father! his mind was bent on his work, and nobody wanted to hear about that.

"Oh, of course I was nice to father!" Oglesby's lip curled. "Can't you see me? I've seen other young cubs being 'nice' to their father and I've wanted to take them by the heels and shake their ideas into some sort of order. I 'patronized' him too. To me he was an unsuccessful man who had achieved just about one really good thing. Needless to state," Oglesby waved his hand, "that good thing was the possession of a gifted son who would do great things in due season.

"In the meantime I was 'nice' to father in an off-hand, superior fashion. I didn't encourage him to talk about his work. I 'didn't care for medicine.' Mother—well, mother was dear and all that, but *she* didn't care for medicine either, and my sisters

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shared the family indifference. In fact, the subject, as I remember, was rather tabooed because it was not pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if you've seen the same sort of thing in other families," Oglesby said, and I nodded reflectively.

"Well," he went on, "I pegged through college, as you know; and then I went into a bank at Plainville. Thanks to some luck and a good deal of plugging, I got to be cashier in a few years, and I guess I thought I was very nearly the most promising young man in the country. I know father thought so. You ought to have heard him say, '*My son* thinks so and so.' "

Oglesby frowned at his cigar.

"You can't understand, Carter," he said, "how the memory of a thing like that makes a man feel hot all over. You've never taken the service and the—the homage of a better man than you were and thrown him a bone—yes, call it a bone!—in return. And that man your own father!"

I made no reply, being at that moment occupied with a sudden, sharp question. I was asking myself: "*Did* I do that?" But Oglesby went on.

"I like to think," said he, "that, little by little, I was coming at the truth. Father had a country practice which seemed extensive enough, geographically speaking, and sometimes I went with him on long Sunday rides. I afterward found out that not one in five of the patients he visited throughout the countryside was a paying one. In some cases they hadn't even asked him to come. He took all that trouble in order to study certain diseases and their treatment. It was his hospital. But the wards were miles long and the patients far apart. Perhaps you don't know that insanity and certain nervous diseases are comparatively common among farmers' wives. They seem to be among the perquisites of the poor things. Diseases of the brain, or rather diseases affecting the brain and nervous system, seemed to appeal especially to father. So he went to the farmhouses on one pretext and another, always on the alert for cases he might study—and help.

"Sometimes I've wondered which was the stronger in him, the student or the great-hearted man. I don't know that it mattered to the poor creatures with whom he established his rather extraordinary professional relations. Would you call it a professional relation where no mention of recompense is made? Sometimes, of course, these people voluntarily paid. Indeed, we generally had a choice collection of farm products about the place. But there's nothing like returning health for dulling the memory. So although father was busy enough and to spare, he wasn't putting money in 'my' bank with any great rate of frequency.

"I tell myself that if father and I had kept up the rides together, I could not have failed to find him out; but just as we were sighting each other through the fog I fell in love, and of course that meant the go-by to him and to everybody else. I was married within six months. I think I knew most of the time—not quite all of it—that I had a father; but—oh, well! you've been in love yourself! There are times when even one's father is merely an incident in the landscape; a pleasant incident, of course, but not vitally interesting.

"Agnes and I began housekeeping in a little house next to father's and were so happy that the rest of the world went into a sort of total eclipse so far as we were concerned. Agnes came out of her trance oftener than I did, I guess, and she and father became great cronies. As for my Sunday rides with him there was an end of them. You couldn't *pry* me out of the immediate vicinity of Agnes. But she often went with him when I was at the bank, and gradually I began to take an interest in things she repeated from his talk to her. I don't imagine that, at the start, she 'cared for medicine' any more than the rest of us did. I suppose she assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no one could help being when father opened the doors of his experience.

"Agnes and I had been married about a year when she went for a little visit to her mother, who had moved here to the city soon after our wedding. It seems rather hard on the poor girl, but both of us have been glad it all happened as it did. If she had stayed at home, father would have noticed the beginning of the trouble and have righted it then and there; in which case," and Oglesby looked up with a sharp nod, "I might *never* have known that I was, as you say, the son of a genius."

"No," I said encouragingly, though I hadn't the faintest idea what he meant.

"Four weeks after my wife went away," Oglesby continued, "her mother telegraphed

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that Agnes was ill and for me to come at once. I rushed home, threw a few things into a bag, and ran over to father's to tell them I was going. I'll never forget his calm tone as he got up, picked up his hat and said:

"'We will lose no time.'

"'Father,' I said, '*you* needn't go.'

"'We have no time to lose if we want to take this train,' father said, just as if I hadn't spoken, and he kissed mother good-by and opened the door.

The ride on the train that day brought me closer to my father than I had ever been in my life. I was comforted by his presence and found myself appealing to him in a dozen ways. Even then, though, it was only as my father that I was knowing him better. I was as far as ever from dreaming that he was a wonderful physician. That was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in silence a while. Then he began slowly.

"I don't suppose you ever—went through the experience—of having your wife—lose her mind?"

I shook my head, surprised into emphasis.

"No!" I said. "Oh, no!"

Oglesby leaned forward a moment, his elbows on his knees. Then he looked up, smiling a rather unsuccessful smile.

"It's hell," he said. "I know."

"Why—old fellow——" I stammered.

Oglesby gave a reassuring gesture.

"It was all over long ago, thank God! Don't let's think about it—that way."

He seemed to shake off the memory with a straightening of his broad shoulders.

"When we reached Agnes," he went on, "she was in a delirium which no one had been able to quiet. The physician they had called in had at least fourteen good reasons for assuring us that the case was very serious; and when he said 'serious' with his lips he said 'hopeless' with every other part of him. At *least* fourteen reasons! And one would have been enough for me. I was so frightened I couldn't see a ray of hope anywhere, not even when father came out to me and patted my shoulder reassuringly.

"'Don't worry, my boy!' he said. 'Agnes is quieter now, and she will be all right soon.'

"I remember the scornful impatience with which I retorted: 'As if *you* can tell, father!' And I can see now the stung look in his eyes. He had been so happy in his knowledge that Agnes *would* be all right and had been so eager to put an end to my anxiety; and that was the way I met him—with the curtest sort of a snub.

"Well," Oglesby drew a deep breath, "I saw that he was hurt, but I said to myself that there was only one thing to be considered just then, and that was, what would be best for Agnes. So, while I tried to be kind about it, I told father that I wanted Dr. Benson called in at once. You know, Benson is one of the masters of diagnosis in this country, and I think it eased father's hurt to see that it was at least for a great man he was put aside. He was very gentle and kind with me and said no more about his own opinion of the case. He certainly was a trump, Carter.

"Well," Oglesby went on, after a pause, "Benson was sent for at once and came in the course of an hour or two. It happened that the physician who had been called in by Agnes's mother was not there, so father took Dr. Benson in charge, to explain the case to him. I don't think they expected me to be present, but I was possessed by an unreasoning terror that I might miss some chance of helping my wife. As for father's explaining the case, I was so sceptical of his ability that I really expected to become an important factor in the consultation by eking out his meagre knowledge. So I followed them into Agnes's room, and they let me stay.

"Then," said Oglesby, with a sudden lifting of his head and a ring in his voice, "then came the surprise of my life. A few questions from Dr. Benson, and my father turned, before my very eyes, from the rather apologetic man of small success to the great physician.

"I suppose the contact with a man who could understand and appreciate him was an inspiration. He had never allowed himself the extravagance of going to medical conventions, or to the city to meet other men of his profession. Instead, he would send mother and my sisters off on little vacations when he could afford it. Perhaps he may have had the chance, a few times, to talk with men like Benson, but I know he would not have had the self-confidence to approach them.

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"This was different. It was his place, his duty, to give the consulting physician all the information he could, and, once launched, he was swept on by the current of his wonderful knowledge. In three minutes, Benson had ceased asking questions. In five minutes he was an absorbed listener. In ten minutes I was forgotten by both men as completely as if I had been a medicine bottle on the table in the corner.

"Half of it was Greek—worse than Greek—to me, and yet I *felt* the lucidity of it to the initiated mind. As for confidence, I had a queer wish that I could get into physical touch with my father; he seemed so much the embodiment of sure, calm knowledge. I didn't have any anxiety about Benson's verdict. I suppose I could see that he agreed with my father, but, anyway, I was sure that Agnes would be all right. *Father* had said so. There were tears of relief in my eyes as we went into the next room and he talked on and on, in that new vibrating voice, while Benson merely threw in a sharp word or two of inquiry now and then.

"They turned me out of the room after a while, and I went; humbly, too, and willingly. I cried like a girl, I remember, when I got out. I was so glad about Agnes and so wonder-struck over the transformation in my father. When the two men finally came out together they were still talking; but at sight of me, Dr. Benson seemed to recall himself. He looked a little puzzled, as if he scarcely knew what to say. Then he turned to my father.

"'I don't think I caught your name,' he said.

"'Oglesby,' said father.

"'Oglesby,' he repeated, as if trying to place him. 'You—you haven't been practising here long, have you?'

"'I don't live here,' said father, with a touch of his old manner. 'I live in Plainville. It's a small town. You may not have heard of it.'

"'Plainville!' exclaimed Dr. Benson.

"He didn't seem able to say anything more, so I volunteered the information that Dr. Oglesby was my father.

"'Your father!' he exclaimed, and again he stopped short. 'Your father!' he repeated.

"Then he stared curiously at me.

"'Well, young man,' he remarked dryly, 'I don't know why under heaven you called me in, but I'm very much obliged to you for doing so.'

"'What is your fee, doctor?' I managed to stammer.

"'Fee?' he was pulling his gloves on and was thinking intently. 'Fee?' he repeated absently. Then he seemed to come out of his reverie. 'Eh! what? fee, did you say? It isn't customary between members of the professon,' he said.

"Then he turned his back on me, took my father by the hand and held it for a good minute, giving it a little shake now and then.

"'Fee!' he chuckled. 'I'll get my fee all right; eh, doctor? Let's see! I'm to call for you at nine to-morrow morning to go and have a look at that case I was telling you of. You'll be ready at nine?'

"'Yes,' said father—the new father I had just discovered. 'I'm pretty sure she can be helped.'

"As Benson went out of the door, he looked back at me and shook his head as if he despaired of me.

"'Fee!' he chuckled again. And then he muttered: 'Plainville! Good Lord!'"

Oglesby smiled at me with a pleased light in his eyes. Then he picked up the daguerreotype.

"That was the way it happened," he said. "Wasn't it wonderful? I found this daguerreotype as I was helping to pack father's things when he came to the city to take up his new work. Even then, when his change of fortune made us all feel as if we were living in a rose-colored dream, the picture used to give me a heartache. Just think, Carter, of all those long, slow years when he could feel his ideals and ambitions being swallowed, inch by inch, in a hopeless bog of failure—at least, apparent failure.

"I remember the day I came across this picture. I opened the case carelessly, and it seemed as if all the fine, big possibilities, which had made his face so full of life and of hope then, were reproaching me with those years. Yes, it gave me a heartache when I did find it; but I wonder how I should have felt if he had died an obscure and apparently unsuccessful country doctor and I had found it *then*.

"I expect," Oglesby said thoughtfully, "I expect there are plenty of daguerreotypes like this, put away in old trunks and boxes.

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Pictures full of life and hope and promise—all unrealized because circumstances have shut the door against them. I tell you, Carter, it makes a man think twice before he calls any one unsuccessful; doesn't it?"

It was a good minute before I remembered to answer.

"Yes, it does," I said slowly.

I picked up the daguerreotype and opened it again. But there was a mist between my eyes and the picture, so that I could not see it clearly. In fact, the face I seemed to see was not the face of Oglesby's father at all. The one I saw had thin temples, tired eyes, a patient mouth, a framing of scant white hair. But there was something sweet and brave and honest in every worn line. I remembered how, sometimes, when my mother kissed the tired eyes, there would be tears in her own. If I had only——

My heart contracted with a sharp pain of regret and envy as I bent my head lower over the daguerreotype of Oglesby's father.

ELLIS ISLAND

By C. A. Price

THE Shapes press on,—mask after mask they wear,
  Agape, we watch the never-ending line;
The crown of thought, the cap and bells are there,
  And next the monk's hood see the morion shine.

Age on his staff and infancy's slow foot,
  These we discern, if all else be disguise;
They fix on us an alien gaze and mute,
  From the mysterious orbit of the eyes.

They come, they come, one treads the other's heel,
  And some we laugh and some we weep to see,
And some we fear; but in the throng we feel
  The mighty throb of our own destiny.

Outstretched their hands to take whate'er we give,
  Honor, dishonor, daily bread or bane;
Not theirs to choose how we may bid them live—
  But what we give we shall receive again.

America! charge not thy fate to these;
  The power is ours to mould them or to mar,
But Freedom's voice, far down the centuries,
  Shall sound our choice from blazing star to star!

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THE SITUATION IN MANCHURIA

By Thomas F. Millard

SINCE the war between Russia and Japan ended, Manchuria has been under the control, in some measure, of three distinct political entities, each animated by widely different purposes, yet compelled by circumstances to compromise temporarily their antagonisms and to pretend a harmony which none of them feels. These are China, Russia, and Japan; China, being the true and officially recognized sovereign of the country, feebly attempting to resume her governmental functions, while Russia and Japan are at present the actual sovereigns, basing their authority upon military occupation.

Only semichaotic conditions could prevail under such circumstances; but the efforts of the three nations each to have its own way and secure to itself the greater advantage have developed much of significance, and other interested nations, while they have abstained from action likely to annoy or embarrass the recent belligerents, have been keenly alive to what is going on. This is necessary vigilance, as it is only by accurate knowledge of the real situation, and the designs centring here, that intelligent action will be possible when the time for action comes.

So numerous, complex, and diverse are the elements through which order and stability are endeavoring to push their way in this uneasy country that only a comprehensive review of existing conditions and the conflicting forces at work can throw light on the subject. Notwithstanding that Japan's present control of Chinese territory is almost insignificant, geographically, compared to the regions directly under Russian control and influence, there are circumstances which give Japan's position the greater international significance. Chief of these is the present military and naval potency of Japan in this part of the world. Then, also, conditions are such that Japan's future action will be, to a considerable extent, a decisive factor in determining the course of other powers. It is clear that should Russia, after the expiration of the evacuation interval fixed in the treaty of peace, show her old disposition to hold to what she has, she would find it exceedingly difficult to maintain such a position in the face of a complete and candid fulfilment of Japan's promises. On the other hand, should Japan "stand pat," holding to what she has gained, Russia's attitude would be substantially justified and her position become practically impregnable. Thus, in respect to the two nations, the key to the situation now rests with Japan, and gives to her policy and actions the greater immediate possibilities in influencing the destiny of Manchuria and the future of the whole Far Eastern question so inevitably involved therein.

Besides, a deep distrust of Russia's designs in this part of the world, and a suspicion of her diplomatic assurances so strong in the Western popular mind as to deprive them of power to beguile, make it certain that all her actions will be critically examined. What is not appreciated in America, in my opinion, is that there is little difference between the theory and working method of a Western diplomacy deeply grafted with Orientalism and an Eastern diplomacy which has recently found it convenient and necessary to adopt Western forms. The more I study and compare the methods of the two nations, indicated by events in the Far East, the more I feel assured that in their diplomacy and general foreign policy they are more nearly alike than any other two powers. A compromise of their differences in eastern Asia by mutual concessions is not so improbable as some imagine it to be. And if such a compromise should take the shape of an agreement to retain their present hold on Manchuria and Mongolia, it is unlikely that the world will be taken into their confidence, but will be left to learn the fact from the analogy of events.

However, at present both nations seem to be playing the game in an antagonistic spirit,

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judging by their actions; and it is, after all, only by their actions that they may be fairly judged. I shall therefore, in attempting to present a *résumé* of conditions in Manchuria during the so-called evacuation period and at the present crisis, give to Japan the priority which her position demands, realizing that any elucidation of her policy and actions will also illuminate all the principal interests concerned.

In addition to the treaty of peace with Russia, the present relations of Japan to Manchuria are presumably circumscribed by a treaty defining certain relations between Japan and China which was signed at Peking December 22, 1905—some supplementary articles being added later. This treaty, in itself, merely records China's assent to those articles of the Russo-Japanese peace treaty by which Russia agrees to turn over to Japan the territory embraced in her lease of the Kwang-tung peninsula and the Manchurian Railway south of a specified point; and also to the terms for the mutual evacuation by Russia and Japan of Manchuria. When the treaty was promulgated it was announced that its chief object was to establish a definite basis for Japan's position in Manchuria, and to provide a way to work out the details of the interval of military occupation. That many important matters not specifically referred to either in the treaty or supplement would require subsequent adjustment was recognized, and these were left to be considered by a future convention, or through regular diplomatic channels. Some light is thrown upon this instrument, and what it involves, by conditions in Manchuria during the last year, which bring out, in a practical way, all the propositions involved.

Perhaps the most significant part of this treaty is embraced in those supplementary articles which deal with the restoration of Chinese political autonomy in Manchuria. Japan agreed, tentatively, not to wait upon final evacuation to begin the restoration; but to make the process gradual, as her troops were withdrawn from various localities. During the last year a calculated effort has been made, through Japanese news agencies, to show that this assurance has been fulfilled, and that the greater part of Manchuria has for some time been administered by China. There is some legitimate foundation for this contention, but the information so widely disseminated gives a very faint idea of the actual conditions.

To get at the drift of Japan's political policy in Manchuria since hostilities ended it is necessary to take a passing glance at the state of internal politics in Japan. Owing to paucity of news from Japan, and the fact that a considerable part of the news disseminated abroad originates with the government or correspondents subsidized by it, the Western world hardly realizes the bitternesses which animate political parties there, or the significance of internal dissensions. These dissensions, which were suspended, by common consent, during the continuation of hostilities, quickly revived when the victory was assured, and it became necessary to map out plans for the future. In respect to the issues raised by the settlement, a wide, even fundamentally vital, schism on a broad question of national policy soon developed. This is about Japan's policy in Manchuria. Many views are held by prominent statesmen, but, to strip the matter at once to the bone, the issue is drawn on the question whether Manchuria shall be given up.

It may be said that there is practically no divergence of desires in this matter; which means that almost all Japanese earnestly wish to keep the part of Manchuria held by their armies, and perhaps hope in time to devise a way to do so. But opinions have differed widely as to the immediate course to pursue. The purely military party wanted to declare flatly, as in the case of Korea, Japan's political and commercial paramountcy in southern Manchuria, trusting to Japan's strong naval and military position, and the unreadiness of most powers which might be disposed to dispute the issue, to prevent any decisive hostile action. There is little doubt that such a *coup* might have been at least temporarily successful. This is exactly what was done in Korea, and the powers obligingly forgot Japan's ante-bellum assurances regarding the independence of that kingdom.

But wiser and more far-seeing Japanese statesmen saw serious difficulties in the way of such a plan. The war had left the nation in severe financial straits, and an ability to further borrow in Western countries was desirable, in fact, indispensable to any solution of the grave fiscal problems confronting the government, and the resuscita-

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tion of the depleted material resources of the country. To have at once cast international promises to the winds would have almost certainly isolated Japan among the nations, so far as active sympathy is concerned, and seriously crippled the national credit. The more conservative leaders pointed out that a nation cannot progress by war alone, and that Japan had, for the moment, gone about to her limit in that line. The limitations of this article forbid an enumeration of even the larger details of the prolonged struggle at Tokio between the military and conservative parties, which included two reorganizations of the ministry; a private visit of the new premier, Marquis Saonji, to consult with General Oshima, the military viceroy of Manchuria; the threatened resignation of Oshima; the retirement of Viscount Hayashi, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and numerous equally significant moves. From what I could learn in Japan, this briefly summarizes the main differences in Japanese councils since the end of the war, and the discussion was none the less active and bitter because the outside world heard scarcely anything of it at the time.

To those who have come to regard political Japan as a happy family, harmoniously bending its energy for the national good, such indications of the internal disagreements common to all governments may come as a surprise. From what I know of Japan, inside and outside, I am convinced that Western knowledge of darkest Russia is as the noonday sun to the moon compared to present Western understanding of the internal forces which sway the destiny of Japan. The Russian official sphinx is garrulous in comparison with his Eastern neighbor and erstwhile foe. In no other country which pretends to broader civilization is the news about national affairs sent out for publication abroad so completely controlled by the government as in Japan. To have permitted it to become public that the government was for a moment in doubt whether to fulfil its obligations in Manchuria would have at once centred upon it a keen international suspicion, which pacific assurances and a moderate course, even if subsequently adopted, would have had great difficulty in counteracting. Evidences of the crisis were plentiful at the time in the columns of the Japanese vernacular press, although the censorship made such references extremely guarded.

A brief chronology of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria may serve to keep the chief issues in mind. The departure for Japan of Marshal Oyama, who left Moukden in November, 1905, may be said to fix the beginning of the evacuation movement and the turning into what may be termed the occupation interval. He was succeeded by General Oshima, who assumed the title of viceroy, and divided the country into districts, each under a military administrator. Soon after Oshima's arrival the movement of troops to Japan was commenced, and continued with reasonable rapidity until, by the beginning of last summer, the greater part of the vast army was withdrawn. Just how many Japanese troops remain in Manchuria is hard to ascertain. I recently asked a Japanese officer how many troops they have, and he replied: "We have no troops; only police and railway guards." It is amusing how Japanese officials of all grades, even in casual conversation, persist in adhering to the phraseology of these mild diplomatic fictions. Both powers have until April, 1907, to complete the withdrawal of troops; but for some time now Japan has chosen to represent that she has completed the military evacuation, and that such troops as remain are not in a military capacity.

Coincident with the withdrawal of the Japanese armies there has been a calculated attempt to create an impression that Chinese administrative autonomy has been restored in the regions evacuated. Various official announcements to this effect have been made from Tokio. The first specific date fixed for turning over the country to the administration of China was June 1, 1906, when the Japanese military administrator at Moukden gave a dinner to the Tartar General, and formally stated that the military occupation would be immediately terminated. The only practical effect of this announcement was to precipitate another ministerial crisis at Tokio, and for a while nothing more was heard of the matter, although it was treated by the press of the world as an accomplished fact. However, the moderate party again triumphed, and on August 1, 1906, the civil administration at Moukden was ostensibly turned over to the Chinese Viceroy. The Japanese guards were withdrawn from the Yamen and the city gates, and the Japanese military administrator turned over Japanese

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interests in the district to the Japanese consul-general. Similar action was taken at Liao-Yang and Tie-ling, and a few minor towns in this locality. At the same time the regulation prohibiting foreigners from entering the country was suspended.

Since that date the presumption is that Chinese civil and military authority are restored in the part of Manchuria occupied by the Japanese, except at Newchwang, Antung, and Tsin-min-tun. However, the Japanese still retain substantial authority throughout the entire country, even in the city of Moukden. It is true that in the place of a Japanese military administrator, supported by troops, there is now simply a Japanese consul-general, supported by "railway guards" and police. But the Chinese officials soon discovered that there is little real difference in their status. It developed that the Chinese authorities can do nothing of any importance without "consulting" the Japanese consul-general. Besides, the so-called restoration is so narrow in its territorial application as to confer little more than personal liberty to the Tartar General inside the city of Moukden. Before August 1st, the Viceroy had been little more than a prisoner at the Yamen. I might give many instances of this peculiar situation, but one will serve for illustration. Eight months after the termination of hostilities a foreign consular representative, travelling in his official capacity, had great difficulty in seeing his Excellency, and when the Viceroy attempted to return the call he was arrested by Japanese soldiers at the gate of the Yamen and compelled to return. Soon after the "restoration" of his authority, except at the entry ports mentioned, the Viceroy prepared to make a trip over his territory for the purpose of ascertaining conditions and the situation of Chinese subjects, but he was privately "advised" by the Japanese consul-general to remain in Moukden, and did so. This act was subsequently made to appear as the act of the Chinese Government, and it was announced at Peking that the Viceroy's journey would be deferred; but there is no doubt that diplomatic pressure was brought to compel this announcement, and meanwhile the Tartar General has remained cooped up in Moukden. The plain truth is that while not kept under quite as rigid surveillance as formerly, his Excellency is as yet nothing but an unwilling puppet in the hands of Japan, and Chinese authority in Manchuria remains the farce it has been ever since the early days of the Russian occupation.

One of the most complex questions to be adjusted in Manchuria relates to certain property rights under the new status of Japan. These alleged rights vary greatly in character, but a majority consist of real-estate and other vested interests. For purpose of classification they may be discussed under two heads—rights or interests which the Japanese claim to have inherited from the Russians, and those which they claim to have acquired since their occupation of the country. When rights inherited from the Russians are mentioned, one naturally thinks of the Manchurian Railway. But the railway and Kwang-tung lease by no means limit Japan's claims, some of which present interesting phases.

Besides the railway, Japan claims that all concessions formerly held by Russia revert to her, and has established herself in possession of them. They chiefly consist of mining and lumber concessions. Not only are all mines in southern Manchuria formerly opened or prospected by the Russians now in the hands of the Japanese, but so also are many to which the Russians never made any claim. During the Russian occupation, beside land and buildings purchased from the Chinese residents, much real property was occupied under circumstances which savored strongly of appropriation. Such actions of the Russians were strongly criticised in Japan, and the moral necessity for someone intervening in behalf of the Chinese was pointed out. The Chinese people and authorities also protested at many of these actions, and succeeded, in some instances, in compelling restitution, or securing payment for the owners. A good deal of such property fell into the hands of the Japanese when they expelled the Russians, and the former owners for a while rejoiced at the prospect of recovery. In many instances, where the Russians held title deeds to property, their validity was disputed, it being alleged that when other means failed to induce a Chinese owner to sell coercion was resorted to. These charges against the Russians were widely published before the war, and while they were usually exaggerated, they were by no means destitute of truth. Now the shoe is on the other foot, and the Japanese Govern-

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ment shows a disposition to claim as a legitimate inheritance what it formerly objected to Russia taking.

Far from building any hopes of a general recovery, through Japanese occupation, of Chinese property appropriated outright or under various subterfuges by the Russians, the unfortunate residents of Manchuria now find themselves confronted by a similar and far greater acquisition of public and private property by the Japanese themselves. Of scores of instances which have been specifically brought to my notice, I select a case at Newchwang, where, owing to the presence of foreign consuls and other peculiar circumstances, moderate action has been the rule, and illustrations taken there reduce probability of exaggeration to the minimum.

When the Japanese occupied Newchwang they established a large army base at the Russian railway station, about two miles up the river from the town. As the land previously occupied by the Russians was not sufficient for Japanese purposes, large additions were requisitioned by the army, and additional sheds and godowns built. As time passed, and the probability of Russian reoccupation vanished, the Japanese authorities began extensive improvements. A fine macadamized road was built from the city to and beyond the railway station, with brick drains and curbing, and lined with shade trees. This road was first spoken of as a military necessity, although its evidently permanent character caused some comment. But when, after peace was declared, work on the road was continued and extended, and the whole of the large tract lying between the city and the station, along the river, was laid out in cross-streets along which a Japanese settlement began to rapidly spring up, the intent of the plan became clear. It then developed that during the war the Japanese authorities had acquired almost all the land about the station and lying between it and the city. The Japanese authorities contend that all this property was secured by ordinary purchase; but many of the former owners now claim that coercion was used to induce them to sell.

It is not easy to get at the truth of this matter. Investigation of the circumstances attending these transfers clearly shows that some of the property was seized by the Japanese under military law, without consulting the wishes of the owners, and after hostilities ended the former owners were practically compelled to accept such remuneration as was offered. On the other hand, it seems that some Chinese sold their land willingly, and were very well satisfied with the prices received. Before the war most of this land had small value, either actual or prospective, and was usually held at a low price. Taking values as they were when the Japanese took over the property, the stated remuneration seems reasonable, assuming that the real owners got the money, and that the prices given out by the Japanese authorities are correct. But since the improvements inaugurated by the Japanese have fully developed, property in the locality has greatly advanced, and is now quoted at ten to twenty times its former value.

This whole movement is analogous to a common kind of real-estate speculation in America, where promising premises adjacent to cities are laid out in building lots, streets and other civic improvements made, and settlement invited. It now seems clear that this plan was contemplated by the Japanese administrators, if not from the beginning, from the time it became evident that Japan was to remain in temporary possession of southern Manchuria. It is probable that some former Chinese owners, who may have sold their property willingly, now realize that they were worsted in a speculative sense, and in their discontent bring accusations against the Japanese authorities, out of spite, which cannot be substantiated. In the whole affair the Japanese authorities have managed to preserve outward regularity, though the circumstances, when examined in detail, throw strong suspicion upon some of the methods employed. The real crux of the controversy is whether the Chinese owners were coerced into selling their property. In many cases, it now appears, where a group of Chinese objected to selling at the price offered, the matter was taken up between the Japanese authorities and the local guilds, and adjusted by compromise. The conditions which have surrounded the relations of the military administrators to the Chinese functionary bodies do not, however, justify any great assurance in the equity of this plan. It is known that some prominent guild leaders, then under serious charges or imprisonment by the military authorities, had such disabilities apparently removed after meeting the views of

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the Japanese in this and other matters; and it is also known that some of these Chinese are open or silent partners in large contracts growing out of these improvements, which were at the letting of the Japanese authorities. And it is positively known that some of the higher Japanese officials are personally interested, in a financial way, in the speculation involved by the scheme as a whole.

The visible improvements which are the result of all this must impress any visitor to Newchwang, and the press of the world, duly notified by the Tokio news service, has favorably commented upon the benefits of Japanese administration. The benefits are obvious enough, looked at only from the standpoint of what has been accomplished. But recent action of the Chinese Government, in raising the issue of property rights in connection with the negotiations with Japan, calls attention to a matter of considerable pertinence. It appears that the money used to pay for these improvements at Newchwang and elsewhere has largely come from the customs revenue at Newchwang. The Chinese customs, as is generally known, are pledged to satisfy foreign claims upon China's revenue, and are administered by a board of which Sir Robert Hart is the distinguished head. After the Japanese took the city, the collection of the customs revenue at Newchwang went on as usual, but there seems to have been a serious divergence from the usual method of disbursement. The Chinese Government asserts that not only were many of the public improvements undertaken at Newchwang by the Japanese paid for out of the customs and local revenues, but this money was also used to purchase some of the land which now constitutes the new Japanese settlement. In the negotiations now pending for the purpose of adjusting the matters at issue concerning Manchuria between Japan and China, Japan has announced that she will expect to retain that part of the customs and other revenues collected under her administration which has been spent for public purposes, such as roads and sanitation. As by far the greater proportion of such expenditure, so far as I was able to learn, was upon roads needed at the time for Japanese military uses (although some are now convertible to public use) and upon improvement of actual or proposed Japanese settlements, which Japan now insists that China recognize as permanent and extra-territorial, it will be seen that Japan's diversion of local and national Chinese revenues was not entirely altruistic. China has protested that she cannot consent to the retention or diversion by Japan of revenues pledged for interest and indemnity due to all the powers, nor can she recognize the validity of expenditure by Japan of local revenues in the purchase and improvement of land for Japanese occupation.

The condition obtaining at Newchwang repeats itself, in some degree, wherever the Japanese have established settlements, which is at nearly every important place in southern Manchuria, wherever the military administration has been and is applied. At Antung the Japanese settlement embraces about five square miles, and includes the railway station and yards, and the best of the river frontage. Not only has the Japanese Government, through its regular officials, acquired under equivocal circumstances a large amount of what was formerly Chinese public and private property, but hundreds of instances are known where private Japanese subjects have been supported by the Japanese authorities in acquiring the property of Chinese against the protests of the owners. Indeed, some of the cases of this nature which have come to my knowledge, through most reliable sources, show a disregard of law and equity that constitutes a reproach upon the officials who permitted such incidents to occur.

In regard to Japan's contention that she inherits all privileges, concessions, and property formerly held by Russia, China again takes issue with her, pointing out that many of Russia's alleged privileges and property rights were never recognized as valid by China, but were strenuously disputed. In this category China places (the specific exceptions have not, so far as I know, been made public, but I am informed by a high Chinese official in close touch with the negotiations) all coal and other mines formerly operated and claimed by Russia, and much of the real estate included by and adjacent to the former Russian settlements along the railway. It is somewhat edifying to see Japan, by her position in this matter, assume the attitude of championing actions of Russia which she formerly condemned, and upon which she based her chief reasons for

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going to war. The importance of this question to China is far greater than the point involved in the value of this property which lies south of the line of present division between the Russian and Japanese spheres in Manchuria. It should be remembered, though I am now confining the discussion to the relations between Japan and China, that very similar issues must be adjusted with Russia regarding a far greater part of Manchuria. If China reaches an agreement with Japan by which she concedes Japan's right to inherit these desiderata of the Russian *régime*, it will be difficult, if not quite impossible, to logically refuse to recognize Russia's similar claims in the regions farther north. In much advocacy that I have noticed in the Western press in favor of granting Japan a generous latitude in Manchuria to compensate her for sacrifices in the war, it seems to have been entirely forgotten that Russia still occupies three-fourths of the country, under precisely the same terms as Japan, and that such arguments, in effect, tend to support Russia in pressing the retention of the *status quo* respecting herself.

Property disputes between Japanese subjects and Chinese residents of Manchuria, of which there are an enormous number, while presenting fewer elements of international friction than similar controversies of their governments, possess considerable humanitarian interest. There is too strong disposition in the West, it seems to me, to ignore, in discussing the recent war and its results, the effects upon the Chinese inhabitants of this region. Representing the greatest human factor in the issues at stake, they are apparently regarded in many quarters as almost a negligible quantity, to be considered only after more important matters are disposed of. On my last previous visit to Manchuria, just before the termination of hostilities, I noted the growing disgust and hatred of the Japanese among the Chinese inhabitants, and cited some of the reasons therefor. I find this feeling now intensified, if possible, although general conditions are somewhat better than a year ago. The chief foundation for this sentiment rests upon the arrogance of the Japanese military authorities in dealing with the civil and property rights of the Chinese, and the intolerance and overbearing attitude toward them of Japanese immigrants.

This immigration, which first began to pour into the country on the heels of the armies, has continued in an increasing flood since the war ended. It is not possible to obtain accurate figures bearing on the extent of this influx, but fairly reliable estimates place it from 40,000 to 60,000 of the civilian class in the region occupied by Japan. While far the greater number of these immigrants are settled in the larger cities along the railway lines, thousands have penetrated the interior and are domiciled in the remoter towns and villages. These male settlers are almost entirely shopkeepers and artisans in so far as they have regular occupations; but a large proportion are simply adventurers, ne'er-do-wells at home, who have come in the hope of quickly making a fortune in Manchuria, which is represented in Japan as a country of marvellous wealth. The effect of their introduction is having interesting commercial developments, but I will here refer only to political and social phases resulting from their presence.

In discussing some moral aspects of the Japanese occupation recently with a British missionary of world-wide reputation, who has resided in Manchuria for many years, through the entire period embracing the Russian occupation and the war, I found him in rather a gloomy frame of mind. Among other things, he said:

"I am very much disappointed at some results of the Japanese administration. Its general effect has been to decidedly lower the moral tone of Chinese life. The conditions under which the people have been compelled to exist, the necessity for constant evasion and lying to save their lives and property, the deteriorating commercial influence of the Japanese traders, who are supported in their pretensions by the military authorities, the uncertainty of obtaining justice from the Japanese military courts, and the presence of thousands of Japanese men of low character and immoral Japanese women, who openly ply their avocation in the streets of the cities and towns, are corrupting influences new to the country, or only felt before in a limited degree."

Since the moral betterments presumed to follow an extension of Japanese influence and authority in Asia have been kept prominently to the fore in Western discussion of probabilities, this opinion of an unprejudiced observer has considerable interest and significance. That the general condition ar-

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raigned by this observer exists cannot be doubted; and when the circumstances which have attended immigration into Manchuria during and since the war are considered, it is difficult for the Japanese Government to acquit itself of complicity in the matter. It is idle to pretend that it could not have prevented the introduction of these objectionable elements.

While China, in fencing for diplomatic points, lays some stress upon this special condition, I think Chinese statesmen are far more concerned about certain political aspects of the Japanese immigration. The last treaty with Japan provides for the opening of a number of new ports, where foreigners may reside, and it is fair to presume that a majority of Japanese immigrants will settle in these places by choice. Many, however, are already established in other localities, where they show every disposition to remain. China insists that after the period of Japanese occupation has expired, Japanese shall be permitted to reside only at treaty ports, as in the case of all foreigners elsewhere in China; or if they do reside outside such ports extra-territorial jurisdiction over them by Japan shall not locally apply. Japan seems to be reluctant to concede this, and apparently desires to retain jurisdiction over all her nationals who may choose to live in Manchuria. Here is a matter which touches China's vitals not only in Manchuria, but in the whole empire.

Another propensity of Japanese procedure is worrying the Chinese in connection with the opening of new treaty ports. There is delay in determining the location of some of the new foreign settlements, for which the Chinese are chiefly blamed in current comment. It appears, however, that this is partly due to an indisposition of the Japanese residents to segregate themselves within specified limits, they preferring to remain where they are, scattered here and there. It is clear that no exact division of jurisdiction is possible without geographical limitation, and the Chinese fear that such a status would result in the extension of foreign jurisprudence over the entire country, creating endless opportunity for interference in Chinese local affairs. So China is disinclined to proceed with the opening of the new foreign settlements until the period of occupation has expired, and is advancing various petty and usually immaterial excuses for delay. Here, again, it should be kept in mind that any adjustment must, in reason, also apply to the territory now under Russian control.

Before dismissing Japan's political position in Manchuria, a glance should be taken at the situation as it now exists. Although there has been a show of restoring Chinese autonomy at a few interior points, Japan still retains full control, under military rule, including the courts and postal service, of all ports of entry into southern Manchuria. At Newchwang and Antung there has not been any modification of the Japanese administration, and Japanese occupation of Tsin-min-tun, in China proper, which gives an outlet into North China, still continues. Russia's position is also practically unchanged. Russian troops have occupied a number of places in Mongolia, and there is no perceptible diminution of Russian activity in the regions where her influence predominates. While there is a disposition in the West to think of Russia as being permanently crippled in the Far East, her position is still really superior to Japan's, both territorially and politically. She is merely sitting tight, and quietly holding to what she has. To crystallize Russia's attitude, it need not be expected that it will differ materially from what it has been in the past, except that it will be more amenable to outside opinion and influence. Russia will watch Japan, and as Japan is forced to move she may reluctantly follow. Should Japan retain her hold, Russia will also. This is conclusively indicated by the present status of the negotiations between Russia and China. With nearly as many matters to be adjusted as in the case of Japan, absolutely no progress is being made, the Russian minister at Peking continually deferring the sittings with the Wai-wu-pu on the plea of indisposition, or other excuses.

The time limit fixed for the complete evacuation of Manchuria by both Russia and Japan, in their treaty of peace, expires in April, 1907. In view of the enormous international interests at stake in preserving the integrity of China, any disposition by these two powers to adopt dilatory tactics cannot be too closely scrutinized.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE danger of deterioration to an average, a danger increasing proportionately as the average is raised, is a recognized menace of modern life. In other words, excellence may become impossible where all may do equally well. This is the doctrine of a recently published essay of Frederic Harrison. "Perhaps the perfections in Tennyson's art," it suggests, "are among the causes that we have no perfect poetry." Tennyson's perfections, Mr. Harrison holds, are imitable up to a certain point, whereas "Milton and Shakespeare are not imitable." This theory of the average, not often put with the same concreteness of illustration, in part explains an often expressed fear lest modern conditions may prove fatal to the generation of genius. This fear, indeed, goes further and includes the possibility that we may drift out of touch with the genius of the past as embodied in the great classics. The age, it is said, is so obsessed by science and the practicalities and mechanism of living as to blight the "brooding patience" of which great work is born; perhaps even to blunt appreciation of the great work which has been transmitted to us in trust for the future.

The Conditions of Genius.

The contention, of course, is not new, so far as it rests on the concurrence of favoring circumstance in the production of genius. This, in the case of Shakespeare, the typical example, has been convincingly discussed by Lowell. "Had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier," says Lowell, "he would have been cramped by a book language not yet flexible enough for the demands of rhythmic emotion, not yet sufficiently popularized for the natural and familiar expression of supreme thought, and not yet so rich in metaphysical phrase as to render possible the ideal representation of the great passions." On the other hand, had Shakespeare been born fifty years later, "his ripened manhood would have found itself in an England absorbed and angry in the solution of political and social problems from which his whole nature was averse." Even Milton was a poet out of place in the seventeenth century, so wholly given over to theology. He is "saved from making shipwreck of his large-utteranced genius on the desolate No-Man's Land of a religious epic only by the lucky help of Satan and his colleagues, with whom, as foiled rebels and republicans, he cannot conceal his sympathy." Milton, however, could live the life withdrawn in a world peopled by his own imaginings, the easier, doubtless, for his blindness, as Lowell ingeniously suggests. This would have been impossible for Shakespeare with his sensitiveness to nature and his responsiveness to the life about him. This, again, Sir Thomas Browne, "our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare," did find impossible. So he "soon descended to occupy himself with the exactitudes of science"—as if for all the world, one is quick to note, he had been born in this twentieth century, unlike as it seems to the seventeenth.

Lowell's vivid picture of the uncertainties attending the evolution of genius has a counterpart in that of the uncertainties attending its appreciation. Even Shakespeare, saved for universality of appeal in his plays, as their interpretation still marks the achievement of the highest histrionic art, is nevertheless coming to share the fate of the popularly neglected classic. The common complaint of examiners in literature, that Shakespearean, like biblical, allusions are no longer understood, is enforced by a bit of contributory evidence from Dr. Goldwin Smith. In a somewhat recent minor essay he apologizes for quoting supposedly familiar passages through fear that these are no longer as familiar as once they were. On the other hand, devotion to what may be called the sacredness of the Shakespearean text is a comparatively modern form of appreciation. Like "the new regard for mountains in nature," it marks, says Horace E. Scudder, "the change in the consciousness of Englishmen which took place at the time of the French Revolution." Recognition of his unique greatness, once established "by the

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great contemporaneous judgment of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey," was followed naturally by successive attempts to rescue what Shakespeare really said and meant from the substitutions of those who had tampered with his words and meaning, from Dryden and Davenant down. The resulting literature of notes in restoration, comment, and conjecture leads Mr. Scudder to predict a radical departure. "The time will some day come, for a new and interesting study of Shakespeare—namely, the study of Shakespeare as reflected in successive generations of men. Acute minds will set themselves the problem of discovery, not of what Shakespeare was by himself, but of what he was in the consciousness of other men—the men of his own time, the men of Pope's time, the men of Coleridge's time, the men of Matthew Arnold's time." Such a study would give us the differing Shakespeares of the past; but what of the Shakespeare of the future? The trend toward democracy brings closer and closer a world with which the Master is out of touch. "The absence of the democratic in Shakespeare," to quote Mr. Scudder again, "is simply a witness to the limitations of the society which Shakespeare represented. It hints at one of the great silent changes in the constitution of humanity which will one day cause readers to see Shakespeare with different eyes from what men here and now look at him." Then Shakespeare will be comprehensible "only to the mind trained to imaginative activity and possessed of historical knowledge"—the same equipment which is needed to-day for appreciation of a masterpiece of the Greek drama.

Mr. Scudder's distinction between what genius is in its possessor and what it is in the consciousness of others touches the heart of its evanescence. It reveals the secret of its frequent elusiveness at close hand. The conventional person and the personality apart may coexist in a seeming complete detachment the one from the other. "If Shakespeare the man had been as marvellous a creature as the genius that wrote his plays, would his contemporaries," asks Lowell, "have left us so wholly without record of him?" The interesting story of a similar case of our own immediate time is given in a recent magazine article, which describes a search of Geneva for possible impressions of Amiel's genius. On his own immediate world, Scherer almost alone excepted, Amiel made no impressions to reward the search. In that world, this "embodied Hamlet," as he is so often called, this pathologist of his own intellectual impotence and despair, was known as the painstaking conventional professor, the genial companion, the kindly friend, the enthusiastic traveller, and the author of "Roulez Tambours," the Swiss "Marseillaise," which for twenty years before his death was—as it still is—constantly played and sung in town and country alike. And Amiel was content to acquiesce in the popular estimate, even in the intimacy of the family circle. Although in that circle he was given to reading from his own writings, the diary itself was absolutely ignored. That even to himself it contained aught that was precious can only be inferred from "the line he had written upon the box in which the manuscript was found after his death: 'I give no one authority to destroy a single page of this Journal.'" Thus out of almost posthumous secretiveness came forth a world-book, an offspring of genius despite its ill-starred nativity; and that, too, it should be remembered, under modern conditions.

A few months prior to his death Walter Appleton Clark painted for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE a buccaneer of the end of the eighteenth century. It is a silhouetted single figure in color against a flat, warm background which makes it decorative in effect. It has been faithfully reproduced and appears as the frontispiece of this number. In looking at the picture one is conscious of the pleasure derived by the artist from the doing of it. It is admirable in character, and there is evidence of a spontaneity in the handling of the figure which has characterized Mr. Clark's work from the beginning. All through his illustrations, from the earliest up to the last, his knowledge of the figure was everywhere apparent in the strong, vigorous drawings of types. Often one of his single figures has occupied a page more satisfyingly than many a composition by another.

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THE FIELD OF ART

PAINTINGS AT THE CARNEGIE ART INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG, PA.

IT is significant that one finds in Pittsburg, for years regarded as given over to material interests, a great centre for the manufacture of steel and the many appliances in which iron is used, where great fortunes have grown up and the hustling spirit of the money-getter has been the most obvious characteristic of the place, that one finds there, I say, a great museum devoted to art. This possesses a significance that it may be well to consider. For this museum that has developed within the past eleven years is perhaps as remarkable in its way, considering its environment, as the wonderful industries for which the city has become noted.

Is there a poetic justice in this? Has Pittsburg become so hide-bound to utilitarian exactions that it has experienced a rebound? Not precisely, perhaps, but, as it seems to do nothing by halves, it is on the road—well on the road—to prove that it has other demands than the sordid one of making money, and asks now for those things which appeal to the spirit. How this urgent desire in matters of art is likely to be satisfied it will be the business of these paragraphs to disclose.

To quote from some pamphlets concerning the institution, I find: "The Carnegie Institute was founded by Andrew Carnegie on the 2d day of March, A. D. 1896"—and further: "It aims to be an educational power equal to the Library and second only to the Public Schools. It aims to be an epitome of nature and man, history, geography and invention."

Of these varied interests, it is of the art side of the Institute we shall speak, for it is rapidly forging to the front as an art museum.

The Carnegie Institute is peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of so able a man as John W. Beatty as art director, one whose policy is broad and whose judgment and taste are keen. The very aspect of the galleries testifies to the high standard which controls the selection of, presumably, the board of trustees and the director.

Although the art department includes architecture and sculpture as well as painting, it has directed its expenditures and energies more particularly in obtaining masterpieces of modern painters than other forms of art expression.

More and more the art of painting is leaving the field of anecdote and seeking to reveal to the mind and eye the beauties of the natural world, stirring other emotions than those that more properly belong to narrative and story. The splendors of the sky, the stillness and expectancy of spring with its tender color and opalescent air, the mystery and rest of twilight, the wonder of the night, the brilliancy of noon, the sparkle of the sea as well as its volume and power, overwhelming energy and ruthlessness—light on varying substances and textures, the noble planes and modelling, sinuousities and structure, that mark the form of man; with the color which habit of life and thought leaves upon the countenance or impresses upon the figure under certain conditions of lighting chosen for the effective and picturesque display of this noblest of subjects, potential man—these are some of the problems which preoccupy the hand and brain of the painter of the present, more, perhaps, than at any other period in the history of graphic art; these are the legitimate and inspiring motives that urge the artist to perfect himself in that wonderful craft named painting. There must be sufficient competency in drawing not to divert the observer by slovenly contour or proportion, but not so obvious as to distract the attention from that effective quality of *chiar 'oscuro* in which nature stands bathed by the beneficent sun or, deprived of it, is merged in the dramatic and massive shapes of gloom. These are the aspects, the appearances, that appeal strongly to the emotions which it is the task of the painter to excite; these offer tonal qualities that delight not only the painter, but also the observer of pictured themes.

In looking about these galleries one is im-

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pressed by the fact that this sentiment is the general inspiration of the painters here represented, and it is the recognition of this fact that seems to have been the impulse which has brought these works together; this sense that "nature seen through a temperament" gives for a resultant a work of art. It appears to be the distinguishing note of this collection, and one wonders why this quality of distinction is so marked, for it is as marked as it is unusual. In this dusky, smoky Pittsburg there is light. In a city so exposed to the not always unalloyed blessing of the munificent citizen there appears to have been a quiet, unobtrusive but controlling breakwater, protecting the people from the inrush of faulty taste in things of art.

It is rare to find in a collection of similar extent so little of which to disapprove. The reason for this will not be a matter of surprise when we are told that the first picture acquired for the collection, by purchase, was the "Portrait of Sarasate," by Whistler. This fact removes the Philistine in museum affairs quite into the background.

The canvas is a very characteristic one. A small figure thrown well into the interior of the room, or rather gloom—for the picture is low-toned and Spanish in type and reminisence. The musician's eyes look out at you over the beautifully subdued white of the evening shirt and cravat with a glassy insistence, which, if insistent, is also subdued—it is a poetic and fragile figure emanating *temperament* in both painter and subject. The light line made by the violin bow in the upper third of the canvas is balanced by the Japanesque device of the Whistler butterfly in the centre of the right side of the picture, and this distinctly becomes a part of the composition; for it is so enlarged as to be a feature in the scheme.

To turn from this to "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," by E. A. Abbey is—shall we say it?—to pass from a temperament, a born painter, to one *made*, not without a good measure of success, with perhaps less of that joy in "things seen" as they exist for their own sake, but "arranged" here for the sake, perhaps, of others. The work possesses good qualities of color and a certain archaic interest agreeably felt, but not that breadth and directness of presentation which seizes one and tells the story with force.

Inness is seen here in a canvas, "The Clouded Sun," a subtle mood of day, belonging probably to his Montclair series, characteristic and really fine.

"Arques at Ancourt," by the so recently lamented Fritz Thaulow, represents an eddying stream reflecting the light of waning day, but at an hour early enough to illumine and reveal the structure of the borders of this winding brook or river. Delicate, if not very broad in treatment, and fine and sensitive in color, to which this painter added a lightness and fluency of brush stroke most agreeable.

Quite another story than this placid scene is "The Wreck," by Winslow Homer, Homeric in more senses than one. Trouble at sea under a leaden sky viewed from the back of the dunes—nothing visible of the wreck but what the imagination sees by observing the huddled, watching and anxious groups silhouetted against the white-tossed surf thrown higher than the line of sand which shuts out the ocean itself, and the devastation it is causing. The hail for help and the tugging at the life-boat in the immediate foreground among the dunes that screen the disaster manage to convey to the mind its imminence and havoc. The taste, the judgment, which have contrived this arrangement, this *mise en scène*, so to say, are as unusual as they are artistic. If the color is sombre, so, too, is the theme. The plastic sense with which the affrighted, agitated groups over the crest of the dunes is depicted is worthy of a sculptor with a distinguished feeling for the bas-relief, so classical are they in the quality of quantity and varied surface. The work is essentially a graphic presentation of a psychic and elemental moment in life and, being without great color, would enter rather, one would suppose, the field of literature were it not for the distinction of line and the fine management of spaces which give to the composition the element of *design*, a sense of perfect disposition of parts, so that the mind is satisfied by the harmonious structure of the representation. When this is done, no great matter how unbeautiful the color, the work, as portrayal, enters the realm of art.

This Winslow Homer has done; this he always does even when he fails in color, which he is also known to do. His spontaneous, or apparently spontaneous invention is so logical, so natural, so cohesive as a whole, so "felt," that the thought of any "arrangement" never occurs to one, as in the case of others. His art is of the man—unartificial, natural, and appealing. These are the can-

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vases that reveal the controlling mind of the painter; these possess "the art which conceals art." To offer such works for public contemplation and study is to furnish the people a rare means of education and enlightenment.

It is a pleasure to walk through these rooms and discover the pace that has been set in this collection of current art.

To move from the Homer to the peaceful "Le Paysage et les Vaches" of Anton Mauve is in itself to be surprised at the marvellous possibilities of paint—in the hands of a master, be it understood. This picture is a sketch, an unfinished canvas; but if by finish we understand that which has received the significant touch, it would be ungrateful to call for more in this work of sparkling brilliancy, where the bright light of day gleams on the surfaces of things, and cows, and land and figure are bathed in the beams of the sun. The shadowed white on the foremost animal is a demonstration of the potency and vitality of unworried color; and while displaying this mastery of materials, the composition is of the simplest.

Eugène Boudin was one of those Frenchmen who, born on the coast, never lost his love for effects to be found in seaport towns, the dunes, the misty sky toning to delightful grays the landscape by the sea. His "Trouville" shows a line of the town with vessels in the harbor at low tide. The restrained and harmonious tone of this little masterpiece is worthy of all admiration; the sky, subdued by clouds and broken by the blue, is of distinguished quality, and the character of the broken line of buildings bordering the quay is full of fine observation.

Here, too, is a life-size figure of "A Peasant," which Bastien-Lepage may have made as a study with his Joan of Arc in mind. There is the same square conformation of jaw, and the figure is painted with much of the same touch in brushwork that we mark in his well-known work depicting the French heroine hearing her country's call, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A canvas by Gari Melchers, entitled "Sailor and His Sweetheart," is strong in color and expresses a sentiment with directness and force. It is well painted and well felt.

"May" is a poetic emotion in the presence of spring by Dwight W. Tryon, dignified in composition and tender in color. The touch is loose, flicked on as lightly as stir the leaves on the budding trees. By doing this the painter has given the fragility of aspect which characterizes the season, and secured by his method a purity of color that a more vigorous manipulation might have lost. The hint of running water through the meadow is given with a discrimination that is distinguished by its fine subserviency to the whole. Another American painter offers us a winter scene of rare quality. J. W. Twachtman in his "Greenwich Hills" depicts a dim, mysterious snowy vision of a half-buried farmhouse and snow-filled road and fields. Something of the same emotion in looking out on the appearances of wintry objects has been felt by him as that which stirred Tryon in his rendition of spring, and he has given, by a kind of confusion of touch, the misty aspect of snow-filled air. These are paintings of pure feeling undisturbed by conventional and academic formulas for the representation of a given scene; they are beyond commonplace portrayal, for they depict a mood that nature in a certain moment may call up—these men paint the *feeling*, not the thing; and in the measure that the feeling of the painter is of distinguished quality his work reveals it.

The antitheses of these emotional transcripts of nature is the large work by Lucien Simon entitled "Evening in a Studio." (See page 268.)

From a technical standpoint this canvas is a consummate exposition of the painter's craft. Essentially a painter's picture, powerful in color and showing fine respect for values and envelope, it recalls when examined the great traditions of painting. It combines, with all its *brio*, a restraint and unity of aspect that is masterly. I remark in this connection that the talent of a lesser man is expressed with more thinness of touch, less robustness of tone, and less fulness of pigment. The power of this work resides not in its drawing, which is adequate and sufficiently strong, but in the undaunted, unhesitating application of a virile *impasto*, resonant in its vigorous and varied hues. Seen close, in its audacious painting appear passages almost muddy; looked at from a distance where all falls in place, it glows as a homogeneous whole of effective and rich color. Finer indeed in color than Manet, it is Manetesque in power. In brushwork it is touched and left, half-tones are rounded well on passages that turn, while the planes are preserved with impressive security.

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It is a splendid demonstration of sustained and controlled intention, where varying objects, from the personages themselves to the bric-à-brac which surrounds them are each given the just importance in plane, tonality, and structure that nature imparts to them under the same conditions of lighting and place. It is a liberal education in sound workmanship of the painter's art to study the sane method of this admirable work.

There are few painters of to-day who unite with such competency of handling so perfect a control of the pictured area they set out to present.

To be capable of such a work something of the experiments of impressionism, the fire of the Spaniards, the sumptuousness of the Venetians, the wholesomeness of the Dutch, and the distinction of the Renaissance must have found appreciative harbor in the mind of the painter who produced it.

Puvis de Chavannes has probably painted few easel pictures of finer quality than his "Vision Antique," which one finds here. It is as if he projected his vision to those early days when the world was young; there is, if one may so express it, the freshness of the past in all that he touches. The scene is classic in its hills, its sea in the middle distance, along the shore of which is passing a procession of what might be Parthenaic horsemen; this, forming a background for the disposition of various female figures in attitudes of contemplation and repose, and over all the immemorial sky of traditional azure and calm.

With these materials the artist has transported the beholder far into the past. It is indeed a *vision antique* shining from the canvas in radiant purity of color.

We now pause to admire a decorative arrangement of great sweetness of color and of line, "The Mirror in the Vase," by Edmond Aman-Jean. Against a subdued and bosky background rising high in the composition, with a rift of sky breaking its umbrageous mass, is placed a huge fountain-like vase, over which, on the right, leans a youthful and opulent life-size female figure at an angle to discern her face in the brimming pool, while on the left, and at the foot of the vase, with head pressing against the uplifted arm which the knee supports, sits an indolent and dreamy figure of another young woman. These two modern houri-like forms are tied together in this ingenious design by the whorl of the standard and base of the huge vase that parts them. The lighting is of no time of day or night, but a harmonious, quiet gray invests the scene, and gives to it a tone of much distinction. It is a picture full of charm.

One might go on enumerating and commenting upon the treasures here, but space forbids. We are conscious that many valuable works are left unheralded. Enough perhaps has been said, however, to indicate the range and standard established by the director and those associated with him.

The character of this aggregation of pictures predicates indeed the sentiments of the director, who, in conversation with the writer on the subject of museums in general, proved, from his talk, how closely his thought and work are allied. He said: "Indeed it is the mission of the museum to bring to bear upon every work offered the highest expert judgment at its command, and to offer its collections with its approval. More than this no organization can do; less than this would, I think, be false teaching."

I recall two more remarks of Mr. Beatty which struck me as peculiarly sapient, namely: "Good works of art are no more difficult of understanding than inferior ones; and if the people, especially young people, are given a high standard they will ultimately measure up to it. They will return again and again to the collection established on this principle for knowledge and inspiration, and may readily find inferior works elsewhere for purposes of comparison." Thsse are sound words.

That there are no lapses in the standard thus fixed, it cannot be said, but it can be said that they are so few as to be a negligible quantity in this noble repository of art.

FRANK FOWLER.

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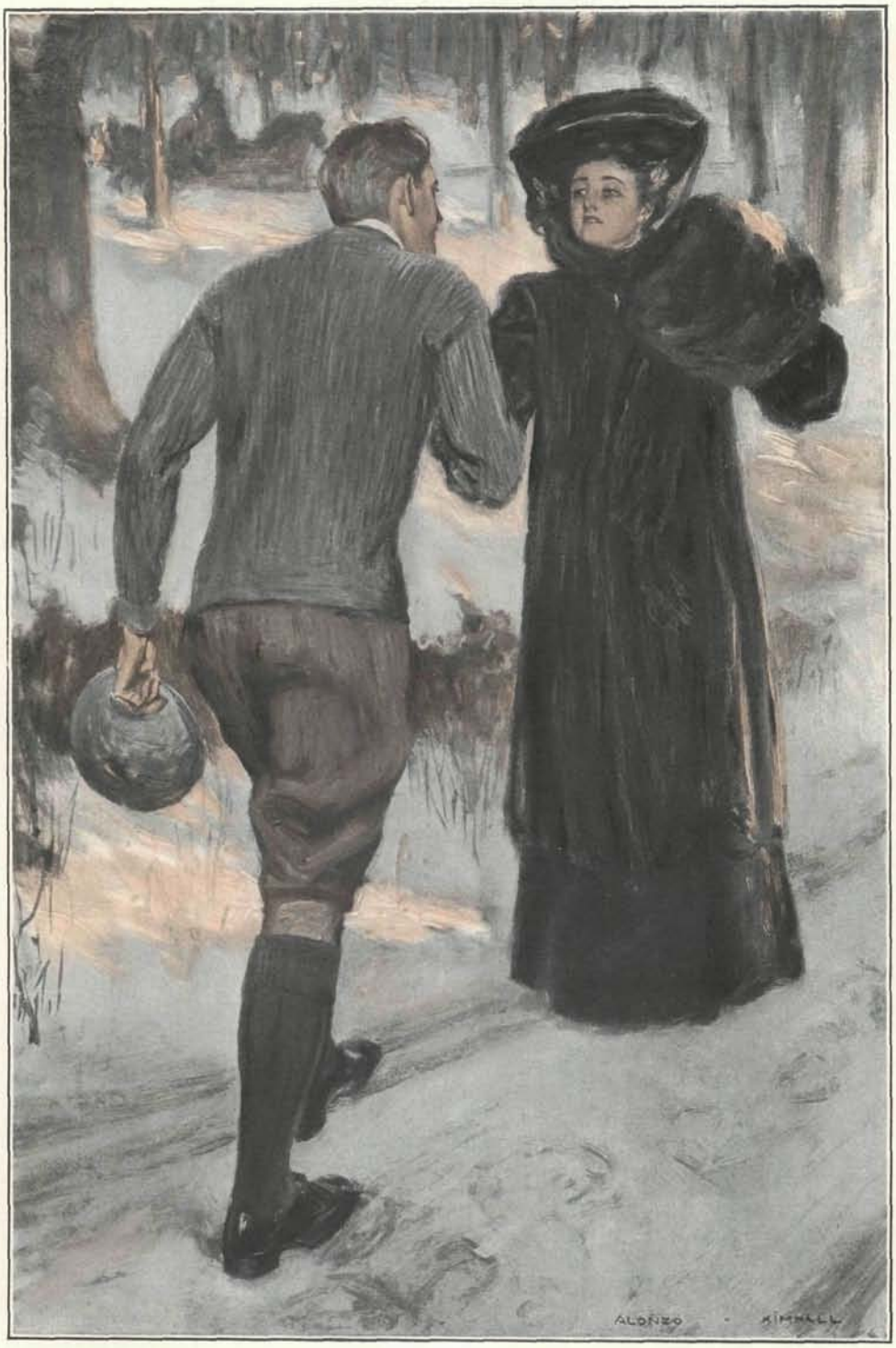

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Half-way up the slope to the house they met.—Page 280.

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